

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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NO. 6

## A WEEK AT WATERLOO:

### SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE BATTLE

THE REMARKABLE NARRATIVE OF LADY DE LANCEY, WIFE OF  
COLONEL DE LANCEY OF WELLINGTON'S STAFF,  
NOW BROUGHT TO LIGHT

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CHARLES DICKENS  
WRITTEN IN ADMIRATION OF THE NARRATIVE

THIS manuscript account by Lady De Lancey of her tragic experiences during and immediately after the battle of Waterloo, revealing her devotion as a nurse to her wounded husband, Colonel Sir William Howe De Lancey, was written by her for the information of her brother, Captain Basil Hall, R. N., the well-known author, and is here printed from the copy in possession of his granddaughter, Lady Parsons.

It is a matter of interest to Americans that Colonel De Lancey was born in New York, about 1781, of the well-known family of that name, being a son of Stephen and a grandson of Oliver De Lancey, the latter a loyalist and brigadier-general in his Majesty's service during the Revolutionary War. Not the least interesting feature of this account is the light it throws upon the primitive condition of Wellington's surgical service.

Among the friends to whom Captain Hall submitted the manuscript privately were Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens, whose letters here printed are in the possession of Lady Parsons.—THE EDITOR.

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## SCOTT'S COMMENT ON THE NARRATIVE

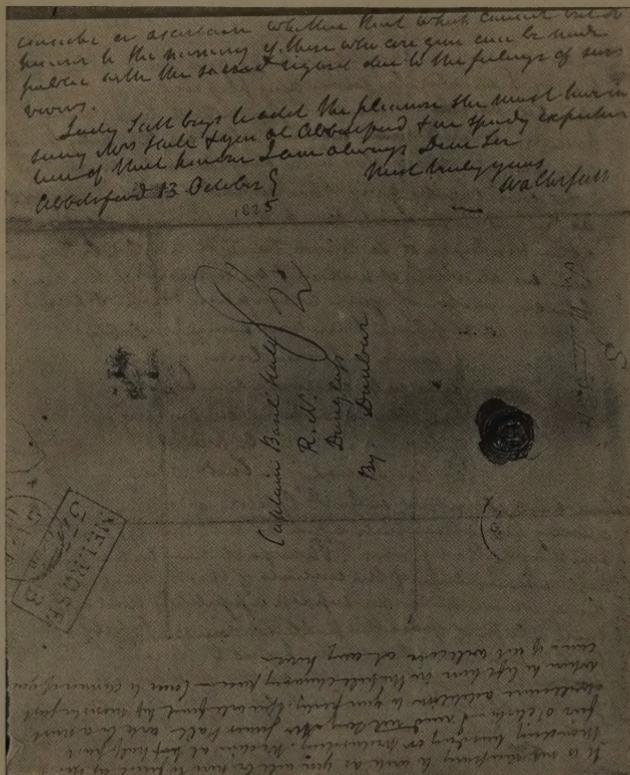
UNDER date Abbotsford, October 13,  
1825, Sir Walter Scott writes:

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN HALL: I received with great pleasure your kind proposal to visit Tweedside. It arrived later than it should have done. I lose no time in saying that you and Mrs. Hall cannot come but as welcome guests any day next week which may best suit you. If you have time to drop a line we will make our dinner hour suit your arrival, but you cannot come amiss to us.

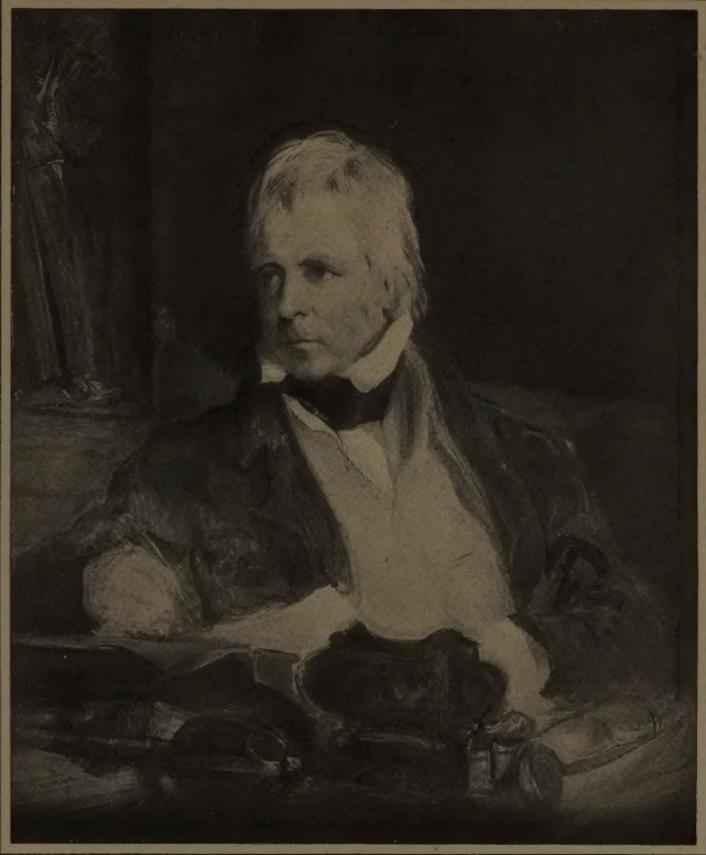
"I am infinitely obliged to you for Captain Maitland's plain, manly, and interesting narrative. It is very interesting and clears Bonaparte of much egotism imputed to him. I am making a copy which, however, I will make no use of except as ex-

tracts, and am very much indebted to Captain Maitland for the privilege.

"Constable proposed a thing to me which seems of so much delicacy that I scarce know how about it—and thought of reserving it till you and I met. It relates to that most interesting and affecting journal kept by my regretted and amiable friend, Mrs. Harvey, during poor De Lancy's illness. He thought, with great truth, that it would add very great interest as an addition to the letters which I wrote from Paris soon after Waterloo, and certainly I would consider it one of the most valuable and important documents which could be published as illustrative of the woes of war. But whether this could be done without injury to the



FACSIMILE OF A PART OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER



After the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer in the National Portrait Gallery, London  
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SIR WALTER SCOTT

feelings of survivors is a question not for me to decide, and indeed I feel unaffected pain in even submitting it to your friendly ear, who I know will put no harsh construction upon my motive, which can be no other than such as would do honour to the amiable and lamented authoress. I never read anything which affected my own feelings more strongly, or which, I am sure, would have a deeper interest on those of the public. Still the work is of a domestic nature, and its publication, however honourable to all to all [*sic*] concerned, might perhaps give pain where God knows I should be sorry any proposal of mine should awaken the distresses which time may have in some degree abated. You are the only person who can judge of this with any certainty, or at least who can

easily gain the means of ascertaining it; and as Constable seemed to think there was a possibility that after the lapse of so much time it might be regarded as matter of history and as a record of the amiable character of your accomplished sister, and seemed to suppose there was some possibility of such a favour being granted, you will consider me as putting the question on his suggestion. It could be printed as the Journal of a lady during the last illness of a General Officer of distinction during her attendance upon his last illness—or something to that purpose. Perhaps it may be my own high admiration of the contents of this heartrending diary which makes me suppose a possibility that after such a lapse of years the publication may possibly (as that which could but do the

highest honour to the memory of the amiable authoress), may [sic] not be judged altogether inadmissible. You may and will, of course, act in this matter with your natural feelings of [sic] consider or ascertain whether that which cannot but do honour to the memory of those who are gone can be made public with the sacred regard due to the feelings of survivors.

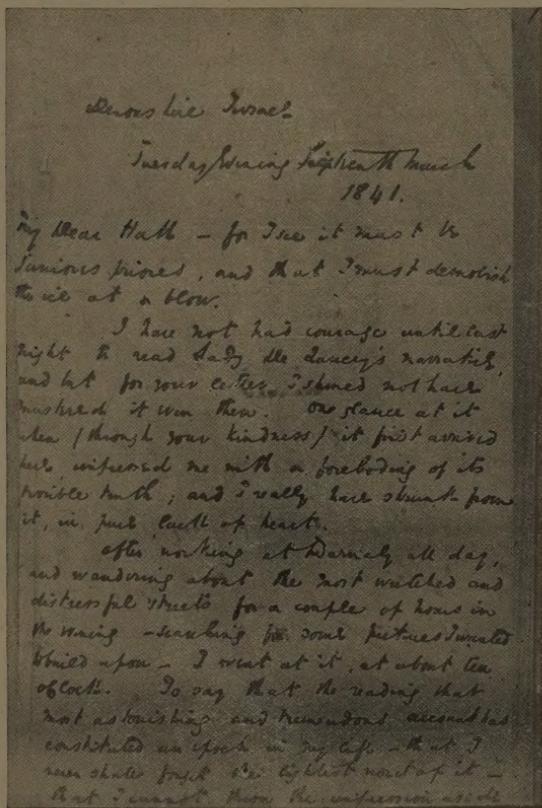
"Lady Scott begs to add the pleasure she must have in seeing Mrs. Hall and you at Abbotsford; and in speedy expectation of that honour, I am always, Dear Sir,

"Most truly yours,

"Walter Scott.

"Abbotsford, 13 October, 1825."

[Postscript omitted.]



FACSIMILE OF THE BEGINNING OF CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTER

### DICKENS'S COMMENT

THE following is a transcript of Dickens's letter:

"Devonshire Terrace,  
"Tuesday evening, 16th March, 1841.

"MY DEAR HALL—for I see it must be juniores priores, and that I must demolish the ice at a blow.

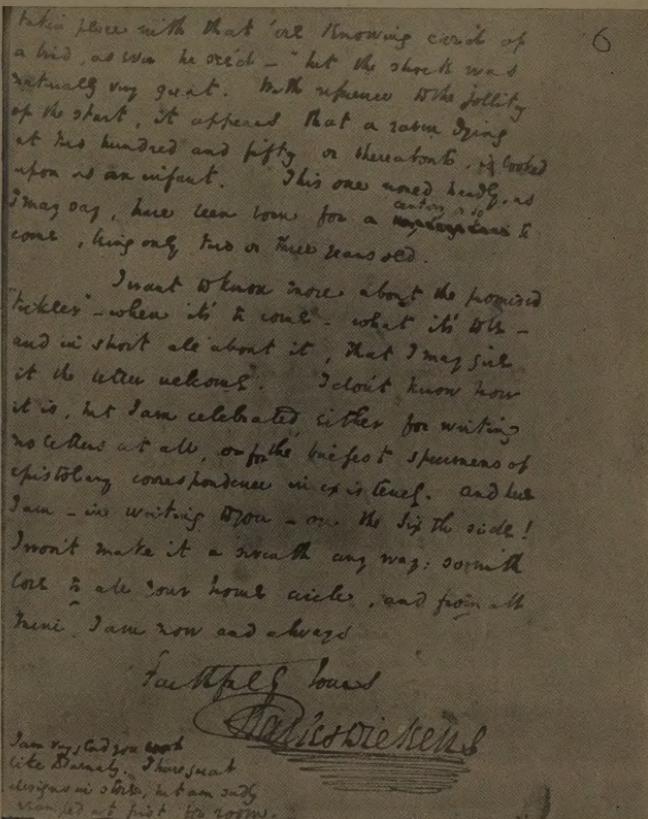
"I have not had courage until last night to read Lady De Lancéy's narrative, and,

but for your letter, I should not have mustered it even then. One glance at it, when, through your kindness, it first arrived, had impressed me with a foreboding of its terrible truth, and I really have shrunk from it in pure lack of heart.

"After working at Barnaby all day, and wandering about the most wretched and distressful streets for a couple of hours in the evening—searching for some pictures suitable to bind upon—I went at it, at about ten o'clock. To say that the reading that

hours in the evening—searching for some pictures I wanted to build upon—I went at it, at about ten o'clock. To say that the reading that most astonishing and tremendous account has constituted an epoch in my life—that I never shall forget the lightest word of it—that I cannot throw the impression aside, and never saw anything so real, so touching, and so

then, from this hour to the day of my death, with the most frightful reality. The slightest mention of a battle will bring the whole thing before me. I shall never think of the Duke any more but as he stood in his shirt with the officer in full-dress uniform, or as he dismounted from his horse when the gallant man was struck down.



FACSIMILE OF THE END OF CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTER

actually present before my eyes, is nothing. I am husband and wife, dead man and living woman, Emma and General Dundas, doctor and bedstead—everything and everybody (but the Prussian officer—damn him) all in one. What I have always looked upon as masterpieces of powerful and affecting description seem as nothing in my eyes. If I live for fifty years, I shall dream of it every now and

"It is a striking proof of the power of that most extraordinary man, Defoe, that I seem to recognise in every line of the narrative something of him. Has this occurred to you? The going to Waterloo with that unconsciousness of everything in the road but the obstacles to getting on—the shutting herself up in her room and determining not to hear—the not going to the door when the knock-

ing came—the finding out by her wild spirits when she heard he was safe, how much she had feared when in doubt and anxiety—the desperate desire to move towards him—the whole description of the cottage, and its condition; and their daily shifts and contrivances, and the lying down beside him in the bed and both *falling asleep*; and his resolving not to serve any more, but to live quietly thenceforth; and her sorrow when she saw him eating with an appetite, so soon before his death; and his death itself—all these are matters of truth, which only that astonishing creature, as I think, could have told in fiction.

"Of all the beautiful and tender passages—the thinking every day how happy and blest she was—the decorating him for the dinner—the standing in the balcony at night, and seeing the troops melt away through the gate—and the rejoining him on his sick-bed—I say not a word. They are God's own, and should be sacred. But let me say again, with an earnestness which pen and ink can no more convey than toast and water, in thanking you heartily for the perusal of this paper, that its impression on me never can be told; and that the ground she travelled (which I know well) is holy ground to me from this day; and that, please Heaven, I will tread it every foot, this very next summer, to have the softened recollection of this sad story on the very earth where it was acted. You won't smile at this, I know. When my enthusiasms are awakened by such things, they don't wear out.

"Have you ever thought within yourself of that part where, having suffered so much by the news of his death, she *will not* believe he *is* alive? I should have supposed that unnatural if I had seen it in fiction.

"I shall never dismiss the subject from my mind, but with these hasty and very imperfect words, I shall dismiss it from my paper with two additional remarks—firstly, that Kate has been grievously putting me out by sobbing over it while I have been writing this, and has just retired in an agony of grief, and, secondly, that *if* a time *should* ever come when you would not object to letting a friend copy it for himself, I hope you will bear me in your thoughts.

"It seems the poorest nonsense in the world to turn to anything else—that is,

seems to me, being fresher in respect of Lady De Lancey than you—but my raven's dead. He had been ailing for a few days, but not seriously, as we thought, and was apparently recovering, when symptoms of relapse occasioned me to send for an eminent medical gentleman (one Herring, a bird-fancier in the New Road), who promptly attended, and administered a powerful dose of castor-oil. This was on Tuesday last. On Wednesday morning he had another dose of castor-oil, and a teacup-full of warm gruel, which he took with great relish, and under the influence of which he so far recovered his spirits as to be enabled to bite the groom severely. At 12 o'clock at noon he took several turns up and down the stable with a grave, sedate air—and suddenly reeled. This made him thoughtful. He stopped directly, shook his head, moved on again, stopped once more, cried in a tone of remonstrance and considerable surprise, 'Halloo, old girl!'—and immediately died.

"He has left a rather large property (in cheese and halfpence) buried, for security's sake, in various parts of the garden. I am not without suspicions of poison. A butcher was heard to threaten him some weeks since—and he stole a clasp-knife belonging to a vindictive carpenter, which was never found. For these reasons I directed a post-mortem examination, preparatory to the body being stuffed; the result of it has not yet reached me. The medical gentleman broke out the fact of his decease to me with great delicacy, observing that 'the jolliest queer start had taken place with that 'ere knowing card of a bird as ever he see'd'—but the shock was naturally very great. With reference to the jollity of the start, it appears that a raven dying at two hundred and fifty or thereabouts is looked upon as an infant. This one would hardly, as I may say, have been born for a century or so to come, being only two or three years old.

"I want to know more about the promised 'tickler'—when it's to come, what it's to be, and, in short, all about it, that I may give it the better welcome. I don't know how it is, but I am celebrated either for writing no letters at all or for the briefest specimens of epistolary correspondence in existence. And here I am—in writing to you—on the sixth side. I



After the painting by David Maclise, R. A., in the National Portrait Gallery, London  
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CHARLES DICKENS

won't make it a seventh, any way; so with love to all your home circle, and from all mine, I am now and always,

"Faithfully Yours,  
*"Charles Dickens.*

"I am very glad you like Barnaby. I have great designs in store, but am sadly cramped at first for room."

#### LADY DE LANCEY'S NARRATIVE

I ARRIVED at Brussels on Thursday, 8th June, 1815, and was much surprised at the peaceful appearance of that town, and the whole country from Ostend. We were billeted in the house of the Count de Lannoy, in the Park, which is a square of very

beautiful houses with fine large trees in the centre. The Count de Lannoy was very attentive, and we had a suite of very excellent rooms, up four stories, which is the fashion in that country, I believe. It was amusing enough, sometimes, to see

from our windows the people parading in the Park. I saw very little of the town, and still less of the inhabitants; for notwithstanding Sir William's belief that we should remain quietly there for a month at least, I have the comfort of remembering that, as there was a chance we might separate in a few days, I wasted no time in visiting or going to balls, which I did not care for, and therefore I never went out, except for an hour or two every afternoon, to walk with Sir William.

The people in general dined between three and four, we dined at six; we walked while others were at dinner, so that literally I never saw anybody, except some gentlemen, two or three of whom dined with us every day—Sir William's friends, whom he brought to introduce to me.

I never passed such a delightful time, for there was enough of very pleasant society to keep us gay and merry, and the best of the day was spent in peaceful happiness.

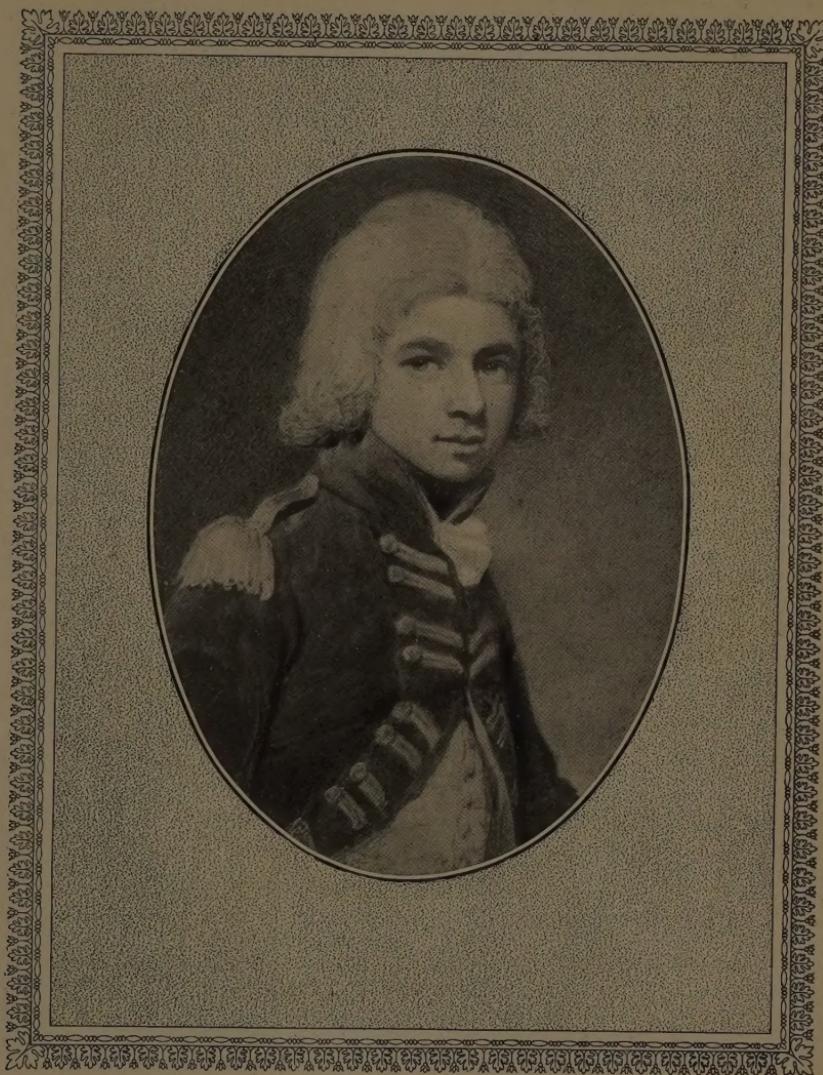
Fortunately my husband had scarcely any business to do, and he only went to the office for about an hour every day. I then used to sit and think with astonishment of my being transported into such a scene of happiness, so perfect, so unalloyed!—feeling that I was entirely enjoying life—not a moment wasted. How active and how well I was! I scarcely knew what to do with all my health and spirits. Now and then a pang would cross my mind at the prospect of the approaching campaign, but I chased away the thought, resolved not to lose the present bliss by dwelling on the chance of future pain. Sir William promised to let me know as soon as he knew himself, everything concerning the movement of the army; and accordingly he gave me every paper to read, to keep my mind easy. After some consideration, he decided that upon the commencement of hostilities I should go to Antwerp, and there remain till the end of the campaign, which might last months. He wished me not to think of going along with him, because the rear of a great army was always dangerous, and an unfit situation for a woman; and he wished not to draw me into any scenes, or near any danger, more than if I had remained in England. He little thought I should be in the midst of horrors I would not pass again for any being *now* living;

and alas, the cautious anxiety he expressed that I should avoid being shocked, only made me feel more desolate and miserable when I found myself in the midst of most terrible scenes.

Several other officers, on hearing that he designed to send me to Antwerp, fixed that their wives should go there too. It is a very strongly fortified town, and likewise having the sea to escape by, if necessary, it was by far the safest place; and being only twenty-five miles from Brussels, it added so little to the time of hearing from him, if separated, that I acquiesced cheerfully. After this was arranged, we never thought more about it, and enjoyed each hour as it passed with no more anxiety than was sufficient to render time precious.

On Wednesday the 14th, I had a little alarm in the evening with some public papers, and Sir William went out with them, but returned in a short time; and it passed by so completely, that Thursday forenoon was the happiest day of my life; but I cannot recollect a day of my short married life that was not perfect. I shall never get on if I begin to talk of what my happiness was; but I dread to enter on the gloomy past, which I shudder to look back upon, and I often wonder I survived it. We little dreamt that Thursday was the last we were to pass together, and that the storm would burst so soon. Sir William had to dine at the Spanish Ambassador's, the first invitation he had accepted from the time I went; he was unwilling to go, and delayed and still delayed, till at last when near six, I fastened all his medals and crosses on his coat, helped him to put it on, and he went. I watched at the window till he was out of sight, and then I continued musing on my happy fate; I thought over all that had passed, and how grateful I felt! I had no wish but that this might continue; I saw my husband loved and respected by everyone, my life gliding on, like a gay dream, in his care,

When I had remained at the window nearly an hour, I saw an aide-de-camp ride under the gateway of our house. He sent to enquire where Sir William was dining. I wrote down the name; and soon after I saw him gallop off in that direction. I did not like this appearance, but I tried not to be afraid. A few minutes after, I saw Sir William on the same horse gallop past to the Duke's, which



From a miniature owned by W. H. De Lancey. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COLONEL SIR WILLIAM HOWE DE LANCEY

was a few doors beyond ours. He dismounted and ran into the house—left the horse in the middle of the street. I must confess my courage failed me now, and the succeeding two hours formed a contrast to the happy forenoon.

About nine, Sir William came in; seeing my wretched face, he bid me not be foolish, for it would soon be all over now; they expected a great battle on the morrow; he would send me to Antwerp, and desired me to be ready at six. He said that though he expected it would be a decisive battle, and a conclusion of the whole business, he thought it best I should keep the plan of going to Antwerp, to avoid the alarms that he knew would seize everyone the moment the troops were gone; and he said he would probably join me there, or send for me to return the same evening. He said he should be writing all night, perhaps: he desired me to prepare some strong green tea in case he came in, as the violent exertion requisite to setting the whole army in motion quite stupefied him sometimes. He used sometimes to tell me that whenever the operations began, if he thought for five minutes on any other subject, he was neglecting his duty. I therefore scrupulously avoided asking him any questions, or indeed speaking at all. I moved up and down like one stupefied myself.

He went to the office, and returned near twelve, much fatigued, but he did not attempt to sleep; he went twice to the Duke's; the first time he found him standing looking over a map with a Prussian general, who was in full-dress uniform—with orders and crosses, etc.—the Duke was in his chemise and slippers, preparing to dress for the Duchess of Richmond's ball; the two figures were quite admirable. The ball took place notwithstanding the reveille played through the streets the whole night. Many of the officers danced, and then marched in the morning.

About two, Sir William went again to the Duke, and he was sleeping sound! At three the troops were all assembled in the Park, and Sir William and I leant over the window, seeing them march off—so few to return. It was a clear refreshing morning, and the scene was very solemn and melancholy. The fifes played alone, and the regiments one after an-

other marched past, and I saw them melt away through the great gate at the end of the Square. Shall I ever forget the tunes played by the shrill fifes and the bugle-horns which disturbed that night!

At six in the morning, Friday the 16th, I went to Antwerp: Sir William gave me a letter to Captain Mitchell, in the Q.M.-General's department, requesting him to take charge of me. Accordingly, soon after we arrived I was settled in very comfortable apartments. I was at first for an hour in the inn, and I lay down in a small back room. In the evening I sent my maid from the lodgings to get some wine at the inn; when wandering in the passage to find some English person, she opened the door of the room I had been in, and saw the body of the Duke of Brunswick on the very bed.

I was fortunate enough to have a room to the back, so shut in with buildings that I could not hear any noise in the streets. Sir William had made me promise to believe no reports, and not upon any account to move without his written order for it. I thought it was best not to listen to any stories, so I told my maid Emma not to tell me any, and to do her best to get no alarms herself. Captain Mitchell I found of great service; he is a very sensible and seemingly good-natured man. There was a calmness in his manner which was of infinite use to me when I could not entirely get the better of fears but too well founded. Though he was afterwards oppressed with business, night and day, he never failed to come to me when he had heard any accounts he could depend upon. But I may say I never saw so much kindness, and softness indeed, as during that miserable time.

The general and individual distress that rapidly followed the battles then fought, seemed quite to unman them; and I grew accustomed to see men weep, without their attempting to conceal it. The same evening the Town Major, Machel, called. He knew Sir William, and he brought a Mrs. —— to call. She very kindly asked me to go and visit her in the country about a mile. I was much obliged to her, but said I hoped to return to Brussels so soon that I should not have time. She apologised for Mr. ——; he would have called on me, but the report I had brought of the marching of the troops had given him a

great deal of business. The town was now very bustling, though when I arrived there was nothing but quiet. Captain Mitchell told me in the evening that the battle had taken place; that the English had gained a victory, but he believed there was to be more fighting. He promised to send to me any letter, or if he heard of Sir William. I sat up late, but none came.

On Saturday the 17th, Antwerp was truly a scene of confusion—by the servant's account, for I would not stir out of my room. Not one of the ladies who had intended to come to Antwerp at first, kept their resolution; and in consequence they got a great alarm, which was what my husband wished me to escape. There was a battle fought on Friday the 16th, near Brussels, and I was told the noise of the cannon was tremendous—the houses shook with it. It was distinctly heard at Antwerp; but I kept the windows shut, and tried not to hear. I only heard a rolling like the sea at a distance. Poor Emma, urged by curiosity, stood in the street listening to terrible stories, seeing wounded men brought in, carriages full of women and children flying from Brussels, till she was completely frightened. She came and told me that all the ladies were hastening to England by sea, for the French had taken Brussels. I saw I must take my time to alarm her, and I said, "Well, Emma, you know that if the French were firing at this house, I would not move till I was ordered; but you have no such duty, therefore go if you like. I dare say any of the families will let you join them."

Emma was shocked at my supposing she would be so base as to desert me, and declared that if she was sure she had to remain in a French prison for five years, she would not leave me. My reproof had all the effect I intended; for she brought me no more stories, and I am certain she never was frightened after, even when we were in far greater danger.

Though I had little reason to expect a letter from my husband, I sat up late in hopes. At midnight, what was my joy to get a little note from him, written at Genappe, after the battle of the 16th. He said he was safe, and in great spirits; they had given the French a tremendous beating. I wrote to him every day, and Captain Mitchell sent my letters, but they never reached him.

On Sunday, Captain Mitchell told me he had heard the last effort was to be made. I cannot attempt to describe the restless unhappy state I was in; for it had continued so much longer than I had expected already, that I began to find it difficult to keep up my spirits, though I was infatuated enough to think it quite impossible that he could be hurt. I believe mine was not an uncommon case, but so it was. I might be uneasy at the length of the separation, or anxious to hear from him; but the possibility of his being wounded never glanced into my mind, till I was told he was killed.

On Sunday the 18th June, there was to be a great battle. It began about eleven; near three, when Sir William was riding beside the Duke, a cannon ball struck him on the back, at the right shoulder, and knocked him off his horse to several yards distance. The Duke at first imagined he was killed; for he said afterwards, he had never in all the fighting he had been in seen a man rise again after such a wound. Seeing he was alive (for he bounded up again and then sank down), he ran to him, and stooping down, took him by the hand.

Sir William begged the Duke, as the last favour he could have it in his power to do him, to exert his authority to take away the crowd that gathered round him, and to let him have his last moments in peace to himself. The Duke bade him farewell, and endeavoured to draw away the Staff, who oppressed him; they wanted to take leave of him, and wondered at his calmness. He was left, as they imagined, to die; but his cousin, Delancey Barclay, who had seen him fall, went to him instantly, and tried to prevail upon him to be removed to the rear, as he was in imminent danger of being crushed by the artillery, which was fast approaching the spot; and also there was danger of his falling into the hands of the enemy. He entreated to be left on the ground, and said it was impossible he could live; that they might be of more use to others, and he only begged to remain on the field. But as he spoke with ease, and Colonel Barclay saw that the ball had not entered, he insisted on moving him, and took the opinion of a surgeon, who thought he might live, and got some soldiers to carry him in a blanket to a barn at the side of the road, a little to the rear. The wound

was dressed, and then Colonel Barclay had to return to the Division; but first he gave orders to have Sir William moved to the village; for that barn was in danger of being taken possession of by the enemy. Before Colonel Barclay went, Sir William begged him to come quite close to him, and continued to give him messages for me. Nothing else seemed to occupy his mind. He desired him to write to me at Antwerp; to say everything kind, and to endeavour to soften this business, and to break it to me as quietly as he could. He then said he might move him, as if he fancied it was to be his last effort. He was carried to the village of Waterloo, and left in a cottage, where he lay unheeded all night, and part of next day. Many of his friends were in the village, and no one knew where he was, or that he was alive even. It was by chance that an officer of the Staff Corps found him next morning, and sent to inform Sir George Scovell. The evening before, the Duke had written the despatches, and had inserted De Lancey as killed. Interest was made that he should alter them, when he was told that he had been carried off the field alive. Some kindly thought this might benefit me; but I was not so fortunate. Sad scenes were passing at Antwerp in the meantime.

On Monday morning, Captain Mitchell, at nine o'clock, came to tell me that the last battle was over, and the French entirely defeated, and that Sir William was safe. I asked him repeatedly if he was sure, and if he had seen any of his writing, or if he had heard from him. He had not; but had read a list of the killed and wounded, and could assure me his name was not in it. Captain Mitchell was quite sincere; and was afterwards much grieved that he had added to the accumulation of misery, for this only made the dash down more severe. I now found how much I had really feared by the wild spirits I got into. I walked up and down, for I could not rest, and was almost in a fever with happiness, and for two hours this went on.

At eleven a message came that Lady Hamilton wished to see me. I went down to the parlour, and found her and Mr. James. I did not remark anything in her countenance, but I think I never saw feeling and compassion more strongly marked

than in his expression. I then said I hoped Lady Emily was well. He answered that she was so, with a tone of such misery that I was afraid something had happened, I knew not what, to somebody. I looked at Lady Hamilton for an explanation. She seemed a little agitated too, and I said, "One is so selfish: I can attend to nothing, I am so rejoiced to find that Sir William is safe."

Mr. James walked to the other end of the room. I did not know what to do. I feared that my gay voice grieved them, for I saw something had made them unhappy. Little did I think the blow was falling on my own unfortunate head.

Lady Hamilton said, "Poor Mr. James! He has lost a brother and a nephew. It was a dreadful battle!—so many killed."

I thought it cruel of them to come to me to tell all this to, when I was so merry; but I tried to be polite, and again apologised for appearing glad, on account of my own good fortune.

Lady Hamilton said, "Did you hear from him?"

"No, but Captain Mitchell saw the list, and his name was not in it."

Mr. James went out of the room. Lady Hamilton said, "He is gone to see it, I suppose," and then began to talk about the list, and what were the first names, and a great deal about whether I had any friends in that country, etc. She then asked what I intended to do if the fighting still continued, and if I should go to England? I was a little surprised at these enquiries, but assured her I would not move until Sir William came or sent for me. She found me so obstinately confident that she began—and after a short time a suspicion darted into my mind. What a deathlike feeling was that!

Lady Hamilton confessed she had written the list, and with a most mistaken kindness had omitted several of the names, Sir William's among the rest. A general had come from the field and named them; and she, knowing I was in the country, had left his out, fearing that I should be suddenly informed. But such information would not be otherwise than a shock whatever way it was told, and the previous account of his safety only tortured me the more. But it is needless to dwell upon it now; and though I believe she thinks I

never forgave her, I now recollect only the motive, which was kind.

My difficulty then was to find out, or rather to believe the truth. She assured me he was only wounded. I looked at her keenly, and said, "Lady Hamilton, I can bear anything but suspense. Let me know the very worst. Tell me, is he killed?"

She then solemnly assured me he was only desperately wounded.

I shook my head and said, "Ah, it is very well to say so. Yes, he must be wounded first, you know." And I walked round the room fast. "Yes, yes, you say so, but I cannot believe what you say now."

She was terrified, for I could not shed a tear. She declared upon her word of honour that when General Alava left the field he was alive, but was not expected to live.

This I felt sounded like truth, and I stood before her and said, "Well, Lady Hamilton, if it is so, and you really wish to serve me, help me to go to him instantly. I am sure Mr. James will be so good as to hurry the servant. Oh, how much time has been lost already! If Captain Mitchell had known, I should have gone at nine. Every minute may make me too late to see him alive."

She was glad to try to do anything for me, and was going. I stopped her at the door, and said, "Now, if you are deceiving me, you may perhaps have my senses to answer for."

She repeated her assurances, and I told her I would send my servant for the carriage, which was at the Town Major's, if she could see anybody to get horses, and I was ready. She said she would offer to go with me, but she knew it would oppress me.

I said, "Oh no, let me be alone," and I ran upstairs.

No power could describe my sufferings for two hours before I could set out. Captain Mitchell requested a friend of his to ride forward to Brussels, and to gallop back with information of where Sir William was, and whether it was still of any avail for me to proceed: he was expected to meet us at Malines, half-way. We at last left Antwerp; but bribing the driver was in vain. It was not in his power to proceed; for the moment we passed the

gates, we were entangled in a crowd of wagons, carts, horses, wounded men, deserters or runaways, and all the rabble and confusion, the consequence of several battles. Every now and then we went several miles at a walk; and the temper of the people was so irritable that we feared to speak to them; and I had to caution my servant to be very guarded, because they were ready to draw their swords in a moment. Two men got on the back of the carriage, and we dared not desire them to get off; and this was no imaginary terror, as I afterwards experienced.

When we were within a mile or two of Malines, the carriage stopped, and my servant said, "It is the Captain." I had drawn the blinds to avoid seeing the wretched objects we were passing. I hastily looked out, and saw Mr. Hay. When he saw me he turned his head away.

I called out, "Mr. Hay, do you know anything?"

He hesitated, and then said, "I fear I have very bad news for you."

I said, "Tell me at once. Is he dead?"

"It is all over."

I sank into the carriage again, and they took me back to Antwerp. When I had been a short time there, Mr. Hay sent to know if I had any commands to Brussels, as he was going to return, and would do anything for me there. At first I said I had none, and then I sent for him, and asked repeatedly if he were sure of what he said; if he had seen him fall. He had not been in the action, and of course was not near Sir William, "who was surrounded by Lord Wellington's staff; and in the middle of the action he was struck in the breast by a cannon ball, and instantly fell. The Duke went and leant over him, and he died like a soldier."

I then begged Mr. Hay to make a point of seeing someone who had been near him; and if possible to learn if he had spoken, and if he named me. Mr. Hay promised this, and then asked if I would choose to go to England immediately. He then said if he had twelve hours to search the field once more—for his brother was missing—he would be ready to take a passage for me, or to accompany me if I choose. He said Lady Hamilton and Mrs. —— were below, anxious to be of service.

I asked him to tell them I greatly pre-

fettered being alone, and I was always much better alone. About half an hour after, Mrs. — contrived to get into the room. I was terrified, and called out, "Go away, go away, leave me to myself." She prayed and entreated me to hear her, and then said if I was ill would I send for her. I said, "Yes, yes; but the only thing anybody can do for me is to let me alone." She was alarmed at my violent agitation and went away. I locked the outer door, and shut the inner one, so that no one could again intrude. They sent Emma to entreat I would be bled; but I was not reasonable enough for that, and would not comply. I wandered about the room incessantly, beseeching for mercy, though I felt that now, even Heaven could not be merciful. One is apt to fix on a situation just a little less wretched than one's own, and to dwell upon the idea that one could bear that better. I repeated over and over that if I had seen him alive for five minutes, I would not repine. At night Emma brought her bed into my room, as she feared I should be ill. Towards morning I fancied I heard a sound as of someone trying to get into the room. I heard it a long while, but thinking it was somebody coming to visit me, I made no answer.

About two hours after, the attempt was repeated. I said to Emma, "There is a noise at the door. Don't let Mrs. — in, or Lady Hamilton."

She went away, and returned in a few minutes and said, "I am desired to tell you cautiously—"

I said, "O Emma! go away. Don't tell me anything, anyway."

"Nay, but I must tell you. I have good news for you."

"How can you be so inhuman! What is good for me now?"

"But—Sir William is not dead."

I started up, and asked what she was saying, for she would make me mad. She told me that General M'Kenzie was below, and had a message from Brussels, requesting him to inform me that Sir William was alive, and there were hopes of his recovery.

I ran down to General M'Kenzie, and began earnestly to try to persuade him it must be impossible. I had suffered so much the day before, I durst not hope anything now. His voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears.

He said, "Can you believe any man would bring such intelligence unless it were well founded?" He then gave me a letter from Sir G. Scovell, which said that he had seen an officer of the Staff Corps who had seen Sir William alive that morning, who was anxious to see me. He was attended by a skilful surgeon, and had been twice bled. This was dated Monday, seven o'clock evening.

I immediately regretted the deal of time that had been lost, and said that yesterday morning was a long time ago; and was no argument for his being alive now; for it was often repeated in the letter not to raise my hopes. I then asked General M'Kenzie to assist me to get away. Unfortunately I did not say I had a carriage. He said he was going to Brussels, and would take me. I consented, and he went to get ready. I would not, if I could, describe the state I was in for two hours more; then I lost all self-command. I would not allow Emma to put up my clothes for fear of being detained. My agitation and anxiety increased. I had the dreadful idea haunting me that I should arrive perhaps half an hour too late. This got the better of me, and I paced backward and forward in the parlour very fast, and my breathing was like screaming. I went into the passage, and sent Emma to see if the carriage were coming; and then sat down on the stair, which was steep and dark. There General M'Kenzie found me. Whenever he learnt I had a carriage, he sent the horses he had; for his was not ready, and would not be for some time. When he saw what a state I was in, he roused me in a most sensible manner.

He said, "Lady De Lancey, consider what you are doing. You are exhausting your strength and spirits to no purpose, for your friends are endeavouring to forward your departure as soon as possible."

I exclaimed, "Oh, I shall never be there. He may be dying at this moment."

He took my hand, and said calmly and firmly, "My dear madam, why fancy evil? You know what dreadful scenes you may have to go through when you reach Waterloo. You will probably require all your courage, and must command yourself for his sake."

I said no more, but quietly went to the parlour and remained waiting—such an

immediate effect had his steady good sense on my fevered mind. I overheard him say, "No, do not at present; she is not fit for it." I was alarmed, and ran out; but I saw a lady retreating, and I was grateful to him.

We left Antwerp between eight and nine, and had the same difficulties to encounter; but the road was not quite so much blocked up. General M'Kenzie said he would ride after us in an hour, in case we should be detained; he also sent a dragoon before, to order horses. When we were near Vilvorde, the driver attempted to pass a wagon, but the soldier who rode beside it would not move one inch to let us pass. The wagons kept possession of the *chaussée* the whole way, and we had to drive on the heavy road at the side. My servant got off the seat to endeavour to lead the horses past. This provoked the soldier, and a little dispute began. I was alarmed, and desired the servant to get up on the carriage again, which he did. A Prussian officer, enraged at our attempt to pass the wagon he had been guarding, drew his sword, and made several cuts at the servant's leg, but did not reach him. He was preparing to get down again, but I looked from the opposite window and commanded him to sit still, and not to answer a word; or else to quit the carriage altogether. The driver now made a dash past the wagon, and this brave officer came after us and attempted to wound the horses. This made me desperate, and I ventured on a most imprudent action. I drew up the blind, and held up my hands, and petitioned him to let us pass. I exclaimed that my husband, a British officer, was dying, and if he detained me I might not see him. It had the desired effect, for without seeming to have heard me, he slackened his pace and was soon far behind.

When within ten miles of Brussels, the smell of gunpowder was very perceptible. The heat was oppressive. As we came within a mile of Brussels, the multitude of wretched-looking people was great, as Emma told me, for I was both unwilling and unable to look out. I was so much worn with anxiety that I could scarcely sit up. As we entered Brussels the carriage stopped, and I saw Mr. Hay. I durst not speak, but he instantly said, "He is alive. I sent my servant to Water-

loo this morning; he is just returned, and Sir William is better than they expected. I have horses standing harnessed, and you will soon be there if the road is passable: it was not yesterday, for a horse."

We were soon out of Brussels again, and on the road to Waterloo. It is nine miles, and we took three hours and a half. Mr. Hay rode before with his sword drawn, and obliged them to let us pass. We often stood still for ten minutes. The horses screamed at the smell of corruption, which in many places was offensive. At last, when near the village, Mr. Hay said he would ride forward and find the house, and learn whether I should still proceed or not. I hope no one will ever be able to say they understood what my feelings must have been during the half-hour that passed till he returned. How fervently and sincerely I resolved that if I saw him alive for one hour I never would repine! I had almost lost my recollection, with the excess of anxiety and suspense, when Mr. Hay called out, "All's well; I have seen him. He expects you."

When we got to the village, Sir G. Scovell met the carriage, and opening the door, said, "Stop one moment."

I said, "Is he alive?"

He answered, "Alive—yes; and the surgeons are of opinion that he may recover. We are so grieved for what you have suffered."

"Oh! never mind what I have suffered. Let me go to him now."

He said I must wait one moment. I assured him I was composed indeed.

He said, "I see you are," with a smile, "but wish to warn you of one thing. You must be aware that his life hangs on a very slender hold; and therefore any agitation would be injurious. Now, we have not told him you had heard of his death; we thought it would afflict him; therefore do not appear to have heard it."

I promised, and he said, "Now come along." I sat down an instant in the outer room, and he went in; and when I heard my husband say, "Let her come in, then," I was overpaid for all the misery.

I was surprised at the strength of his voice, for I had expected to find him weak and dying. When I went into the room where he lay, he held out his hand and said, "Come, Magdalene, this is a sad business, is it not?" I could not speak,



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "A Week at Waterloo," page 832

LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROMNEY

but sat down by him and took his hand. This was my occupation for six days.

Though I found him far better than I expected, I can scarcely say whether I hoped or feared most at first; because I was so much occupied with gathering comforts about him, and helping him, that I had not time to think about the future. It was a dreadful but sufficient preparation, being told of his death; and then finding him alive, I was ready to bear whatever might ensue without a murmur. I was so grateful for seeing him once more, that I valued each hour as it passed, and as I had too much reason to fear that I should very soon have nothing left of happiness but what my reflections would afford me, I endeavoured, by suppressing feelings that would have made him miserable, and myself unfit to serve him, to lay up no store of regret. He asked me if I was a good nurse. I told him that I had not been much tried. He said he was sure he should be a good patient, for he would do whatever I bade him till he was convalescent; and then he knew he should grow very cross. I watched in vain for a cross word. All his endeavour seemed to be to leave none but pleasing impressions on my mind; and as he grew worse and suffered more, his smile was more sweet, and his thanks more fervent, for everything that was done for him.

I endeavoured to find out the surgeon's opinion of the danger. He said that at present there were no bad symptoms, and after seeing him alive at all after such a wound they would not despair: and if the fever could be kept off, there was a great chance of his recovering. With this view they wished to bleed him constantly; wishing also thereby to make the recovery more complete. I knew they had no interest in me, and therefore would probably tell me the same as other people, so I continued to ask them after every visit what they thought; but when by watching the symptoms myself and also observing the surgeon's expression, I saw what I must soon prepare for, I did not tease them any more with questions, but tried not to give way, and endeavoured to keep up as long as it would be of consequence to him; for even after all hope was gone and the disorder increased rapidly, I felt that if by agitating him I could afterwards imagine I had shortened his life by

one hour, the reflection would have embittered my life. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I succeeded even better than I could have hoped; for toward the end of the week, when every symptom was bad, the surgeon (probably because I desisted from enquiring and did not appear agitated) doubted what I thought; yet, judging it right to tell me, asked Emma if she knew whether I was aware of the danger or not. She assured him I had entirely lost hopes for some time.

I found Emma of great service. Her good will carried her through excessive fatigue while at Waterloo; and afterwards her excellent heart and superior judgment were quite a blessing to me. She told me she was thankful she had been at Waterloo, for it would do her good to see a little of what other people endured. She never before knew half the value of her peaceful, comfortable home in London, where the absence of miserable objects might alone be considered as a benefit. I can hardly express what I felt on returning to England, to see people surrounded with every luxury unhappy at the want of the smallest comfort. I can fancy no better cure for all imaginary evils than a week's residence at Waterloo.

Noise did not disturb Sir William, fortunately, for the cottage was surrounded with roads. One in front led to Nivelles, and every wagon going to and from the army, all the wounded and prisoners, passed along that road. It was paved, and there was an unceasing noise for four days and nights. We were obliged to keep the windows open, and people used to pass close to that in his room, talking loud, and sometimes looking in and speaking; but he never took any notice. I never saw any person so patient. The people to whom the cottage belonged were, luckily, favourable to our cause, or they would have tormented us a good deal; instead of which, I never met with such good nature; and though they never rested one moment helping the soldiers to water, and were constantly worn out with giving them assistance, we had only to tell them what to do, and they ran about to work for us. Their *ménage*, I must allow, was in a sad state. There was a want of everything. I could not help thinking with envy of the troublesome abundance I had often seen in sick-rooms, where there was

far less need for it. However, in a short time we got everything that he required; and I have the greatest comfort in recollecting that there was not one thing which he expressed a wish for that we did not procure. I sent a servant constantly to Brussels with a list of things we wanted; and once I recollect something was brought which he had been very anxious for. Naturally enough, he was disappointed when he found it not so good as he expected; but I was quite struck with his endeavour to praise it, for fear I should be sorry. There was a languid melancholy about him at the same time that he was calm and resigned, which would have made the most uninterested person grieved to see him suffering, and with such sweetness. Emma once gave him some drink, and she told me that the tone of voice and his smile when he thanked her, was like to break her heart, for he was in severe pain at the time.

He said the wound gave him no pain at all, but a little irritating cough caused excessive pain in his chest and side. As far as I could learn, the blow had affected the lungs, which produced inflammation and afterwards water in the chest, which was eventually the cause of his death. I suspect the surgeons had never much hope, but they said there was a chance if the inflammation could have been stopped. By constantly watching him, and gradually day after day observing the progress and increase of suffering and the elevated tone of his mind, along with fatigue and weakness, I was prepared for his final release in a manner that nothing but his firmness and composure could have effected.

He had at first been laid in the outer room, which had two large windows to the road, and everyone saw in. This he did not like, and made the people move him to a small room, about seven feet wide, with a bed across the end of it. They placed him so low and so awkwardly in the bed, that when I first went in his legs were bent, for he could not straighten his knees. After a day or two, he got shoved up by degrees, and then could stretch his limbs. The bed was wretched, merely a wooden frame fastened to the wall, so that it could not be moved, which rendered it extremely difficult to bleed him, or to assist him in any way, as he

could neither turn nor raise his head an inch from the pillow, or rather sack of chaff, upon which he was laid. This was so full of dust that it made him cough. I soon removed it, and got a cushion out of the carriage instead. We had a clean blanket from Brussels, and at first we put clean sheets on every day. But latterly he grew so restless that he preferred having only the blanket. I had purposely sent for a French cotton one, as I thought the flannel would tease him. The bed was made tolerable at last, and though I could not be pleased with it, *he* was. He repeated more than once, "What a thing it was for you being in this country!" and I had the delight of hearing him say that he did not know what he would have done without me. He said he was sure he would not have lived so long, for he would not have been so obedient to anyone else.

I found he had been the worse of seeing some friends who had called the first day I was at Waterloo, so I told the servant afterwards never to let anybody come into his room. I remember one day an officer called, and before he was out of sight I had his card converted into a teaspoon. Sir William never ate anything, except once or twice a morsel of toast out of the water. He drank a great deal of tea and lemonade. At first he had no milk to his tea, and he complained that it was very bad; but there was none to be got. I sent my servant to search, and he met some Prussian cows, and milked one, and brought a fine jug of milk. The different contrivances sometimes amused him. One day he wished to have the room fumigated. How was this to be done, without fire-irons, or fire indeed? We put some vinegar into a tumbler, and Emma went with a large pair of scissors, and brought a piece of burning charcoal, and put it into the vinegar, and that made a great smoke. Every time we wanted anything warmed, or water boiled, Emma had to cross a court and make a fire, and then watch it, or someone would have run away with what she was cooking. Meantime I would call her ten different times, and this in wet or dry. I now regretted having brought so few clothes.

The day I went to Waterloo, Sir William told me the Duke had visited him in the morning. He said he never had seen him so warm in his feelings: he had taken

leave of him with little hope of seeing him again, I fancy. The Duke told him he never wished to see another battle; this had been so shocking. It had been too much to see such brave men, so equally matched, cutting each other to pieces as they did. Sir William said there never had been such fighting; that the Duke far surpassed anything he had ever done before. The general opinion seemed to be that it had been a peculiarly shocking battle. Sir William said he never would try it again; he was quite tired of the business. In speaking of his wound he said this might be the most fortunate event that could have happened for us both. I looked at him for explanation. He said, "Certainly, even if I recovered completely, I should never think of serving again. Nobody would ask such a thing, and we should settle down quietly at home for the rest of our lives." The evening after I went to Waterloo, Sir G. Scovell said he would take something to eat, and then after seeing me fairly established he had to go to Headquarters. He wrote a copy of a return for rations, for which we were to send to Brussels; and also other provisions must be got there, for the village produced nothing. He left two sentinels, for fear there should be any disturbances, and we might feel unprotected. One night there was a great noise of people quarrelling in front of the house; the windows had no fastening whatever, but they passed away without noticing us. I was a little more seriously alarmed another day. Some report had reached us that the French were coming back, and were within nine miles. I thought it unlikely, but about eight in the morning all the wagons that had passed for two hours came back as fast as possible, with horses trotting and men running. I was uneasy on Sir William's account: his situation was so helpless. I leant forward, to prevent people looking in and seeing him. I waited without saying anything, to learn the cause of this bustle. I found afterwards that it was merely the wagons had gone several miles on the wrong road, and were hurrying back to make it up.

From the time Sir G. Scovell left us, we scarcely saw anybody but the surgeons. It must add very much to the fatigue of their business, having to do everything for

the wounded whom they attend. Mr. Powell, who attended most constantly to Sir William, and with evidently great anxiety for his recovery, was sometimes quite knocked up with walking many miles on the heavy road to the field and the cottages. He had some difficulty to consider me as a useful person. At first he used to ask me to tell the servant to come; but he learnt to employ me very soon.

The night I went, Sir William desired me to take some rest, for I looked ill. A portmanteau bed had been brought for me from Brussels. I left him reluctantly, for I grudged wasting any of such precious time, but he would not hear of my sitting up. I had just lain down with my clothes on—for there was no blanket, and the floor was damp tiles. I heard him call to his servant, who slept at the end of his room on a mattress. I jumped up and went to him, and did not leave him again. He wanted some drink, which I gave him, and then sat down beside him. He slept and woke every half-hour. He was not restless, nor had he any pain, but he was constantly thirsty.

On Wednesday he wished to have leeches applied to his side, where the bruise appeared. Mr. Powell had no objection, and desired me to send for him when the leeches were brought from Brussels. I did so; but in the meantime, not knowing why he was sent for, I began as a matter of course to apply them. When he came, he apologised, and thanked me. I was not at first aware of how I was obliging him. He said he was very tired, and when he attempted to fix the leeches, he did not do it so well as I did. Next time they were to be applied, I asked if I should send for him. He said I was as good at it as any hospital nurse could be, and as he had scarcely had an hour's rest any night since the battle, he would be greatly obliged to me to take the trouble. Sir William alleged that I grew quite vain of my skill in tormenting my poor husband with these animals. The same day Dr. Hume<sup>1</sup> called in passing to Brussels, for ten minutes. I was a little provoked with the gaiety of his manner; the gravity he assumed at Brussels would have been suitable to the present scene. Though Sir William never complained, he was serious, and seemed inclined to be quiet,

<sup>1</sup> John Robert Hume, M.D., of the Army Medical Service, Surgeon to the Duke of Wellington.

and neither to speak much nor to listen. He generally lay thinking, often conversed with me, but seemed oppressed with general conversation, and would not listen when anyone told him of the progress of the army. His thoughts were in a very different train. Dr. Hume's rapid, lively visit annoyed me much.

I did not feel the effects of having sat up on Tuesday night till next night, but was resolved to fight against it. Sir William desired me to go to rest, as he had done the night before; but I only remained away till I had an excuse to return, and he always forgot a second time to bid me go. This was the only night I had real difficulty to keep awake; the noise of the carts assisted me a little. I counted the rushes of the chair, for want of occupation. Some people said, why did I not let my maid sit up; but that showed they did not understand; for if twenty people had sat up, it would have made no difference to me. I frequently rejoiced that I had no friend there who could exert authority to make me take care of myself, when my only wish was to keep up as long as he needed me.

On Thursday he was not quite so well.

Before this he had been making a gradual progress, and he could move about with more ease. He spoke much better than he did at first. His countenance was animated; but I fear this was the beginning of the most dangerous symptoms, and I saw that the surgeon now became uneasy at the appearance of the blood; and Mr. Woodridge, a very eminent surgeon, now constantly attended. He had come over once or twice before. General Dundas called this forenoon. He stayed only a minute, as Sir William was not well, and he was busy. After he was away, I recollecting having neglected to ask him to send a blanket and some wine. I never had time to eat, and I always forgot to get wine—as I could take a glass of that and a bit of bread in a moment—and my strength was failing. I looked out and saw him still at the door. I went out, and there were a number of people, Sir H. Hamilton, etc. I told General Dundas I had no blanket. "Bless me!" everyone exclaimed, "no blanket!" I said it was not of much consequence, as I never lay down, but the floor was so damp I was afraid my maid would be ill, and her help

was very essential. Then I asked for wine. Both of which General Dundas sent down next day.

That night I had no difficulty to keep awake. Sir William was restless and uncomfortable; his breathing was oppressed, and I had constantly to raise him on the pillow. The pain in his chest increased, and he was twice bled before morning. He was very much better on Friday forenoon. Mr. Woodridge told us that every day since the battle the people of Brussels sent down carriages to take the wounded to the hospitals; from twenty to thirty private carriages came every day.

On Friday evening Sir William was very feverish, and the appearance of the blood was very inflammatory. I had learnt now to judge for myself, as Mr. Powell, seeing how anxious I was, sometimes had the kindness to give me a little instruction. About ten at night Mr. Powell and Mr. Woodridge came. While I told them how Sir William had been since their last visit, and mentioned several circumstances that had occurred, I watched them and saw they looked at each other. I guessed their thoughts. I turned away to the window and wept.

They remained a little time, and I recovered myself enough to speak to them cheerfully as they went out. They lingered, and seemed to wish to speak to me; but I was too well aware of what they had to say. I felt unable to hear it then, and I shut the door instead of going out. It was that night Mr. Powell asked Emma if she knew what I thought. He desired to be sent for on the first appearance of change. At one in the morning he was in great pain, and as I raised him that he might breathe more freely, he looked so fixed that I was afraid he was just expiring. His arms were round my neck to raise himself by, and I thought we should both have been killed by the exertion. He asked if Mr. Powell had not talked of bleeding him again. I said I had sent for him. He bled him then for the last time. From that moment all the fever was gone. Mr. Powell said it was of consequence to keep him quiet, and if he would sleep calmly it would do him good. At four in the morning I was called out to see a surgeon sent from Mr. Powell, who was ill in bed. He came to know how Sir William was. He had slept a little till three;

but the oppression was returning. This surgeon told me he had been anxious to speak to me several times, to tell me that it was he who had first seen him on the field, and who had given it as his opinion that he might live. He was grieved indeed to think that it should fall to his lot to tell me that it was the opinion of the surgeons that if I had anything particular to say to Sir William, I should not delay long. I asked, "How long?" He said they could not exactly tell. I said, "Days or hours?" He answered that the present symptoms could certainly not prove fatal within twelve hours. I left him. I went softly into my husband's room, for he was sleeping. I sat down at the other end of the room, and continued looking at him, quite stupefied; I could scarcely see. My mouth was so parched that when I touched it, it felt as dry as the back of my hand. I thought I was to die first. I then thought, what would he do for want of me during the remaining few hours he had to live. This idea roused me, and I began to recollect our helpless situation whatever happened, and tried to think whom I could inform of the circumstances. I was not long in deciding on General Dundas, if he could be found, and have time to come and take care of us both. I immediately wrote a long letter to him, telling him how I was situated, and begging that he would come after twelve hours. I said I hoped I should be calm and fit to act for myself; but as I had never been near such a scene before, I knew not what effect it might have upon me. I therefore explained what I wished might be done after all was over, with respect to everything. I then sent the servant with the letter and orders to find General Dundas, if he were within ten miles of Brussels. A few hours after, I had one line from him to say he would be at Waterloo in the evening.

After I had sent the letter I sat down to consider what I was to do next. Though Sir William was aware of his danger, I thought it my duty to tell him how immediate the surgeons seemed to think it. I knew he was far above being the worse of such a communication, and I wished to know if he had anything to say. I sat thinking about it, when he awoke and held out his hand for me to take my usual station by his bedside. I went and

told him. We talked some time on the subject. He was not agitated, but his voice faltered a little, and he said it was sudden. This was the first day he felt well enough to begin to hope he should recover! He breathed freely, and was entirely free from pain; and he said he had been thinking if he could be removed to Brussels, he should get well soon.

I then asked if he had anything to desire me to do, or anything to say to anyone. He reminded me of what he had told me had engrossed his thoughts when he imagined himself dying on the field. He said he felt exactly the same now. He felt at peace with all the world; he knew he was going to a better one, etc., etc. He repeated most of what he had told me were his feelings before—that he had no sorrow but to part with his wife, and no regret but leaving her in misery.

He seemed fatigued; and shutting his eyes, desired me not to speak for a little. I then determined not to introduce the subject again, nor to speak about it unless he seemed to wish it, as I had done all that was necessary.

In an hour or two he ate some breakfast, tea and toasted bread, with so much relish that it almost overcame me. He observed that I must have caught cold by sitting in a draught of air. I said I had. He felt so much better that I was anxious the surgeon should see him. He came in the evening. He was pleased to see Sir William free from pain, but said there was scarcely a possibility of its continuing so. He said he might linger a day or two, but that every symptom was bad. He advised me to keep him as quiet and composed as possible. I assured him no person had been in the room but the surgeons whom he had brought to consult; and I had sat beside him the whole day, scarcely speaking. I said I had told Sir William his opinion of his case. He said it had evidently not agitated him, for his pulse was quite calm. Mr. Woodridge called in the afternoon; he was going to Brussels, and would do anything there we wished. We had nothing for him to do, and he was going when he repeated the question. Sir William looked at me earnestly, and said, "Magdalene, love, General Dundas." I answered, "I wrote to him this morning," and nothing more passed.

Late in the evening, when we were as

calm and composed as could be, and I was sitting and looking at him, and holding his hand as usual, Mr. Powell and Dr. Hume came. He was even more cheerful than before, paid a rapid, noisy visit, and away again. It disturbed our tranquillity not a little, but he is reckoned so skilful that we ought to have been glad to see him. He bade Sir William rouse up, felt his pulse, and said it would bear another bleeding yet, if necessary.

The poor dying man raised his languid eyes, and said, "Oh, no, I do not need it now; I am quite cool."

Dr. Hume said he had no wish to bleed him, but would like to have his limbs fomented. He shook his head. I asked him if he knew what it was. He said No, and would like to try. I asked Dr. Hume if it would be advisable. He said he thought it might refresh him. He went out, and I followed to hear what he would say. He said to Mr. Powell, "Why do you give up a man with such a pulse? with such a good constitution, too! You make them all sad and useless. It does no harm to be trying something."

He named several things. "Put a blister on his breast, and leeches after, if the pain is great down the side."

I looked at Mr. Powell, doubting, as I depended most on his opinion, as his constant attention to the progress of the illness gave it most weight. I thought he looked sorry that my hopes should be renewed, but of course he said nothing.

Dr. Hume said, "Oh, don't fear, we won't desert the case."

I was angry at such nonsense, and said, "Be assured I do not think that Mr. Powell will desert us, but he said this morning there was no hope."

"Nay," said he, "not quite so much as that: I said there was little hope."

I went away, and left them to discuss it themselves.

Sir William said he wished to try what Dr. Hume was speaking of, and I went to order some boiling water to be prepared. I made the people understand that he wanted a great quantity in a tub. While I was speaking, Mr. Powell returned. He had taken a turn with Dr. Hume, and I fancy he had explained his opinion. He said he would go home and prepare a blister, and he believed we had leeches. I said, was it not a great pity to torment

him. He said he would not pretend to say that he thought it could be of much consequence, but for this reason he advised me to do it: I was not aware, he said, how I should feel afterward; and I might perhaps regret, when it was too late, not having done everything which a physician of Dr. Hume's eminence deemed advisable. He said that Sir William would not be at ease at any rate, and it would scarcely plague him; the fomentation would be pleasant to him, and I might take the blister off in six hours if he wished it.

When I went to foment his limbs, I could not find a morsel of flannel. At last I thought of the servant's blanket, and tore it in two. Sir William said this was a most delightful thing, and refreshed him very much. He expressed a great wish to have a vest on his chest. I did not know what to do for flannel. I regretted now excessively not having brought a change of clothes; for I could have taken a flannel coat. This put me in mind of the one I had on, and I instantly tore a great piece out of it and put it into the tub. The cottagers held up their hands, exclaiming, "Ah, madame!" He said it did him good, and was delicious, unconscious where we had found the flannel; indeed he never was aware of the difficulty, for the tub was placed in the other room.

General Dundas came. Sir William heard me speaking to him, and asked who it was. I told him, and he asked if he was going to remain. I said he was. Sir William seemed gratified, but did not say anything. Surely no earthly feeling can be superior to such perfect sympathy.

Sir William fell asleep, and I went out to see if there was anything for General Dundas to eat. He told me he had got a very good room upstairs, and was willing to remain as long as I wished. His only request was that I would not mind him any more than if he was not there, but send for him when I wanted him. I opened the door of Sir William's room and sat close to it, so as to hear if he moved or spoke. I sat down to coffee for the first meal I had, and talked over several things necessary to be settled with General Dundas. I could not speak above a whisper, my voice was so faint. He entreated me, if possible, to try and take some rest that

night, for fear I should be ill before my husband could spare me. I promised. He then told me that Lady Hamilton had asked him to take me to her house when I returned to Brussels; and also the Count de Lannoy had prepared rooms, which he begged I would occupy as long as I pleased. I preferred going to the house we had been in before, and I thought I could be more entirely alone there than at any other person's house, which was what I wished, and knew would be best for me. I was struck, when I did return to Brussels, with two marks of attention. I had a message from the Commissary to say that orders had been given that I was to draw rations and forage for as long as I stayed; and the other circumstance was this. On the letters I had sent from Antwerp I had neglected to write "private," which is necessary when writing to a person in office. I gave them up for lost, and was uncomfortable. After I had been three days at Brussels, they were all returned unopened from Headquarters.

Sir William called me. I sat a short time beside him, and after I had prepared drink for the night I told him I was so very tired I would go and lie down for a short time, if he would allow my maid to bring the medicine which he took every four hours. He agreed, and asked if I did not always take plenty of sleep. I said, "Oh yes," and was going, when he said the pain in his chest was returning, and perhaps leeches would do some good. This was the only time I hesitated to oblige him, for I really could scarcely stand; but of course I proceeded to apply the leeches, and in a few minutes the excessive drowsiness went off; so much so, that when after an hour I went to lie down, I could not sleep. I started every moment, thinking he called me; I desired Emma to waken me if he spoke or seemed uneasy. She gave him the medicine. He looked at her, and asked where I was; she told him I was sleeping. He said, "That's right, quite right."

The pain in his chest grew intolerable, and depending upon my being asleep he yielded to complaint, and groaned very much. Emma roused me and told me she feared he was suffering very much. I had slept half an hour. I went and stood near him, and he then ceased to complain, and said, "Oh, it was only a little twitch."

I felt at that time as if I was an oppression to him, and I was going away, but he desired me to stay. I sat down and rubbed it, which healed the pain, and towards morning I put on the blister. Between five and six he ate some toasted bread and tea, about two inches of bread. Before he began he entreated me to take off the blister only for ten minutes, that he might eat in tolerable comfort. I said I would take it away entirely, and he was pleased. The doctor came about nine. He was breathing then with great difficulty, and there was a rough sound in his throat. Mr. Powell said the only thing to be done was to keep him quiet as usual, and to prevent him speaking. He asked Mr. Powell if he might rise, for he might breathe easier at the window, and he was so tired of lying in that bed. Mr. Powell urged him not to think of it; it would hurt him very much, etc.

About eleven o'clock he sent me away for ten minutes, and with the help of his servant he rose and got to the other end of the room. I was terrified when I heard he was up, and called General Dundas, who went in and found him almost fainting. They placed him in bed again, and when I returned he was much exhausted. I opened the windows wide and shut the door, and sat by him alone, in hopes that he might go to sleep and recover a little. He seemed oppressed with the length of the day for the first time. He asked repeatedly what o'clock it was; he often asked if it was three yet. When I told him it was near five, he seemed surprised. At night he said he wished he could fall upon some device to shorten the weary long night; he could not bear it so long. I could not think of any plan. He said if I could lie down beside him it would cut off five or six hours. I said it was impossible, for I was afraid to hurt him, there was so little room. His mind seemed quite bent upon it. Therefore I stood upon a chair and stepped over him, for he could not move an inch, and he lay at the outer edge. He was delighted; and it shortened the night indeed, for we both fell asleep.

At five in the morning I rose. He was very anxious to have his wound dressed; it had never been looked at. He said there was a little pain, merely a trifle, but it teased him. Mr. Powell objected; he

said it would fatigue him too much that day. He consented to delay. I then washed his face and hands, and brushed his hair, after which I gave him his breakfast. He again wished to rise, but I persuaded him not to do it; he said he would not do anything I was averse to, and he said, "See what control your poor husband is under." He smiled, and drew me so close to him that he could touch my face, and he continued stroking it with his hand for some time.

Towards eleven o'clock he grew more uneasy; he was restless and uncomfortable; his breathing was choking, and as I sat gazing at him I could distinctly hear the water rattling in his throat. I opened the door and window to make a draught. I desired the people to leave the outer room, that his might be as quiet as usual; and then I sat down to watch the melancholy progress of the water in his chest, which I saw would soon be fatal.

About three o'clock Dr. Hume and Mr. Powell came. I must do the former the justice to say he was grave enough now. Sir William repeated his request to have the wound dressed. Dr. Hume consented, and they went away to prepare something to wash it with; they remained away half an hour. I sat down by my husband and took his hand; he said he wished I would not look so unhappy. I wept; and he spoke to me with so much affection. He repeated every endearing expression. He bid me kiss him. He called me his dear wife. The surgeons returned. My husband turned on one side with great difficulty; it seemed to give much pain.

After I had brought everything the surgeons wanted, I went into another room. I could not bear to see him suffering. Mr. Powell saw a change in his countenance; he looked out, and desired Emma to call me to tell me instantly Sir William wanted me. I hastened to him, reproaching myself for having been absent a moment. I stood near my husband, and he looked up at me and said, "Magdalene, my love, the spirits." I stooped down close to him and held the bottle of lavender to him; I also sprinkled some near him. He looked pleased. He gave a little gulp, as if something was in his throat. The doctor said, "Ah, poor De Lancey! He is gone." I pressed my lips to his, and left the room.

I went upstairs, where I remained, unconscious of what was passing, till Emma came to me and said the carriage was ready; and General Dundas advised me to go that evening to Brussels, but I need not hurry myself. I asked her if the room below was empty. She answered me it was; and I went down and remained some time beside the body. There was such perfect and placid calm sweetness in his countenance, that I envied him not a little. He was released: I was left to suffer. I then thought I should not suffer long. As I bent over him I felt as if violent grief would disturb his tranquil rest.

These moments that I passed by his lifeless body were awful, and instructive. Their impression will influence my whole life.

I left Waterloo with feelings so different from those I had on going to it. Then all was anxious terror that I would not be there in time to see one look, or to hear one word. Now there was nothing imaginary—all was real misery. There now remained not even a chance of happiness, but what depended on the retrospect of better days and duties fulfilled.

As I drove rapidly along the same road, I could not but recall the wretched state I had been in when I had been there before; and the fervent and sincere resolutions I then made, that if I saw him alive, I never would repine.

Since that time I have suffered every shade of sorrow; but I can safely affirm that except the first few days, when the violence of grief is more like delirium than the sorrow of a Christian, I have never felt that my lot was unbearable. I do not forget the perfection of my happiness while it lasted; and I believe there are many who after a long life cannot say they have felt so much of it.

As I expressed some uneasiness to General Dundas at having left the body with none but servants, Colonel Grant at his request went to Waterloo the same evening, and remained till it was brought up next day to Brussels. General Dundas then kindly executed all my orders with respect to the funeral, etc., which took place on Wednesday the 28th, in the cemetery of the Reformed Church. It is about a mile from Brussels, on the road to Louvain. I had a stone placed, with simply his name and the circumstances of his death. I

visited his grave on Tuesday, the 4th of July. The burying-ground is in a sweet, quiet, retired spot. A narrow path leads to it from the road. It is quite out of sight among the fields, and no house but the grave-digger's cottage is near. Seeing my interest in that grave, he begged me to let him plant roses round it, and

promised I should see it nicely kept when I returned. I am pleased that I saw the grave and the stone; for there were nearly forty other new graves, and not another stone.

At eleven o'clock that same day, I set out for England. That day, three months before, I was married. *M. De L.*



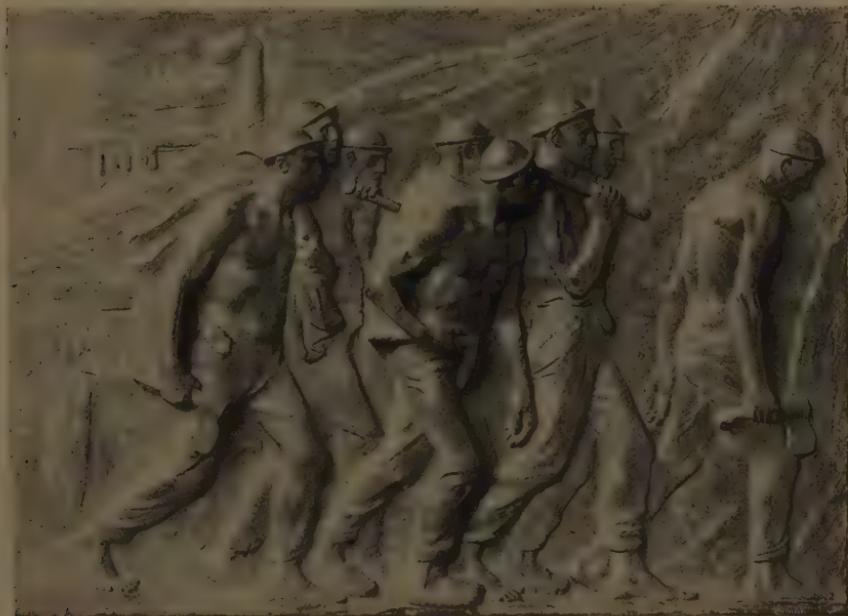
## A SCULPTOR OF THE LABORER

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

JUST a year ago (April 4, 1905) there died in Brussels, where he was born and where he lived and labored nearly all his days, one of the world's greatest sculptors. In his reticence and simple ruggedness and sincerity, Con-

stantin Meunier recalls the master-craftsmen of other, sturdier times. He passed away at seventy-four, in the fullness of effort, for he was one of those who mature but slowly. With the exception of a brief sojourn in Spain, he scarcely left



From the relief by Constantin Meunier

RETURNING FROM THE MINE

his native land. "I have never had any adventures," he once said; "I have only dreamed and worked." Though modern in feeling, his art is both Gothic and Greek, both restless and serene. It is, above everything, an art that typifies the

than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Brabant, the leafy copses of Hainaut, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and scarred by hundreds of collieries and iron-foundries. Everything it would ap-



From a photograph

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

spirit of the hour. All the fierce energy, the material progress, and inventive genius of to-day are reflected in Meunier's miners and foundrymen, his puddlers and glass-blowers. He was the first sculptor who saw plastic beauty in the workman, the first to give labor the precious baptism of art.

No country is more frankly industrial

pear, has conspired to annihilate art and the sense of beauty, yet both have survived and have even taken on new and deeper significance. The novels of Camille Lemonnier, the verse of Verhaeren, and the gentle mysticism of Maeterlinck have all flowered on this somber battlefield of industry. In painting Laermans and Frédéric reveal a penetrating



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

**WATERING A COLLIERY HORSE**

mastery, while the sculpture of George Minne embodies a dolorous and tender appeal.

It is not despite, but because of, existing conditions, that such results have been achieved. The art of Belgium is uncompromisingly social. It has never been, and never can be, a mere matter of play or prettiness. Nowhere is the social function of art more clearly understood; nowhere is its expression more robust or more concrete. Around Charles de Groux, the apostle of the poor, the painter of the forlorn and famished, gathered a group of men whose creed was actuality, whose passion was not vapid, languid loveliness, but a truth that could enlist the deepest human emotions and aspirations. The supreme accent of this movement did not, however, manifest itself in painting or in letters. It was voiced in the vigorous yet resigned art of Constantin Meunier.

Born at Etterbeek, near Brussels, in 1831, the boy was early left in the care of his mother and his elder brother. He was a timid, pallid child with huge head and slender body. It is said that until he was nearly fifteen he used to weep every day toward sundown. His brother having previously taught him drawing, he was sent, at seventeen, to study modeling with the florid, academic Fraikin, where he acquired a loathing for the insipid elegance of the school then in vogue. Under the inspiration of de Groux, he soon renounced sculpture for painting, and, like that tragic, sedentary soul, was compelled to earn a meager livelihood by executing designs for stained glass. Insensibly his rigid, contemplative spirit was drawn toward the shadows of the cloister. He went to live, as Verhaeren afterward did, among the monks of La Trappe. In both cases the sojourn proved fruitful. The painter's "Burial of a Trappist" and "Stoning of St. Stephen" were curiously paralleled by the fervid exaltation of the poet's "Les Moines." Yet always Meunier must have vaguely felt that sacred art, however poignant and human, was not his final expression. It was inevitable that he should have sought to widen his sympathies, to enrich a somewhat sober, hectic palette. Just as Maeterlinck later turned from "Ruysbroek l'Admirable" to "Le Trésor des Hum-

bles," so Meunier drifted gradually from the passivity of monastic existence into a broader fellowship and brotherhood. Those twisted images of Christ on the wayside crosses of Flanders seemed, after all, less beseeching than the poor laborer who hurried by making the sign.

On his return from Spain, where he had been sent by the government to copy Campana's "Descent from the Cross," Meunier definitely left the monastery for the mine, definitely gave up color for clay and bronze. His brother-in-law, Camille Lemonnier, induced him to visit the "Black Country" in order to make certain sketches for his book, "La Belgique." Once there, he realized that he had found his true field. At first he drew and painted as before; but one day in the Borinage, as he was passing the entrance of a mine he happened to catch sight of a group of workmen, toil-stained and stripped to the waist, emerging from the depths into the glow of evening. He felt instinctively that the rhythm of their movements and the heavy, yet supple elasticity of their bodies could be translated only by sculpture. So strong was his conviction, and so implicit was his faith in himself, that this man of fifty suddenly gave up his career as a painter and began his artist life afresh. He proceeded to study the laborer in all his aspects and attitudes. He lived for a time at Val-Saint-Lambert, among the glass-blowers, and later among the foundry-men and puddlers of Seraing. All along that black, stifling belt which stretches from Liège to Charleroi and from Charleroi to Mons he watched those dogged sons of Cain fulfilling their sinister destiny. At Frameries and Pâturages he found them stunted, deformed, and stamped with tragic depression, but for the most part they displayed a silent heroism and a primitive energy which turned pity into admiration. He did not spend all his time indoors or underground, among creatures more like antique troglodytes than human beings. He also went abroad, in the sun, with the mower or the happy harvester. It was work that he chose for his theme, work and the workman in their every phase.

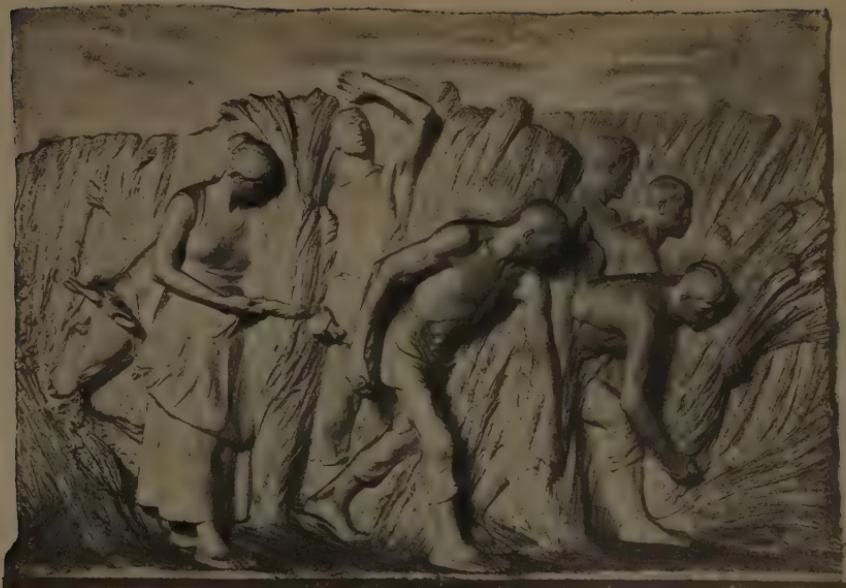
All the man's passion for form and contour, which had so long lain dormant,



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

AN ANTWERP DOCK-HAND





From the relief by Constantin Meunier

### THE HARVEST

surged forward with resistless impetus. His early attempts, though crude, were rich in vital intensity. Within a few short years he achieved the accent of assured mastery. The "Hamerman" and the "Puddler" made a profound impression in Brussels and in Paris during 1885 and 1886. Other successes followed, certain of which were purchased for the Luxembourg and various museums. Yet Meunier was the last to realize that his majestic, submissive giants of the forge or furnace possessed any title to consideration. He was even puzzled by the praise of press and public, exclaiming frankly, "Why, what can they see in my poor stuff?" He had married young, and life thus far had been a bitter struggle. In 1887, having accepted the professorship of painting at the Academy of Louvain, he left his humble quarters in Brussels for the gray and quiet town of Father Damien. It was here that Constantin Meunier revealed the fullness of his power as an artist, and it was here that he proved his deep understanding of the sad, ennobling beauty of toil. He worked unremittingly, pausing only to attend his classes. Statue followed statue, and group succeeded group,

until he had almost completed that valiant hymn to labor which constitutes the ultimate message of his art.

The majority of these passive, cyclopean creatures, including the "Miner" and the "Glass-blower" as well as numerous busts and reliefs, were either planned or executed at Louvain. Now and then he modeled with searching tenderness a female figure, such as the buoyant "Mine Girl" or the mother crushed beneath a weight of anguish and fatality in that tragic episode entitled, "Fire-damp." Like Zola in "Germinal," he also felt drawn toward those sodden brutes condemned to plod dumbly amid suffocating darkness. With the "Old Mine Horse" he gave us another "Bataille" in all his spent and helpless decrepitude. Meanwhile the artist's observant sympathy was by no means confined to the "Black Country." He widened his circle of activity by adding the "Mower" and the "Plowman," the "Reaper" glancing at the noonday sun, and the "Sower" scattering his seed with an impressive, primeval sweep of the arm. The "Fisherman," too, he transferred to this drama of human endeavor, nor did he neglect the "Brickmaker" or the



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

THE HAMMERMAN



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

THE PORTER

"Dock-hand." Bit by bit, he enlarged his panorama, omitting the accidental and bringing into closer accord that which was general and typical. And little by little the varied elements began to show a certain affinity, as though obeying a single unifying impulse.

The studio in which this earnest, apostolic man worked from dawn until night-fall was situated on the outskirts of the town. It was known as the "Amphitheater," having for a long time served as the dissecting-room of a near-by medical college. It was a grim, sepulchral building, tower-shaped and pierced by high, arched windows. The place was dim even at midday, for the walls were darkened by the moisture of ages. In the seclusion of this sleepy Gothic town, the silence broken only by the sound of distant bells, Meunier remained almost a decade. He rarely had an assistant, preferring to execute even the most rudimentary tasks with his own hands. Pale, long-bearded, and wearing a beret and a plain gray blouse, he wrought with the solemn preoccupation of one performing an almost sacred office. He appeared to be in constant communion with the great spirits of the past. The impress of things gone and the shadow of things to come seemed always upon him. "I am never alone here," he would say, quite simply. And this was cruelly true, for the hour his younger son was lost at sea he had a tragic presentiment of the event. This blow, coupled with the death a few months later of his elder son, Karl, turned Meunier's eyes once more toward the pensive consolation of Christian art. "Ecce Homo," the "Prodigal Son," and a "Pietà" are the mute record of his suffering and resignation.

A wish to leave the scene of his bereavement, as well as the necessity for better facilities in order to finish the monumental groups already under way, caused him to return to Brussels. In the old days of obscure, unregarded endeavor he had lived first in the Rue des Secours and afterward in the Rue de la Consolation. On this occasion he settled in the Rue Albert-Delatour, also in the suburb of Schaerbeek. Later he moved to 59 Rue de l'Abbaye. Once established, he devoted himself afresh to his art, completing in succession "Watering a Col-

liery Horse" for the Square Ambiorix, and a "Trinity" for the Church du Sablon, besides several single figures and portrait-busts. The vast project that occupied his mature energies was, however, the "Monument to Labor," his crowning achievement and the synthesis of all that had gone before. Dominated by the colossal figure of the "Sower," flanked by the four reliefs entitled "Industry," "The Mine," "The Port," and "Harvest," with, about the base, groups depicting "Maternity" and the several "Trades," Constantin Meunier's canticle in praise of work ranks as one of the most impressive conceptions in the history of sculpture. It was this undertaking to which he consecrated the remaining years of his life; before the end came he had the supreme joy of knowing that it was purchased by the government and would eventually be placed in the rotunda of the new museum on the Mont des Arts.

As with every true craftsman, Meunier's task was left unfinished. The monument to Émile Zola for the Jardin des Tuileries is not in place. Other commissions were barely begun. Still, the message of his art remains full and complete. Those few enthusiasts who gathered about Constantin Meunier during the late eighties and early nineties, and those fortunate individuals who attended his first exhibitions in Brussels, Paris, and Dresden, to-day cherish unforgettable memories. They have seen gropings and hesitations end in a grand, though troubled triumph. They have watched a sustained and resolute beauty issue from that which was wild and rough. Above all, they have witnessed in the man and in his work the ascendancy of that which is spiritual over that which is material. For sincerity, intensity, and lyric fervor the bronzes of Meunier stand alone. Though explicit in subject, they share affinities with the eternally sculptural. Meunier's laborer is both local and immemorial. He taps at a vein or pauses before a pot of molten metal, yet he embodies universal dynamic laws. In the serene and buoyant days of Greece the wrestler and the athlete were the chief exponents of motion. Man was not a sullen, driven beast; he was acclaimed in the Stadium. Christian art taught him penance and renunciation, taught him not to immor-

talize, but to mortify the body. With Michelangelo he became a surly colossus full of grandiose inquietude, and with Clodion a white and wanton boy. In recent times sculpture has made him echo, somewhat sadly, a dim antiquity or chafe uneasily against a ruthless modernity.

The specific triumph of Constantin Meunier consists in having bridged over the past, in having adapted sovereign, immutable truths to actual conditions. Gods and gladiators have merely been put into harness. Infolding draperies, soft as sea foam from the *Aegean*, have been exchanged for a round cap and leather apron. Mercury has slipped his winged heels into sabots; the flexible Discobolus has learned to swing a sledge. It is not Venus, but Vulcan whom they now worship. There are numerous correspondences between this art, so definite and so concrete, and the generous symmetry of the ancient manner. That first drama of action, the Pergamum frieze, is the direct prototype of Meunier's reliefs. Each depicts struggle, the one simply epitomizing an earlier form of strife. Weeping Niobe has her counterpart in the grief-stricken mother of "Fire-damp"; the "Old Mine Horse" is but an abused and forlorn Pegasus. Coming down toward the Renaissance, the rider in "Watering a Colliery Horse" is none other than a Colleone of the people. Over all Meunier's groups, however tense and concentrated, lingers that static repose which is the priceless heritage of Hellas. Yet this art is not classic, nor Christian, nor modern: it is all three.

With the moral aspect of esthetics Meunier was never obviously concerned. Though his message remains profoundly human and social, he in no sense posed as a man with a mission. While every statue, every bit of bronze, bears in some degree the burden of toil and the burden of sorrow, this art in its essence is not a protest, but an acceptance. These miners are not suppliants: they are conquerors. They rejoice in labor well performed. As they themselves say, "Work and the Walloon are friends," and it was this note that Meunier strove to sound. A visionary as well as an observer, he made man broad and universal, rather

than narrow and individual. Still, while he modified life, he did not falsify life. He simply gave his heroes a touch more of heroism, a shade more of that somber, expressive splendor with which they are clothed. An august majesty accompanies each gesture. Work seems with them to have become a solemn, physical ritual. The "Sower" is biblical, the "Butcher" sacrificial, and that dark line of homeward-swinging figures in "Returning from the Mine" suggests a great recessional of labor. It is not the mere performance of a given task which this art expresses, but the eternal continuity of endeavor. These men are not building for to-day alone: with each stroke they are strengthening the solidarity of the human race. There is a certain affinity between Meunier's miners and Millet's grave toilers in the fields about Barbizon. Though representing different conditions, they share, each of them, a similar community of inspiration. Each bears alike the stamp of that endless struggle of man against inevitable fatality. Millet's types are perhaps more pathetic and self-pitying; Meunier's, more heroic and self-reliant.

Although he labored until the very last, there was a gentle serenity about those few, lingering weeks. The studio was situated in a quiet suburb. All around was the green of springtime, the brightness of the sun. Pigeons cooed under the eaves, and from across the way floated snatches of song. As he strolled through the busy squares of Brussels or the dim streets of Louvain, there always seemed to be something evangelical about Constantin Meunier. He was tall, with massive head, deep-set gray eyes, and a brow furrowed with ceaseless thought and effort. His form was bent as by some heavy weight. His movements were brusque and swift; he might have been made only of nerves and bone. As a rule, he was silent and taciturn, speaking seldom, but invariably to the point. He revered the Italian Primitives, and had small love for the false sentiment of Raphael or the forced exuberance of Rubens. Meunier's art, like the man himself, is profound and reflective. It seems to palpitate with the benediction of a divine pity.

# INDIVIDUALISM *VERSUS* SOCIALISM

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



THE words "individualism" and "socialism" define tendencies rather than concrete systems; for, as extreme individualism is not to be found under any form of government, so there is no example of socialism in full operation. All government being more or less socialistic, the contention, so far as this subject is concerned, is between those who regard individualism as ideal, to be approached as nearly as circumstances will permit, and those who regard a socialistic state as ideal, to be established as far and as fast as public opinion will allow.

The individualist believes that competition is not only a helpful but a necessary force in society, to be guarded and protected; the socialist regards competition as a hurtful force, to be entirely exterminated. It is not necessary to consider those who consciously take either side for reasons purely selfish; it is sufficient to know that on both sides there are those who with great earnestness and sincerity present their theories, convinced of their correctness and sure of the necessity for their application to human society.

As socialism is the newer doctrine, the socialist is often greeted with epithet and denunciation rather than with argument; but, as usual, it does not deter him. Martyrdom never kills a cause, as all history, political as well as religious, demonstrates.

No one can read socialistic literature without recognizing the "moral passion" that pervades it. The Ruskin Club of Oakland, California, quotes with approval an editorial comment which asserts that the socialistic creed inspires a religious zeal and makes its followers enthusiasts in its propagation. It also quotes Professor Nitto of the University of

Naples as asserting that "the morality that socialism teaches is by far superior to that of its adversaries"; and it quotes Thomas Kirkup as declaring, in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," that "the ethics of socialism are identical with those of Christianity."

It will be seen, therefore, that the socialists not only claim superiority in ethics, but attempt to appropriate Christ's teachings as a foundation for their creed. As the maintenance of either position would insure them ultimate victory, it is clear that the first battle between the individualist and the socialist must be in the field of ethics. No one who has faith in the triumph of the right (and who can contend with vigor without such a faith?) can doubt that that which is ethically best will finally prevail in every department of human activity.

Assuming that the highest aim of society is the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally, and morally, the first question to decide is whether individualism or socialism furnishes the best means of securing that harmonious development. For the purpose of this discussion, individualism will be defined as the private ownership of the means of production and distribution where competition is possible, leaving to public ownership those means of production and distribution in which competition is practically impossible; and socialism will be defined as the collective ownership, through the state, of all the means of production and distribution.

One advocate of socialism defines it as "common ownership of natural resources and public utilities and the common operation of all industries for the public good." It will be seen that the definitions of socialism commonly in use

include some things which cannot fairly be described as socialistic, and some of the definitions (like the last one, for instance) beg the question by assuming that the public operation of all industries will necessarily be for the general good. As the socialists agree in hostility to competition as a controlling force, and as individualists agree that competition is necessary for the well-being of society, the fairest and most accurate line between the two schools can be drawn at the point where competition begins to be possible, both schools favoring public ownership where competition is impossible, but differing as to the wisdom of public ownership where competition can have free play.

Much of the strength developed by socialism is due to the fact that socialists advocate certain reforms which individualists also advocate. Take, for illustration, the public ownership of waterworks. It is safe to say that a large majority of the people living in cities of any considerable size favor their public ownership,—individualists because it is practically impossible to have more than one water system in a city, and socialists on the general ground that the government should own all the means of production and distribution. The sentiment in favor of municipal lighting-plants is not yet so strong, and the sentiment in favor of public telephones and public street-car lines is still less pronounced; but the same general principles apply to them, and individualists, without accepting the creed of socialism, can advocate the extension of municipal ownership to these utilities.

Then, too, some of the strength of socialism is due to its condemnation of abuses which, while existing under individualism, are not at all necessary to individualism—abuses which the individualists are as anxious as the socialists to remedy. It is not only consistent with individualism, but is a necessary implication of it, that the competing parties should be placed upon substantially equal footing; for competition is not worthy of that name if one party is able arbitrarily to fix the terms of the agreement, leaving the other with no choice but to submit to the terms prescribed. Individualists, for instance, can consistently advocate usury laws which fix the rate of interest to be

charged, these laws being justified on the ground that the borrower and the lender do not stand upon an equal footing. Where the money-lender is left free to take advantage of the necessities of the borrower, the so-called freedom of contract is really freedom to extort. Upon the same ground, society can justify legislation against child labor and legislation limiting the hours of adult labor. One can believe in competition and still favor such limitations and restrictions as will make the competition real and effective. To advocate individualism it is no more necessary to excuse the abuses to which competition may lead than it is to defend the burning of a city because fire is essential to human comfort, or to praise a tempest because air is necessary to human life.

In comparing individualism with socialism, it is only fair to consider individualism when made as good as human wisdom can make it and then to measure it with socialism at its best. It is a common fault of the advocate to present his system, idealized, in contrast with his opponent's system at its worst, and it must be confessed that neither individualist nor socialist has been entirely free from this fault. In dealing with any subject, we must consider man as he is, or as he may reasonably be expected to become under the operation of the system proposed, and it is much safer to consider him as he is than to expect a radical change in his nature. Taking man as we find him, he needs, as individualists believe, the spur of competition. Even the socialists admit the advantage of rivalry within certain limits, but they would substitute altruistic for selfish motives. Just here the individualist and the socialist find themselves in antagonism: The former believes that altruism is a spiritual quality which defies governmental definition, while the socialist believes that altruism will take the place of selfishness under an enforced collectivism.

Ruskin's statement that "government and coöperation are, in all things and eternally, the laws of life; anarchy and competition, eternally and in all things, the laws of death," is often quoted by socialists, but, as generalizations are apt to be, it is more comprehensive than clear. There is a marked distinction between

voluntary coöperation upon terms mutually satisfactory, and compulsory co-operation upon terms agreeable to a majority. Many of the attempts to establish voluntary coöperation have failed because of disagreement as to the distribution of the common property or income, and those which have succeeded best have usually rested upon a religious rather than upon an economic basis.

In any attempt to apply the teachings of Christ to an economic state, it must be remembered that his religion begins with a regeneration of the human heart and with an ideal of life which makes service the measure of greatness. Tolstoy, who repudiates socialism as a substantial reform, contends that the bringing of the individual into harmony with God is the all-important thing, and that, this accomplished, all injustice will disappear.

It is much easier to conceive of a voluntary association between persons desiring to work together according to the Christian ideal, than to conceive of the successful operation of a system, enforced by law, wherein altruism is the controlling principle. The attempt to unite church and state has never been helpful to either government or religion, and it is not at all certain that human nature can yet be trusted to use the instrumentalities of government to enforce religious ideas. The persecutions which have made civilization blush have been attempts to compel conformity to religious beliefs sincerely held and zealously promulgated.

The government, whether it leans toward individualism or toward socialism, must be administered by human beings, and its administration will reflect the weaknesses and imperfections of those who control it. Bancroft declares that the expression of the universal conscience in history is the nearest approach to the voice of God, and he is right in paying this tribute to the wisdom of the masses; and yet we cannot overlook the fact that this universal conscience must find governmental expression through frail human beings who yield to the temptation to serve their own interests at the expense of their fellows. Will socialism purge the individual of selfishness or bring a nearer approach to justice?

Justice requires that each individual

shall receive from society a reward proportionate to his contribution to society. Can the state, acting through officials, make this apportionment better than it can be made by competition? At present official favors are not distributed strictly according to merit either in republics or in monarchies; is it certain that socialism would insure a fairer division of rewards? If the government operates all the factories, all the farms, and all the stores, there must be superintendents as well as workmen; there must be different kinds of employment, some more pleasant, some less pleasant. Is it likely that any set of men can distribute the work or fix the compensation to the satisfaction of all, or even to the satisfaction of a majority of the people? When the government employs comparatively few of the people, it must make the terms and conditions inviting enough to draw the persons needed from private employment; and if those employed in the public service become dissatisfied, they can return to outside occupations. But what will be the result if there is no private employment? What outlet will there be for discontent if the government owns and operates all the means of production and distribution?

Under individualism a man's reward is determined in the open market, and where competition is free he can hope to sell his services for what they are worth. Will his chance for reward be as good when he must do the work prescribed for him on the terms fixed by those who are in control of the government?

As there is no example of such a socialistic state as is now advocated, all reasoning upon the subject must be confined to the theory, and theory needs to be corrected by experience. As in mathematics no one can calculate the direction of the resultant without a knowledge of all the forces that act upon the moving body, so in estimating the effect of a proposed system one must take into consideration all the influences that operate upon the human mind and heart; and who is wise enough to predict with certainty the result of any system before it has been thoroughly tried? Individualism has been tested by centuries of experience. Under it there have been progress and development. That it has not been free from evil is not a sufficient condemnation. The

same rain that furnishes the necessary moisture for the growing crop sometimes floods the land and destroys the harvest; the same sun that coaxes the tiny shoot from Mother Earth sometimes scorches the blade and blasts the maturing stalk. The good things given us by our heavenly Father often, if not always, have an admixture of evil, to the lessening of which the intelligence of man must be constantly directed. Just now there are signs of an ethical awakening which is likely to result in reforming some of the evils which have sprung from individualism, but which can be corrected without any impairment of the principle.

The individualist, while contending that the largest and broadest development of the individual, and hence of the entire population, is best secured by full and free competition, made fair by law, believes in a spiritual force which acts beyond the sphere of the state. After the government has secured to the individual, through competition, a reward proportionate to his effort, religion admonishes him of his stewardship and of his obligation to use his greater strength, his larger ability, and his richer reward in the spirit of brotherhood. Under individualism we have seen a constant increase in altruism. The fact that the individual can select the objects of his benevolence and devote his means to the causes that appeal to him has given an added stimulus to his endeavors. Would this stimulus be as great under socialism?

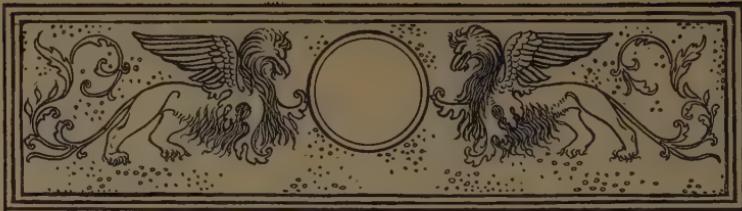
Probably the nearest approach that we have to the socialistic state to-day is to be found in the civil service. If the civil service develops more unselfishness and more altruistic devotion to the general welfare than private employment does, the fact is yet to be discovered. This is not offered as a criticism of civil service in so far as civil service may require examinations to ascertain fitness for office, but it is simply a reference to a well-known fact—viz., that a life position in the government service, which separates

one from the lot of the average producer of wealth, has given no extraordinary stimulus to higher development.

It is not necessary to excuse or to defend a competition carried to a point where it creates a submerged fifth, or even a submerged tenth, to recognize the beneficial effect of struggle and discipline upon the men and women who have earned the highest places in industry, society, and government.

There should be no unfriendliness between the honest individualist and the honest socialist; both seek that which they believe to be best for society. The socialist, by pointing out the abuses of individualism, will assist in their correction. At present private monopoly is putting upon individualism an undeserved odium, and it behooves the individualist to address himself energetically to this problem in order that the advantages of competition may be restored to industry. And the duty of immediate action is made more imperative by the fact that the socialist is inclined to support the monopoly, in the belief that it will be easier to induce the government to take over an industry after it has passed into the hands of a few men. The trust magnates and the socialists unite in declaring monopoly to be an economic development, the former hoping to retain the fruits of monopoly in private hands, the latter expecting the ultimate appropriation of the benefits of monopoly by the government. The individualist, on the contrary, contends that the consolidation of industries ceases to be an economic advantage when competition is eliminated; and he believes, further, that no economic advantage which could come from the monopolization of all the industries in the hands of the government could compensate for the stifling of individual initiative and independence. And the individualists who thus believe stand for a morality and for a system of ethics which they are willing to measure against the ethics and morality of socialism.





# PUBLIC SQUARES IN CITY AND VILLAGE

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE treatment of minor open spaces in village and city is one of the most interesting problems of civic art. The term applies to areas surrounded by a more or less compact population. They may range in extent from a few square rods to a few acres, perhaps even a few dozen acres, but are to be distinguished from what are technically known as parks, or parklike spaces, by the fact that the effects derived from scenery do not properly enter into consideration, except, perhaps, incidentally, instead of being the dominant motive. Such grounds come equally into the province of art, however, as involving questions of design, embellishment, and adaptation to local circumstance, whether a matter of what we call a "public square," a "breathing-spot," or a "playground."

These spaces offer room for a great diversity of treatment. The artistic designer can find few more attractive tasks than to shape an area of the kind. Too much pains cannot be taken to have the right thing in the right place; hence the necessity of studying carefully all the conditions of each particular locality. As in structural architecture, so in landscape design, one of the greatest dangers is that of making something that in itself seems beautiful, but which, being out of keeping with its environment, produces an unbeautiful, because unharmonious, impression.

If the traditions established in colonial

days had been perpetuated unbroken in the development of our American communities, there might perhaps to-day be little occasion to enlarge upon the desirability of suitable recreative open spaces. But when the latter half of the nineteenth century filled the land with populous cities and towns, the sentiment that developed the town commons and the quiet public squares of New England had been largely forgotten or ignored. Whatever municipal planning we have had has customarily been either after a stereotyped gridiron pattern, perhaps according to principles formulated in general State legislation, or has been entirely a matter of private real-estate development on the part of individuals or of speculative land companies. In either case the reservation of open spaces for recreative use has rarely been thought of, the great consideration being to realize upon every possible square foot of land. An abundance of urban open space, however, is a matter of hygienic necessity, as well as something esthetically desirable. Such spaces furnish episodes of rest and repose in a city's turmoil; here the excessive movement of life finds momentary relief from its tension; the conditions are more tranquil in these eddies of the urban stream; people may breathe purer air, may gather in friendly intercourse, may stroll and rest and enjoy the sunshine.

Then there is the absolute need of play-

ground space, essential to the normal development of the growing human being, mentally and morally, as well as physically. Hence certain of our great cities are making no better investment than in creating playgrounds in the midst of dense populations, always well worth the cost, even though it may mount to the million for a few precious acres.

With foresight this vast expense might have been avoided. The need of foresight now cannot be too strongly impressed upon growing villages and towns probably destined to become important centers of trade and industry, and even to expand into great cities.

The problem of creating and improving such open spaces must vary widely according to local circumstance. Granting their existence, the question is one of suitable treatment. While their main function may not be that of civic beauty, such open spaces invariably offer one of the best opportunities for embellishment. How to do this intelligently, how to secure the most satisfactory results with the greatest economy of effort and expense, is the question. No invariable rules can be laid down, but certain broad principles may be indicated, and certain desirable ends stated.

Good design is the first requisite, and it pays to consult some landscape-architect of established reputation. However much we may love the beautiful, if we attempt to make a beautiful thing without experience or training, the result is fairly certain to be unsatisfactory. There is a certain large city with numerous open spaces where the authorities in charge paid no attention to the need of design, but went ahead and did the work themselves. They simply wasted a deal of money in achieving much conspicuous ugliness. A slightly hillside, for example, was planted at random with trees and shrubs, producing a mottled and spotty effect. On a charming wooded lakeside the banks were cleared of the beautiful wild shrubbery to keep out fires, while the sloping ground was cut at the water's edge to give place for a retaining-wall, with the idea of preventing the washing of the banks. A very ugly, amputated effect was the result. The ends aimed at might have been gained very easily if professional advice had been sought; a landscape mutilation worse than almost any harm from fire or flood would have been

avoided, and heightened beauty might have been secured.

There is wide room for choice in the treatment of city or village open spaces, from the simple style of the old New England common, with only trees and turf, to the most elaborate phases of formal design. Trees and turf are always safe; for many purposes there can be nothing better. But age is necessary for the desired results: nearly a half-century, at least, must go by; meanwhile the effect is likely to be thin, tame, and monotonous until with years the stateliness of lofty trees overshadowing quiet grassy reaches is gained. The community may have a long time to wait.

Other methods, therefore, may be more appropriate. Either a picturesque or a purely formal development may be desirable, according to existing conditions. A picturesque style may be better adapted to a limited space, perhaps of irregular contour, where a certain largeness or breadth of effect is sought. On the other hand, a regularity or formality of environment may call for a corresponding regularity and formality in design. In formal design, while beautiful, simple results may be reached merely with turf and trees, at the other extreme may lie the most elaborate effects of carpet bedding, richly intricate in pattern and superb in diversified coloring. Bedding effects, however, almost invariably make a discordant intrusion upon picturesque or naturalistic gardening; under any circumstances, the greatest caution should attend their use. Unfortunately, however, they are apt to be the first recourse of both the unskilled amateur and the gardener who, though highly skilled, is untrained in the principles of design. In the hands of either they are responsible for the greater part of what is bad in the gardener's art, both in this country and in Europe.

Suppose a village improvement association is looking about for something useful to do. It may have attended to the streets and put them in satisfactory condition, while nothing has yet been done in the way of public grounds. If there is a neglected common or public square, it will well reward taking in hand; at all events, there is apt to be some little open space where streets intersect. Such street intersections, either in village or city, offer some of the finest opportunities for civic

embellishment. In Washington, for instance, they have given opportunity for the creation of beautiful circles and other decorative open spaces, offering particularly fine sites for monumental sculpture. These minor open spaces, properly embellished, form most agreeable accents in a scheme of civic adornment, emphasizing the beauty of a street scene at just the right place. The problem may be handled as simply or as elaborately as opportunity suggests or resources permit. In a rural community such sites present admirable locations for commemorative tablets, for fountains,—either for drinking purposes or for purely decorative effect,—or for some other monumental purpose. Particular pains should be taken to give even the simplest construction in such a place a genuinely artistic form. But let not the spirit of improvement, in zeal for adornment, make the mistake of striving to "beautify" a site of the kind in haphazard fashion, dotting in shrubs without discrimination, or breaking the turf with a scant flower-bed or two, suggesting nothing but a meager, scrimpy effort at decorative effect. If any public ground is kept quiet and simple, its aspect cannot go far wrong; the great fault lies in attempting to use in a small, cheap way materials that are adapted only for rich and elaborate effects. The results are invariably the same as when a person of scanty means attempts to follow the fashion by employing cheap dress materials in a style that demands the most costly fabrics.

In a suburb of a certain great city a wide avenue passes a large public garden. Here a long irregular space in the thoroughfare has been turfed over and the tracks for the electric cars run through the grass—a pleasant episode in a great highway. But in an attempt at decorative effect a few rustic flower-baskets have been placed at wide intervals along each side of the tracks. The impression made is that of a ludicrous effort to do something handsome. The baskets are too few to count for anything decoratively. Such adornments, if they have any beauty at all, make their appeal either by inviting the passer to stop and examine the flowers individually, or by their collective decorative effect. But in that position the flowers cannot be enjoyed in detail; standing several rods apart on a bare lawn space, the baskets merely

produce an impoverished impression. Such adornments belong only to formal gardening, as on a terrace or an esplanade. Since the area in question has an irregular contour, it could not easily be given a formal, geometrical design; neither would this accord with its main purpose as a feature in a street-car route. Probably the best treatment of the problem would be a picturesque massing of flowering shrubbery inclosing the tracks on each side. The effect would be always interesting; the changes in foliage and bloom would vary continually through the year, and charm the eyes of passers, either from the street-cars or from the road.

So very much has been found admirable in the outdoor art of a certain great American city that it is only fair to call attention to one thing in which the same municipality falls far short of the ideal. It may seem strange that while Boston has the noblest system of public parks possessed by any great city in the world, in its numerous minor open spaces, as a rule, it exhibits the most conspicuously bad art which, in that respect, is to be found on this continent. Perhaps one reason for this is that since the minor public grounds antedate the park system, their administration has rested in a separate department, and the old inartistic traditions have been preserved.

The Boston Public Garden has exerted a most demoralizing influence upon gardening art in the United States. Its lavish employment of rich and expensive material in a fashion unguided by any true principles of design is responsible for a wide perversion of taste.

The garden suffers primarily from a fundamentally bad design. In its plan, instead of the geometrical formality most suitable to a public ground of its intent, there is a meaningless irregularity. The paths are mostly crooked, rambling in vacillating fashion. There is a pond with affectedly irregular shores, and any naturalistic suggestion that irregularity might convey is barred by the granite curbing of the margins. Upon the lawns trees and shrubbery have been planted apparently wherever chance indicated a convenient place to dig a hole. Many of the trees have developed into beautiful individual specimens that consequently form so many obstacles in the way of bringing order out



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

GRAND CIRCLE, WITH THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT, AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND  
EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

The space about the Columbus Monument at the entrance to Central Park from Eighth Avenue illustrates the effectiveness of a formal decorative treatment of an open space at the conjunction of important streets

of the confusion. Then dabbed in here and there are the flower-beds, for the most part as shapeless as the whole garden, their edges cutting very neat lines in the turf. Some of these beds, however, have extraordinary forms, rising in or beside the paths in curious, bulging mounds, like huge cushions that bristle with gaudy bloom. The garden is populated with various statues and pieces of decorative sculpture. The statues are portraits of statesmen and soldiers. Two are exceedingly bad, and, with one exception, all are unsuitably placed. This exception, an impressive equestrian statue of Washington, is appropriately honored with a location worthy a monumental work of prime importance. The value of this noble site, facing the head of a magnificent avenue and in the transverse axis of the grounds, is belittled by the trivial effect of the elaborate carpet gardening about the base of the statue, diverting the gaze from a thoughtful contemplation of its stateliness and its high significance. The environment of a monumental work, of all things, needs to be simple and serious. Elaborate gardening effects are, to be sure, particularly in place in a ground of this sort, but they are particularly out of place in that particular part of the garden.

Annually there is in this garden a succession of elaborate bedding effects according to the season—tulip shows, hyacinth shows, pansy shows, etc. Then from the city greenhouses are brought an enormous quantity of exotics in pots and tubs,—palms and other luxuriant tropical species,—the containing-vessels concealed in the ground to give the effect of permanent growth.

The use of all these things is something by no means to be condemned; what is criticized adversely is the fundamental lack of design in the whole place, overlaid by a juxtaposition of inharmonious elements. Bedding effects, for instance, are brought into violent conjunction with shrubbery, as where clumps of rhododendrons are surrounded by fringes of showy foliage plants, giving an effect of coarse artificiality where there should be a quiet transition between shrubbery and turf, without any intermediary element to frame the shrubbery like a picture on a wall. Again, the strong, rich masses of such shrubbery are made an indifferent background for exotic

lilies, which show in feeble relief. Any delicacy of effect which the lilies might chance to produce is effectually killed by an arrangement of geraniums below them, their forms and colors in harsh conflict with the lilies.

The technical skill devoted to this work is of the highest order. The fault rests with the responsible authorities in assuming that the possession of technical skill—the talent of a thoroughly trained florist and gardener—implies a knowledge of design in gardening. We might as well take it for granted that because a person is a capable quarryman or stone-cutter he is therefore fitted to model a statue. For a like reason—the want of artist in the artisan—this country is full of hideous bridges designed by engineers untrained in art.

Why is it that these results are admired not only by the common multitude, but by many persons of notable refinement, known for a cultivated taste in other matters of art? The fact that the Boston Public Garden has been heartily praised by such persons has been cited as an all-sufficient warrant of artistic excellence. It may be answered that to have an intelligent judgment upon any matter of art one needs to have given particular consideration to that special subject. The persons cited have tastes untrained in that direction. They have been accustomed to regard things like flowers and plants simply as objects beautiful of themselves; hence in their eyes a work made up of these beautiful elements must necessarily be correspondingly beautiful as a whole. They do not see that the work as a whole has its own individual character, depending upon the quality of design, in which flowers, plants, shrubs, turf, trees, etc., are the materials, just as the painter's pigments are the materials for his picture. Many otherwise cultivated persons regard results in gardening much as the maker of an old-fashioned bouquet regards it—for the beauty of the individual flowers that compose it, examining and admiring each flower separately, without heed to the confused and jumbled effect of the whole floral bunch, in which every sort that grows in the garden is brought together at random.

Again, we are told that the public likes this sort of thing, and should therefore have what it wants. This same argument



Drawn by Jules Cuérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SQUARE AT BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS, VIEWED FROM THE RAILWAY-STATION

In this instance an agreeable entrance to a town has been secured by the artistic treatment of an open space adjoining a railway-station

would fill our museums with bad paintings and sculpture and our public libraries with meretricious literature. The public does not actually want such things; it likes them because it has not been trained to a knowledge of better things. Above all, the public is entitled, not to the gratification of untrained tastes in art, but to the opportunity for the cultivation of its tastes to the level of the most refined elements that are parts of itself. If the best is once set before the public, it will like the best with a keener relish of quality than it had for the bad art that formerly pleased it. Knowing no better, the public might have been pleased with vulgar architectural design in a great exposition; but once having beheld the glorious White City at Chicago, it would have found no pleasure at Buffalo if offered the bald architectural crudities of the Philadelphia Centennial.

With the great expenditures annually lavished upon a place like the Boston Public Garden, the best possible results should be forthcoming, primarily in fundamental design, and secondarily in

agreeable arrangements of materials. The annual displays of springtime flowers, like tulips and hyacinths, have indeed a sort of unrelated dazzling magnificence in their kaleidoscopic splendor; but the capacities of floral masses for superb effects of rich, broad, and delicate color, when artistically balanced, contrasted, and harmoniously blended, are far beyond this.

Again, to employ tropical growths as central features in a garden of the sort might convey to a stranger the impression that Massachusetts Bay has a tropical climate. Decoratively, in such a place the central stress might more appropriately be laid upon floral forms that would express the local climatic character. It is true that in the northern United States the summer climate permits many tropical plants to grow in the open during a succession of weeks, flourishing through that period as if at home in the soil. Hence it might be highly edifying to install at such a season, and in some special place, an outdoor tropical garden as complete as it could be made. But it does not seem ad-



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

#### ANCIENT POWDER-HOUSE IN NATHAN TUFTS PARK AT SOMERVILLE, BOSTON

In this instance an historic landmark has been treated as the central feature in a public pleasure-ground. The pre-Revolutionary powder-house was given to the city, together with the surrounding hillside, for park purposes, in commemoration of the citizen whose name was given to the park. The picturesque opportunities of the site were taken excellent advantage of in its treatment with a terrace commanding a wide prospect, the tower forming the objective feature in the powder-house parkway, which is a "spur" from the Mystic valley parkway that occupies the course of the river near by.

visable to make a tropical display a highly conspicuous feature of the great central garden of a Northern metropolis. Such a garden should not be a sort of floricultural curiosity-shop for the exhibition of all sorts of pretty and novel things, but a truly decorative feature of the city.

A word here as to the comparative value of bedding plants and shrubbery in the adornment of civic open spaces. Bedding effects have their proper place in producing broad, full masses of rich color, and in furnishing splendid concentrations in decorative patterns at focal points. Such effects belong to elaborate formal gardening, and not to picturesque or naturalistic treatment. The most common offense consists in intruding them into work of the latter character. When not lavishly employed, bedding plants have a meager and parsimonious look.

For the decoration of public grounds

shrubbery, as a rule, is the most appropriate and economical material. A rich succession of bloom throughout the season is easily possible, and shrubbery has the merit of combining the charm of foliage with the beauty of flowers and often of brilliant fruitage. Its indefinite, feathery outlines blend harmoniously with its surroundings, whereas plants used in bedding present in their masses sharp, hard margins that easily do violence to a scene. Bedding effects therefore belong only to strictly formal gardening, but under certain conditions annuals and herbaceous perennials can be picturesquely employed with judicious blending, as in the "old-fashioned garden." The great secret of beauty in work of the latter kind lies in the commingling of forms and colors in a richly varied, indefinite mass. Bedding methods, on the other hand, demand sharply definite outlines, and the set effects are obtained

from elements of pure color, strong and brilliant as a rule, and without the harmonizing and unifying aid of quiet foliage masses. Extreme care has to be taken in design—outlines graceful and symmetrical, well-shaped figures (as in embroidery patterns), and artistically studied relations of color in masses and in details. It is no discredit to a gardener, highly skilled in making things grow, that he lacks the training in design necessary to these results, and of himself he should not be expected to achieve them.

Next to the Boston Public Garden as a

bad example stands Copley Square in that city. This open space is notable for its unique development, its fine possibilities, and its actual condition of merrily awkward and ill-balanced design. Very curiously, the square has been an accidental growth. Originally it was merely a point where one of the great radial avenues of the city branched diagonally from another great thoroughfare. With the gradual development of the region, two important churches and a fine-arts museum were erected here, and between them intervened a large and a small triangular piece of



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

TERRACE AT COPPS HILL BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON (OLMSTED, OLMSTED & ELIOT,  
LANDSCAPE-ARCHITECTS)

This ancient burying-ground is used as a breathing-spot for a congested tenement neighborhood. The small additional space for a new waterside pleasure-ground, secured by the removal of some old rookeries from the hillside and the taking of wharf property on the other side of the street below, was treated by the construction of architectural terraces with numerous seats overlooking the new playground, the North End Beach, with its recreation-piers and bath-houses.

ground. The need of an open square thus became evident; and it was formed by the taking of the two triangles—the minor one secured only with much difficulty, after it was seen that the threatened erection of a building upon it would hopelessly mar the spot. The most prominent side of the square became the site of one of the most beautiful buildings in America, the Boston Public Library. This made Copley Square one of the great focal points in the city, and one of the most notable urban open spaces in the country. Its importance, its peculiar evolution, and the exceptional character of its surroundings, have made it a subject for various striking expressions of civic spirit, beginning with the movement to complete the rectangular shape of the place by including the smaller triangle.

Following the erection of the Public Library, the Boston Society of Architects made the problem of a suitable plan for the square the subject for a remarkable competition, which resulted in several excellent designs and was the occasion of a beautiful public exhibition of plans and photographs of the notable public squares and formal gardens in many cities throughout the world. Again, when the erection of a huge "sky-scraper" at one corner of the square was projected, the popular protest against the threatened overshadowing and dwarfing of the public buildings in the vicinity was so strong that a law was enacted limiting the height of structures about and near the square. The validity of this law was affirmed in an important decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, making esthetic motives sufficient justification for such legislation, and establishing the right to protect the beauty of a public open space by going beyond its limits and imposing due restrictions upon the character and use of neighboring property.

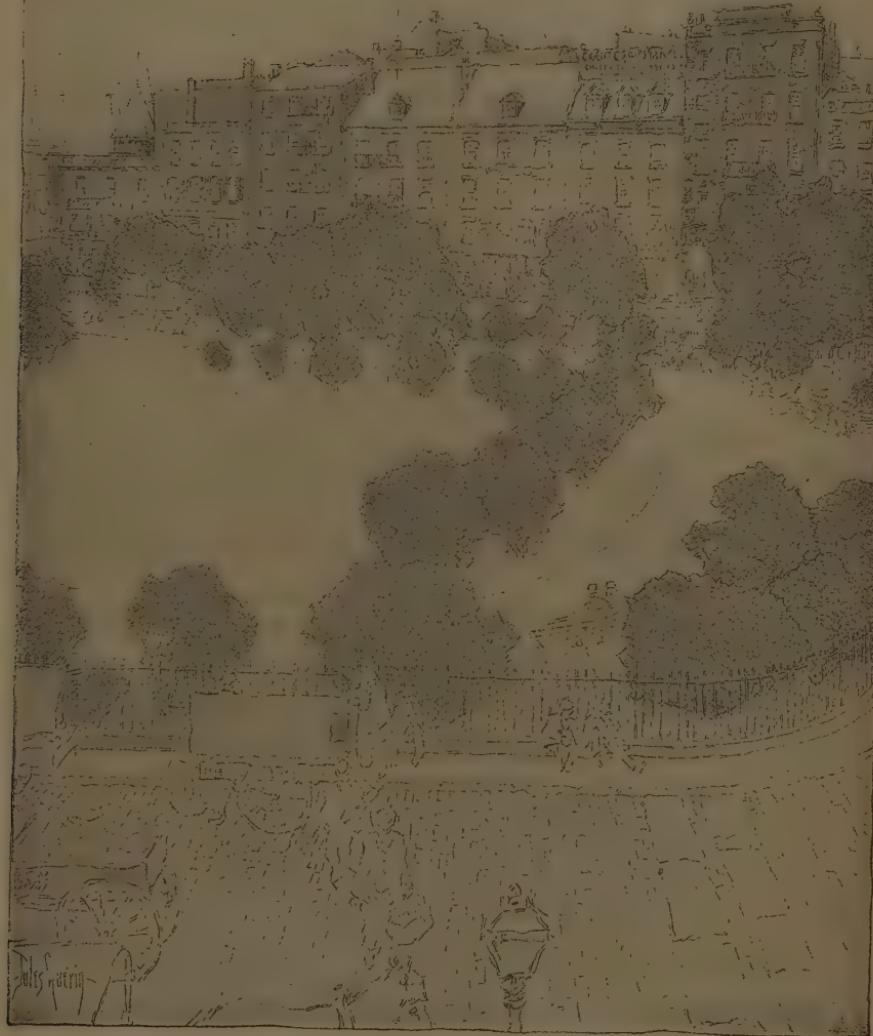
Notwithstanding all this consideration for the aspect of Copley Square, nothing has yet been done to carry out any new design for it, essential as a good plan is to a worthy embellishment of the place. The Public Library, in particular, is marred by the twist askew given to its foreground by the large rectangular triangle in front of it and by the curiously frisky sort of gardening therein practised. The problem is made difficult by the existing conditions of the locality. The architectural surround-

ings have an extraordinary diversity. The tranquil façade of the library is flanked on one corner by the graceful campanile of a church, and on the other by a lumpy, though crudely picturesque, mercantile building. Opposite stands the Romanesque pile of Trinity Church, a famous work of the great Richardson, but presenting a sadly unsuccessful façade. The other two sides of the square have yet no permanent character: the Museum of Fine Arts is to move to another locality, and the miscellaneous construction opposite to it awaits a better architectural development.

A proper design for the place must enhance the effect of the library as the square's culmination; must reconcile, as far as possible, conflicting architectural elements; and must frankly recognize the necessity of maintaining the line of Huntington Avenue diagonally across the quadrangle. The chief obstacle to the execution of the design originally agreed upon—a charming sunken garden—lay in its interruption of this continuity. Hence a degree of irregularity in plan is essential, and at the same time an effect of balance, if not of symmetry, must be achieved, in agreement with the most conspicuous architectural feature. A rich formal treatment, with fountains and sculpture, is indicated by the monumental vicinage. As a harmonizing element for the architectural environment, probably nothing would be better than suitably disposed masses of foliage at certain carefully selected points.

In the Greater Boston municipality of Chelsea is an excellent example of a formal design in the central open space, Winnisimmet Square. The plain of the city has a diagonal and rectangular system in combination, and the space is formed by the conjunction of the two systems. The features of the design are two long triangles of turf and shrubbery, raised somewhat above the street level and retained within a high curbing of hewn stone surmounted by a decorative rail of iron. In these grounds are several Venetian masts, and between the two triangles, in the center of the square, is a stone fountain of gracefully simple form, the gift of a public-spirited citizen.

A notable development of a minor open space as a setting for a feature of historical significance occurs in the environment



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK CITY

A small park formed by filling in an old dock on the East River front. Its treatment secures a restful effect of roominess in a limited area

which the city of Somerville, another Greater Boston municipality, has given to its ancient powder-house, a celebrated relic of pre-Revolutionary times. The structure is a tower built of rough stone, and stands near the verge of a rocky cliff. A broad main thoroughfare passes near. The old-time edifice, the site, its history, and the irregular shape and topography of the ground, invite a picturesque treatment. The rugged face of the cliff has been softened with herbaceous plants in pockets of earth, and there are well-disposed groups of trees and shrubbery about the grounds, all combining to produce a natural and pleasing impression in a simply composed piece of romantic landscape. This spot has very appropriately been made the objective point of a pleasure-drive that branches from the contemplated great metropolitan parkway in the Mystic valley near by and terminates at the powder-house in a road that winds up the hillside and makes a loop about the historic landmark.

In the Massachusetts city of Beverly a handsome new public square, laid out in front of the principal railway-station, gives an agreeable impression of the place at the moment of entrance, and also to passers in the trains. With its well-disposed masses of shrubbery, this square offers an effective illustration of the possibilities of such simple decoration. In Haverhill, Massachusetts, an attractive square of three acres has been developed from an ancient public landing on the river. It is in the business center and extends between the city's main thoroughfare and the water, overlooking the beautiful Merrimac from a terrace with a parapet. A part of the square was given to the national government as a site for a post-office. Unfortunately, the building was erected in one corner. The architectural effect would have been vastly better with the edifice placed centrally in the front.

A suggestion made by Mr. C. K. Bush-Brown, the sculptor, for the decorative treatment of the end of a street at a high river-bank, with terraces and handsome steps of stone, having reference to a situation at Newburgh on the Hudson, illustrates the possibilities of many similar localities. One of the best actual examples of such work near the waterside is Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted's treatment of the Copps Hill

Terraces in Boston, an improvement that unhappily has been injured by the construction of an elevated railway at its base.

The public squares of New York City, or rather of Manhattan Borough, though altogether too few in number, are, as a rule, tastefully designed in a style of quiet informality. One of the best is that of Coenties Square, the small open space on the East River, a comparatively recent creation formed by filling in an old dock. With its marginal banks of shrubbery about an unbroken piece of turf in the center, an effect of the largest possible expanse is given to an exceedingly limited space. In certain localities—as, for instance, at Bryant Park in connection with the new Public Library—most appropriate would be a type of elaborate formal gardening, with sculpture, fountains, stone balustrades, and other decorative features.

In the treatment of urban public squares the local conditions should be thoughtfully studied. A plain neighborhood, for instance, suggests an informal simplicity, contributing an element of quiet beauty to the locality. Where the surroundings are more elaborate, and perhaps architecturally stately, a formal type of gardening might be appropriate. A quiet, formal charm may be economically obtained by the introduction of well-clipped hedges along the walks, and as margins or background for turf spaces, and perhaps with Italian cypresses where climate permits, or the employment of junipers or of Lombardy poplars. Where resources warrant it, the public taste for brilliant and elaborate color should be gratified by the concentration, at some important and central place where the surroundings do not conflict, of the richest possible arrangement of well-designed bedding effects.

Passing to the other extreme, the most necessary features of a city's open spaces, the public playgrounds, it may be said that an element of beauty should find due place in their designing. Therefore, besides shade-trees, the verdure of strips of 'turf and masses of shrubbery at the margins, where they would occupy no space needed for sports, are desirable. The slight care necessary to prevent defacement of these simple embellishments will teach a constant lesson of due respect for the integrity of public property—a respect in which, as a rule, our multitudes are sadly deficient.





## DANCE WITH SHAKESPEARE'S SPRING

now you haue I been absent in the Spring,  
When prouide April, dress'd in all his prime,  
Hath put a Spirit of Youth in every thing,  
What healef Saturn laugh'd and leapt with him.  
Yet am the Days of Birds not the sweet Smell  
Of differnt Flowers in Odour and in Hue,  
Quicke make me out Summer's Stomach ill,  
Or from their fresh Lap pluck hem where they grew:  
Nor did I wonder at the Lyls White,  
Nor praise the deep Verration in the Rose;  
They were but sweet, but Pictures of Delight,  
Drawn after you, you Pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,  
As with your Shadow I with these did play.

When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim,  
With pale a Spirit of Youth in every thing:



"WHEN PROUD-PIED APRIL DRESS'D IN ALL HIS TRIM"



# A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

## PART III



N the following morning I was at breakfast, when Alphonse said to me: "I made last night, sir, pretense of following monsieur, and discovered that another man was doing the same thing. Circumstances permitted me to observe that he was stupid, but monsieur will perceive that either I am mistrusted by the police, or that the affair of madame is growing more difficult and has so far baffled the detectives. The count must have mentioned your name to them." There he paused and busied himself with the coffee-urn, and, for my part, I sat still, wondering whether I had not better be more entirely frank with this unusual valet. He knew enough to be very dangerous, and now stood at ease, evidently expecting some comment on my part. I had asked Merton to breakfast, and a half-hour later he came in, apologizing and laughing.

"Well," he said, "I am late. I had Lieutenant West to see me, and, to my grief, Aramis is out of it and has explained, and so on; but Porthos is inexorable. I said at last I was so tired of them all that I should accept rapiers if the big man would give me time. The fact is, we must first dispose of this other business. A wound, or what not, might cripple me. I am not a bad hand with the sword, and I take lessons twice a day. But now about the other affair. This duel is a trifle to it."

Alphonse had meanwhile gone, at a word from me, and I was free to open my mind to Merton. He did not hesitate a moment. "Call him back," he said, "and let me talk to him."

Alphonse reappeared.

"I gave you three hundred francs," said Merton.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Where is it?"

"My mother has it."

"Very good. Are you for the emperor?"

The man's face changed. "M. le Capitaine knows that a man must live. I was of the police, but my father was shot in the coup d'état. I am a republican."

"If so," said Merton, "for what amount would you sell your republican body and soul?"

"As to my body, monsieur, that is for sale cheap."

"And souls are not dear in France," said Merton.

"Yes, monsieur; but the price varies."

"What would you say to—well, a thousand francs down and a thousand in three months?"

"If monsieur would explain."

I did not dislike his caution, but I still had a residue of doubt as to the man who was serving two masters. Merton had none. He went on:

"We mean to be plain with you. We are caught in the net of a big and dangerous business."

"I had thought as much," said Alphonse. "Would M. le Capitaine explain? No doubt there are circumstances—"

"Precisely. A woman has done what makes it necessary for us to recover a certain document despite the police and the government. Understand that if we succeed you get two thousand francs and run meanwhile risks of a very serious nature."

"And my master?"

"Oh, he may lose his position. You and I and madame may be worse off."

"As to my position," I said, "leave me out of the question. We shall all take risks."

"Then I accept," said Alphonse. "Monsieur has been most kind to my mother, and circumstances have always attracted me—monsieur will understand. What am I to do?"

"You are to examine the outside of Madame Bellegarde's villa by day and at night—to-night—and report to us to-morrow morning. I have a scheme for entering it and securing the document we want, but of that we will speak when we hear your report. I have already ridden around the place. I am trusting you entirely."

"No, monsieur, not quite entirely," said Alphonse, smiling.

Merton understood this queer fellow as I did not, for, as I sat wondering what he meant, my friend said quietly: "No, we have not told you where the papers are concealed nor what they are. And you want to know?"

A sudden panic seemed to fall on the valet. He winked rapidly, looked to right and left, and then cried in a decisive way, with open hands upraised as if to push away something: "No, monsieur, no. Circumstances make it not to be desired."

From that moment I trusted the man. "Is that all, monsieur?" he said.

"No. I do not want you to act without knowing that we, all of us, are about to undertake what is against the law and may bring death or, to you at least, the galleys."

"I accept." He said it very quietly. "What other directions has monsieur, or am I merely to report about the house and the guards? It is easy."

"Yes, that is all at present. The danger comes later. Let us hear at nine to-morrow morning."

His report at that time was clear and not very reassuring. There were guards at or near the gateway. At night a patrol moved at times around the outside. He saw a man enter the garden and remain within. He could not say whether there was another one in the house. It was likely. Madame Bellegarde had driven to the villa. She had been allowed to enter, and came out with a basket of flow-

ers. As no one went in with her, it was pretty sure that they trusted some one within to watch her.

Merton said: "And now, Alphonse, have you any plan, any means by which we can enter that house at night and get away safe without violent methods?"

"If there was no one within."

"But we do not know, and that we must risk."

"It would be necessary," said Alphonse, "to get the police away from the gate for a time, and, if I am not mistaken, their orders will be capture, dead or alive. They believe your papers are still hidden in that house and that an effort may be made to secure them. You observe, monsieur, that all this care would never be taken in an ordinary case. If monsieur proposes to enter the house and take away certain papers, the guard may resist, and in that case—"

"In that case," laughed Merton, "circumstances—"'

"Monsieur does not desire me to enter the house."

I said promptly that we did not. Alphonse seemed relieved, and Merton went on to state with care his own plan. Alphonse listened with the joy of an expert, adding suggestions and twice making very good comments on our arrangements. It would be necessary, he thought, to wait for a stormy night, but already it was overclouded.

Alphonse went away to see his mother and to make his own preparations for the share assigned to him in an adventure to which I looked forward with keen interest and with small satisfaction.

Not so Merton. When the valet left us, the captain said: "We are utterly in the hands of that man."

"Yes," I returned thoughtfully.

"If he knew," said Merton, "he might—"

"No. That he did not want to know what these papers are was an expression of his own doubt concerning the extent to which he might trust himself. I think we must trust him."

"Yes," returned the captain. "Whether or not we have been wise to use him, I rather doubted, but now I do not. The limitations of the moral code of a man like Alphonse are strange enough. It is hard to guess beforehand what he will do

and what he will not. However, we are in for it. You have a revolver?"

"No."

"I will lend you mine."

I said I should be glad to borrow it, but I may say that I took care, before we set out, to see that the barrels were not loaded. I might use it to threaten, but was resolute not to fire on any one, even if not to do so involved failure of our purpose. I, too, had my moral limitations.

We lost a day, but on the following night there was such a storm as satisfied us to the full.

About eight o'clock we drove to a little restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, dined quietly, and about nine set out on foot to walk to the villa. There was a brief lull in the storm, but very soon the rain fell again heavily, and as, of course, we took no umbrellas, we were soon wet to the skin.

Making sure that we were not followed, we approached the garden cautiously through the wood, the rain falling in torrents. At the edge of the forest, near a well-known fountain, beyond the house, we met by appointment my man, Alphonse. He was dressed as an old woman and had an empty basket on his arm. Together we moved through the wood and shrubbery until we were opposite the side of the garden and about a hundred feet from where the wall turned at a right angle.

Here, facing an avenue, the wall was broken midway by the arch of the entrance gateway. The wind blew toward us, and we could hear now and then the sound of voices.

Alphonse said: "Two; there are two at the gate."

"Hush," said I, as a man came around the angle and along the narrow way between us and the garden wall.

"Wait, monsieur; he will come again." In some ten minutes he reappeared, as before.

"Now," said Merton, and in a pour of wildly driven rain Alphonse disappeared. He found his way through the wood and into the main avenue, which in front of the gate turned to the left and passed around the farther side of the grounds. Then he walked up to the gate. Before long we heard words of complaint. Would the guards tell her— This was all gle-

fully related afterward. She had lost her way. Yes, a little glass of absinthe—only one. She was not used to it. And she had the money for her market sales, and alas! so she was all wrong and must go back. The guards laughed. No doubt it was the absinthe. The old woman was reeling now and then. Would n't one of them show her the way? No. And was it down the avenue? Yes. With this she set off unsteadily along the road to the left. They called out that it was the wrong way, and then, laughing, dismissed her.

When once around the remote angle of the wall, Alphonse slipped aside into the forest, got rid of gown and basket, and moving through the wood, took up his station on the side of the main avenue of approach to the villa, and out of sight of the guards. Here he waited until a few minutes later he was joined by the captain.

Meanwhile I stood in the wood with Merton. I think he enjoyed it. I did not. A first attempt at burglary is not in all its aspects heroic, and I was wet, chilled, and anxious.

"First actor on," murmured Merton. "Should like to have seen that interview. Can't be actor and audience both."

I hazily reflected that for myself I was both, and that the actor had just then a sharp fit of stage-scare. I let him run on unanswered, while the rain poured down my back.

At last he said: "I think Alphonse has had time enough."

"Hardly," said I. I did not want to talk. I was longing to do something—to begin. The punctual guard went by twenty feet away, the smoke of his pipe blown toward us.

"I never liked pipe-smoking on the picket-line," said Merton. "You can smell it of a damp night at any distance. Remind me to tell you a story about it. Heavens!" he cried, as a flash of lightning for an instant set everything in noon-day clearness, "I hope we shall not have much of that. Keep down, Greville. Ever steal apples? Strike that repeater." I did so. "It's a good deal like waiting for the word to charge. I remember that once we labeled ourselves for recognition in case we did not come out alive. Just after that I fell ill."

"Hush!" I said. "There he is again."

"All right; give him a moment," said Merton, "and now you have a full half-hour. Come."

We crossed the narrow road and stood below the garden wall. He gave me the aid of his bent knee and then his shoulder, and I was at once lying flat on the garden wall. My repeater rang 10:15, and then, as I lay, I heard voices. This time there were two men. They paused on the road just below me to light cigarettes. One of them consigned the weather to a place where it might have proved more agreeable. The other said Jean had a pleasure station in the house. This was not very reassuring news, but I was in for it and wildly eager to be through with a perilous adventure.

As they disappeared, I dropped from the wall into the garden and fell with an alarming crash, rolling over on a pile of flower-pots. There was such a clatter as on any quiet night must have been surely heard. For a moment I lay still, and then, hearing no signals of alarm, I rose and groped along the wall to the door of the conservatory. It was not locked. Pausing on the step outside for a moment, I took off my shoes and secured them by tying them to a belt I wore for this purpose. Then I went in. I found the door of the house ajar, and entering, knew that I was in the drawing-room. I moved with care, in the gloom, through the furniture, and, aided by a flash of lightning, found my way into the hall. Before me, to left, across the hall, was a small room. The door was open. I smelled very vile pipe-smoke and heard footfalls overhead, but no sound of voices. I became at once hopeful that I should have to deal with but one man. I opened cautiously a window in the little room and sat down to listen and wait. I had been given a half-hour. My repeater at last struck 10:45. Meanwhile the clouds broke in places, and there were now gleams of unwelcome moonlight and now gusts of wind-driven rain.

I rose and shut to a crack the door of the room and waited. Beyond the wall, to my right, I heard of a sudden a wild shriek of "Murder! murder! Help! help!" shrill, feminine, convincing. Then came a pistol-shot, then another, and in a moment a third more remote, and, far away, the cries of men.

My time had come. That the gate guards would make for the direction of the sound we had felt sure, but what would happen in regard to the house guard was left to chance. At all events, he would be isolated for a time. To my relief, the ruse answered. I shut the window noiselessly as I heard my host running down the stairway.

He opened the hall door in haste and was dimly seen from my window hurrying toward the gate. I rushed into the hall, bolted the hall door, and ran upstairs. The old nurse had been prepared for my coming and met me on the first landing.

"Quick," I said. "You expected me. The boudoir." She had her good Yankee wits about her, and in a minute I was kneeling, wildly anxious, and groping in the ashes. Thrusting the package of paper within my shirt-bosom, I ran downstairs, and as she came after, I cried that I had locked the hall door, and to unlock it when I was gone. "Be quick," I added, "and lock the conservatory door behind me. No one has been seen by you. Go to your own room." Pausing to put on my shoes, I fled across the garden, neither hearing nor seeing the guard who must have joined his fellows outside.

I had an awful five minutes in my efforts to climb the wall. We had forgotten that. For a minute I was in despair, and then I fell over a garden chair. I dragged it to the wall and somehow scrambled up, and, panting, lay still for a moment, listening. I suppose that, becoming suspicious, they had returned, for two of the men passed by below me, talking fast, and if they had been less busy over the pistol-shots and had merely looked up from a few feet away, I should have been caught. I waited, breathing hard. A few minutes passed. They seemed to be hours. The noises ceased. I saw dimly through the torrents of rain my house guard returning to his post. He went in, and at once I turned over, dropped, and in a moment was deep in the wood. I was drenched and as tired of a sudden as if I had walked all day. I suppose it was due to the intense anxiety and excitement of my adventure. I went on for a half-mile, keeping my hand on the package. It was now after eleven, and I sat down in the wood and rested for a

while. I knew Paris well. I had been there two years. I walked on for nearly an hour, and then within one of the barriers, remote from the Bois, I caught a cab and drove to the Rue Rivoli, where I left the man and walked to our legation in the Rue de Presbourg. We kept there a night-watchman, and both he and the concierge must have been amazed at my appearance. I went up to my own room, had a roaring fire kindled, locked the door, found a smoking-jacket, and then, with a glass of good rye and a cigar, sat down, feeling a delightful sense of joy and security. Next I turned to examine the value of my prize. The ashes fell about as I laid the packet on the table.

I was by degrees becoming warm, and although wet, for I had had no complete change of garments, I was so elated that I hardly gave a thought to my condition. As I sat, the unopened papers before me, I began to consider, as others have done, the ethical aspects of the matter. A woman had stolen the documents now on the table. To have returned them would have convicted her. We were on the verge of war with two great nations. One of them had us in a net of spies. War, which changes all moral obligations, was almost on us. I would leave it to my chief. No more scrupulous gentleman was ever known to me. I undid the knotted ribbon with which Madame Bellegarde had hastily tied the papers together and turned to consider them.

My own doubts did, I fear, weaken as, turning over the documents, I saw revealed the secrets of my country's enemies. In the crisis we were facing they were of inestimable value. Some of the papers were original letters; others were copies of letters from the French embassy in London. Among them was a draft of a letter of Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and on this and on others were sharp comments in the emperor's well-known hand, giving reasons for acknowledging the Confederacy without delay. There were even hints at intervention by the European powers as desirable. I sat amazed as at last I tied up the papers, and placing them again within my waistcoat, lay down on a lounge before the fire to rest, for sleep was not for me. I lay quiet, thinking of what had become of Merton and Alphonse, and wondering

at the amazing good fortune of my first attempt at burglary.

At seven in the morning I sent a guarded note to our chief, and at eight he appeared. I need not dwell upon his surprise as he listened to the full relation of my encounter with Le Moyne, about which and our subsequent difficulty he already knew something. When I quietly told him the rest of the story and, untying the ribbon, laid the dusty package on the table, he became grave. He very evidently did not approve of our method of securing the papers, but whatever he may have felt as to the right or wrong of what we had done was lost in astonishment as he saw before him the terribly plain revelation of all we had been so long dreading. Here was the hatching of an international conspiracy. As he sat, his kindly face grew stern while I translated to him the emperor's comments.

"It is evident," he said, "that a résumé of certain of these papers should go to Berlin and Russia in cipher, but this may wait. The originals must as soon as possible reach our minister in London."

While Mr. Dayton considered the several questions involved, the first secretary, who had been sent for, arrived. The minister at once set before him the startling character of the papers on the table, and my story was briefly retold. Upon this there was a long consultation concerning the imminence of the crisis they suggested, and in regard to the necessity of the originals being placed as soon as possible in the hands of Mr. Adams, our able representative at the court of St. James. No one for a moment seemed to consider the documents as other than a lawful prize. We could not burn them. To admit of our having them was to convict Madame Bellegarde; and not to use them was almost treason to our country. So much I gathered from the rapid interchange of opinions. When the method of sending them to Mr. Adams came before us, the first secretary said shrewdly enough:

"If they were sure these papers were in the villa,—and they were, I fancy,—I wonder they did not accidentally burn the house."

"That would have been simple and complete," said the chief, smiling, "but there are original letters here which it was very desirable to keep, and I pre-

sume them to have felt sure soon or late of recovering them."

"Yes," said the first secretary, "that is no doubt true. Now the whole affair is changed. I am certain that the house will have again been searched and the scattered ashes seen. They will then feel sure that we have the papers."

I had to confess that, in my haste, I had taken no pains about restoring the ashes. My footprints in the garden soil and my want of care would help to make plain that the papers had been removed, and any clever detective would then infer what had been the purpose of the pistol-shots. I had been stupid and had to agree with the secretary that they would now know they had been tricked and see that the game so far had been lost. The legation and all of us would be still more closely watched, and I, for one, was also sure that the messenger to England would never see London with the papers still in his possession.

Meanwhile, as the secretary and our chief discussed the question, my mind was on Merton. About ten, to my relief, he sent in his card. He entered smiling.

"Good morning, Mr. Dayton. All right, Greville?"

I said: "Yes, the papers are here. These gentlemen all know. Had you any trouble?"

"A little. When I fired shot after shot in the air and our man was screaming murder, they all ran toward us like ducks to a decoy. I ran, too, and Alphonse. As I crossed a road, I came upon a big gendarme. I am afraid I hurt him. Oh, not much. After that I had no difficulty. And now perhaps I am in the way." He rose as he spoke.

The minister said: "No. Sit down, captain."

He resumed his seat, and sat a quiet listener to our statement of difficulties. At last he said: "Will you pardon me if I make a suggestion?"

"By all means," said the chief. "It is almost as much your concern as ours."

"I suppose," said Merton, "the despatches to Berlin and St. Petersburg may go in cipher by trusty messengers or any chance tourist, and that there is no need for haste."

"Yes, that is true."

There was a moment's pause in this in-

teresting consultation, the captain evidently waiting to be again invited to state his opinion. At last our chief said: "You have never seen these papers?"

"No, sir."

"Then I had better make clear to you, in strict confidence, that they reveal to us urgent pressure on the part of the emperor to induce England to intervene with France in our sad war. The English cabinet, most fortunately, is not unanimously hostile, and Lord John Russell is hesitating. Our friends are the queen and the great middle class of dissenters, and, strange to say, the Lancashire operatives. The aristocracy, the church, finance, and literature are all our enemies, and at home, you know, things are not altogether as one could wish. Just now no general, no, not the President, is of such moment to us as our minister in London. He has looked to us for information. We could only send back mere echoes of his own fears. And now"—he struck the pile of papers with his hand—"here is the whole story. Mr. Adams must have these without delay. I should like to see his interview with Lord John. You seemed to me to have in mind something further to say. I interrupted only to let you feel the momentous character of this revelation."

"As I understand it," replied Merton, "you assume that the Foreign Office here will be sure these papers are in your hands."

"We may take that for granted. They are not stupid, and the matter as it stands is for them, to say the least, awkward."

"Yes, sir, and they will know what a man of sense should do with these papers and do at once. I may assume, then, that the whole resources of the imperial police will be used, and without scruple, to prevent them from leaving Paris or reaching London."

"Yes," said the chief, "of that we may be certain."

"And if now," said Merton, "some one of note, or two persons, go with them to London, there is a fair probability of the man or the papers being—we may say mislaid, on the way."

"It is possible," said the minister, "quite possible."

"I think, sir," said I, "that it is probable, oh, quite certain, and we cannot ac-

cept the least risk of their being lost. No copies will answer."

"No. As you all are aware—as we all know, Captain Merton, affairs are at a crisis. The evidence must be complete, past doubt or dispute, such as to enable Mr. Adams to speak decisively—and he will."

"May I, sir," said Merton, "venture to further suggest that some one, say the first secretary, take a dummy envelop marked 'Important and confidential,' addressed to Mr. Adams, and be not too careful of it while he crosses the Channel?"

"Well," said the minister, smiling, "what next?"

"He will be robbed on the way, or something will happen. It will never get there."

"No. They will stop at nothing," said I.

"I ought to tell you," said the minister, "that now Madame Bellegarde is sure to be arrested" (as in fact did occur). "She will be subject to one of those cruel cross-examinations which are so certain to break down a witness. If this should happen before we can act, they will be so secure of what we shall do that—"

Merton interrupted him. "Excuse me. She will never speak. They will get nothing from her. That is an exceptional woman." The minister cast a half-smiling glance at him. He was deeply distressed, as I saw, and added: "You will, I trust, sir, stand by her. They can prove nothing, and she will hold her tongue and resolutely."

"I will do all in my power; rest assured of that. But what next? The papers! Mr. Adams!" He was anxious.

"Might I again venture?"

"Pray do."

"I have or can have an errand in Belgium. Give me the papers. They will reach their destination if I am alive, and, so far, I at least must be entirely unsuspected. My obvious reason for going will leak out and be such as to safeguard my real reason."

"May I ask why you go to Belgium?"

"Yes, I want it known. I have arranged to satisfy a gentleman named Porthos, who thinks himself injured."

"Porthos!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, that is a character in one of Dumas's novels."

"Yes, I beg pardon; we call him Porthos. Mr. Greville will explain later. He is the Baron la Garde. An absurd affair."

"I deeply regret it," said the minister. "I hoped it was settled. But you may be hurt, and, pardon me, killed."

"In that case my second, Lieutenant West of our navy, will have the papers and carry them to London. Count le Moyne is one of the baron's seconds. He will hardly dream that he is an escort of the papers he lost. But, sir, one word more. Madame Bellegarde is an American. You will not desert her?"

"Not I. Rest easy as to that. We owe her too much."

"Then I am at your service."

"I regret, deeply regret, this duel," said our chief, "but it does seem to me, if it must take place, a sure means of effecting our purpose." As he spoke, the secretary gathered up the various papers.

"I think, sir," said Merton, "it will be well if one, or, better, two responsible people remain here overnight." This seemed to us a proper precaution.

As we had talked I saw Merton playing with the dusty blue ribbon which, when he entered, lay beside the papers. As we rose I missed it, and knew that he had put it in his pocket. After we had arranged for our passports I left with Merton. As we walked away he said:

"I propose that you say at once to the baron's friends that we will leave for Belgium to-morrow. It is not unusual, and I have a right to choose. You must insist. Porthos is wild for a fight, and—confound it, don't look so anxious. This affair has hurried things a little; I wanted more practice. I should be a fool to say I am a match for Porthos, but he is very big. If I can tire him, or get a scratch such as stops these affairs—somehow it will come to an end, and, at all events, how better could I risk my life for my country? It must be lightly talked about in the clubs tonight." West and I took care that it was.

The next day early we were at the legation. The first secretary was preparing the dummy. "Pity," said Merton, "to leave the inclosure a blank." The secretary laughed and wrote on the inside cover:

Trust you will find this interesting.

Yours,  
*Uncle Sam.*

We went out, Merton and I looking at our passports and talking loudly. At ten that morning the first secretary and an attaché started for London. To anticipate, he was jostled by two men on the Dover pier that afternoon, and until a few minutes later did not detect his loss of the papers. It was cleverly done. Of course he made a complaint and the police proved useless.

The duel had been duly discussed at the clubs, and it is probable that no one suspected Merton of any other purpose. The baron was eager and Belgium a common resort for duels. On the same day after the secretary's departure for London, Merton took the train for Brussels with Lieutenant West, the baron and his friends, Count le Moyne and the colonel. The captain had the papers fastened under his shirt, and, as I learned later, was well armed. Not the least suspicion was entertained in regard to our double errand, and, as I had talked freely of being one of the seconds, I was able to follow them, as far as I could see, unwatched, except by Alphonse, who promptly reported me to his other employers as having gone to Belgium as one of Merton's friends.

In the evening we met Le Moyne and the little colonel at the small town of Meule, just over the border, and settled the usual preliminaries. The next day at 7 A.M. we met on an open grassy space within a wood. The lieutenant had the precious papers. We stepped aside. The word was given and the blades met. Merton surprised me. It is needless to enter into details. He was clearly no match for Porthos, but his wonderful agility and watchful blue eyes served him well. Then, of a sudden, there was a quicker contest. The baron's sword entered Merton's right arm above the elbow. The seconds ran in to stop the fight, but as the baron was trying to recover his blade, instead of recoiling, Merton threw himself forward, keeping the baron's weapon caught in his arm, and thrust madly, driving his own sword downward through the baron's right lung. Then both men staggered back and Porthos fell.

I hurried Merton away to an inn,

where the wound his own act had made serious was dressed. Although in much pain, he insisted on our leaving him at once. Lieutenant West and I crossed the Channel that night. At noon next day Mr. Adams had the papers and this queer tale which, as I said, is unaccountably left out of his biography. I have often wondered where, to-day, are those papers.

The count remained with Porthos at a farm-house near by. He made a slow recovery, the colonel complaining bitterly that M. Merton's methods lacked the refinement of the French duel.

The papers contained, among other documents, a rough draft of a letter dated October 15, 1862, from M. Drouyn de Lhuys, proposing intervention to the courts of England and Russia. It appeared in the French journals about November 14, when the crisis had passed. Mr. Adams had acted on the manly instructions of Mr. Seward, and Mr. Gladstone lived to change his opinions on this matter, as in time he changed almost all his opinions. Madame Bellegarde, unknown to history, had saved the situation. The English minister declined the French proposals.

Soon after I returned, Madame Bellegarde reappeared, and, as soon as he was well enough, Merton went to see her. She had been released, as we supposed she would be, with a promise to say nothing of her examination, and she kept her word. I thought it as well not to call upon her, but when Merton told me of his visit I was malicious enough to ask whether he had returned to her the ribbon. To this he replied that I had a talent for observation and that I had better ask her. She had been ordered to leave France for six months. I am under the impression that he wrote to her and she to him. The thrust in his arm, which would otherwise have been of small moment, his own decisive act had converted into a rather bad open wound, and, as it healed very slowly, under advice he resigned from the army and for a time remained in Paris, where we were much together. In December he left for Italy. I was not surprised to receive in the spring an invitation to the marriage of the two actors in this notable affair. I ought to add that Le Moyne lost his place in the Foreign Office, but, being of an in-

fluent family, was later employed in the diplomatic service.

Circumstances, as Alphonse remarked, made it desirable for him to disappear. Merton was additionally generous, and my valet married and became the prosperous master of a well-known restaurant in New York.

Late in 1863 Merton rejoined the army, and I did not see him again until in 1869, when I was American minister at The Hague. In June of that year Colonel and Mrs. Merton became my guests. When I told Mrs. Merton that Count le Moyne was the French ambassador in Holland, she said to her husband:

"I told you we should meet, and really I should like to tell him how sorry I was for him."

"I fancy," said I, "that the count will hardly think a return to that little corner of history desirable."

"Even," said Merton, laughing, "with the belated consolation of the penitence of successful crime."

"But I am not, I never was penitent. I was only sorry."

"Well," said I, "you will never have the chance to confess your regret."

I was wrong. A week later the countess left cards for my guests, and an invitation to dine followed. If Merton hesitated, Mrs. Merton did not, and expecting to find a large official dinner, we agreed among us that the count had been really generous and that we must all accept. In fact, if Mrs. Merton might be embarrassed by meeting in his own house the man she had so seriously injured, Merton and I were at ease, seeing that we were entirely unknown to the count as having been receivers of the property which so mysteriously disappeared.

We were met by the count and Madame le Moyne with the utmost cordiality. To my surprise, there were no other guests. All of those thus brought together may have felt just enough the awkwardness of the occasion to make them quick to aid one another in dispersing the slight feeling of aloofness natural to a situation unmatched in my social experience.

The two women were delightful, the menu admirable, the wines past praise. It was an artful and agreeable *lever du rideau*, and I knew it for that when, at

a word from the count, the servants left us at the close of the meal. Then, smiling, he turned to Mrs. Merton and said:

"Perhaps, madame, you may have understood that in asking you all here and alone I had more than the ordinary pleasant reasons. If in the least degree you object to my saying more, we will consider that I have said nothing, and," he added gaily, "we shall then chat of Rachel and the June exhibition of tulips."

It was neatly done, and Mrs. Merton at once replied: "I wish to say for myself that I have for years desired to talk freely with you of what is no doubt in your mind just now."

"Thank you," he returned; "and if no one else objects,"—and no one did,— "I may say that, apart from my own eager desire to ask you certain questions, my wife has had, for years, what I may call chronic curiosity."

"Oh, at times acute!" cried the countess.

"Her curiosity is, as you must know, in regard to certain matters connected with that mysterious diplomatic affair in the autumn of 1862. It cost me pretty dear."

"And me," said the countess, "many tears."

Mrs. Merton's face became serious. She was about to speak, when the count added: "Pardon me. I am most sincere in my own wish not to embarrass you, our guests, and if, on reflection, you feel that our very natural curiosity ought to die a natural death, we will dismiss the matter. Tell me, would you prefer to drop it?"

"Oh, no. I, too, am curious." And, turning to her husband, "Arthur, I am sure you will be as well pleased as I."

Merton said: "I am entirely at your service, count. How is it, Greville?"

"But," said the count, interposing, "what has M. Greville to do with it, except as we know that his legation profited by madame's—may I say—interference?"

"I like that," laughed Mrs. Merton, "interference. There is nothing so amiable as the charity of time."

"Ah," said I, laughing, "I, too, had a trifling share in the business. Let us all agree to be frank and to consider as confidential for some years to come what we hear. I am as curious as the countess."

"And no wonder," said the count. "Of course enough got out to make every *chancellerie* in Europe wonder how Mr. Adams was able to report the opinions and even the words of the emperor and his foreign secretary to Lord John."

"Well," said Mrs. Merton, "I am still faintly penitent, but this is a delightful inquisition. Pray go on. I shall be frank."

"To begin with, I may presume that you took those papers."

"Stole them," said Mrs. Merton.

"Oh, madame! Why did you not take them at once to Mr. Dayton?"

"I was too scared. I was alarmed when I saw the emperor's handwriting. Was he cross?"

"Oh, I had later an evil quarter of an hour."

"I am sorry. And now you are quite free to tell me next—that I—well, fibbed to you. I did. But lying is not forbidden in the decalogue."

"What about false witness?" cried the countess, amused.

"That hardly covers the ground, but," said Mrs. Merton, "I do not defend myself."

The count laughed. "You did it admirably, and for a half-day I was in doubt. In fact, to confess, I was in such distress that I did not know what to do. The résumé I was to make for the emperor ought to have been made at the Foreign Office. I was rash enough to take the papers home."

"But why did you not arrest me at once?"

"Will madame look in the glass for an answer? You were—well, a lady, your people loyal, and I was frantic for a day. I hesitated until I saw you driving toward the Bois de Boulogne in a storm. What followed you know."

"Yes."

"You concealed the papers, and the police for a while thought you had burned them. You were clever."

"Not very," said Mrs. Merton. "I tried to burn all the big double envelops, but the men hurried me."

"I see," returned the count. "Your ruse, if it was that, deceived them, delayed things, and then the papers somehow were removed. And here my curiosity reaches a climax. It puzzled me for

years, and, as I know, has puzzled the police."

"But why?" asked I.

"The pistol-shots were, of course, believed to have been a means of decoying away the guard. The old caretaker was found in her room and the room locked. She was greatly alarmed at the cries and the shots, and for a while would not open the door."

Mrs. Merton laughed. "Ah, my good old nurse."

"But the man in charge of the house never left it, or so he said, and the doors, all of them, were locked."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "That dear old nurse."

"The police found no trace of what might have been present if a man had entered—I mean muddy footmarks in the house."

"No," I said; "that was pure accident. I took off my shoes when I went in, but with no thought of anything except the noise they might make."

"And," remarked Le Moyne, "of course any footprints there were outside had been partly worn away by the rain. None of any use were found, and besides for days the police had tramped over every foot of the garden."

"Not to leave you puzzled," said Merton, "and really it must have been rather bewildering, I beg that Greville tell you the whole story."

"With pleasure," I said. "Colonel Merton and I were the burglars"; and thereupon I related our adventure.

"No one suspected you," said the count; "but what astonishes me the most is the concealment under a blazing fire of things as easily burned as papers. I see now, but even after the ashes were thrown about by you, the police refused to believe they could have been used to safeguard papers. I should like to tell your story to our old chief of police. He is now retired."

"I see no objection," said I.

"Better not," said Merton. "My wife's share should not, even now, be told."

"You are right," said the countess, "quite right. But how did it occur to you, Madame Merton, to use the ashes as you did?"

"Let me answer," said the colonel. "Any American would know how com-

pletely ashes are non-conductors of heat. I knew of their use on one occasion in our Civil War to hide and preserve the safe-conduct of a spy."

"And," said I, "their protective power explains some of the so-called miracles when, as in Japan, men walk over what seems to be a bed of glowing red-hot coals."

"How stupid the losing side appears," said the count, "when one hears all of both sides!"

"But," asked the countess, "how did you get the papers to London? It seems a simple thing, but my husband will tell you that never have there been such extreme measures taken as in this case. The emperor was furious, and yet to the end every one was in the dark."

"You must have played your game well," said Le Moyne.

"Luck is a very good player," I said, "and we had our share."

"Ah, there was more than luck when no amount of cross-questioning could get a word out of Madame Merton."

"My husband insists that I have never been able to make up for that long silence."

We laughed as the count said: "One can jest over it now, but at the time the only amusement I got out of the whole affair was when your dummy envelop came back from London with a savage criticism of the police by our not overpleased embassy in England. I did want to laugh, but M. de Lhuys did not."

"And the original papers?" insisted the countess. "Paris was almost in a state of siege."

"Yes," said her husband, "tell us."

"Well," said I, laughing, "you escorted them to Belgium, when we had that affair with Porthos."

"I!" exclaimed the count.

"Yes; Colonel Merton insisted on fighting in Belgium merely to enable us to get the papers out of France."

"Indeed! One man did suspect you, but it was too late."

"But Porthos?" cried the countess. "Delightful! Is that the baron?"

"Yes," laughed the count. "My cousin is to this day known as Porthos. But who took the papers? Not you!"

"No, D'Artagnan—I mean, Merton took them as far as Belgium, and then Lieutenant West and I carried them to London. D'Artagnan's share was a bad rapier-wound."

"D'Artagnan?" cried the countess. "That makes it complete."

Merton merely smiled, and the blue eyes narrowed a little as the countess said:

"And so you are D'Artagnan. How delightful! The man of three duels. And pray, who was my husband?"

"That high-minded gentleman, Athos," said Merton, lifting his glass and bowing to the count.

"Gracious!" cried the countess. "What delightfully ingenious people! I shall always call him Athos."

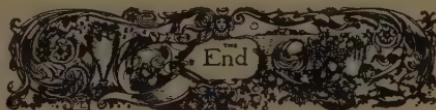
"It was well, colonel," said the count, "that no one suspected you. The absence of secrecy in the duel put the police at fault. Had you been supposed to be carrying those papers, you would never have reached the field."

"Perhaps. One never can tell," said D'Artagnan, simply.

"Ah, well," said our host, rising, "I have long since forgiven you, Madame Merton, and no one is now more glad than I that you helped to prevent the recognition of the Confederacy."

"You must permit me to thank you all," said the countess; "my curiosity may now sleep in peace. You were vastly clever folk to have defeated our sharp police."

"Come," said the count, "you Americans will want a cigar. *On peut être fin, mais pas plus fin que tout le monde.*"



# MUSA AND THE WILD OLIVE

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE



UIET of a Sunday morning inwrapped Morris street and the little low balcony, with wooden pillars Nilotic-tinted, that projected from the first story of a decrepit colonial house over the sidewalk. A young girl came out on the balcony, after seeing that no one was visible, and began to water the flowers in pots on the wide balustrade. She made mouths at the lotus-bird perched on her forefinger. Again she crooned softly to the images, tiny doll-like idols, that were strung on slanting elastics between the strange-shaped flower-pots. Serenely happy, she busied herself with these things, and did not notice the approach of a stranger until he stood almost beneath.

Then in panic she turned to fly. Her olive necklace clanked, and her robe of serpent green rustled. But what motions, what gestures!—all in rectangular lines, comporting with the severe grace of her tall figure visible beneath the close-fitting robe: a statue of Rameses's time, but with red lips and speaking eyes.

"Why do you run? Are we not neighbors? This is spring-smelling day, when it is permissible for man and maid to speak."

She glanced over her shoulder at the young Egyptian in American dress who challenged her thus pleasantly. He had abstracted eyes and finely cut, honest features.

"I am Musa, nephew of Siamon the bird-trainer," added the young man, smiling.

"He gave me this," she ventured timidly, indicating the lotus-bird on her finger.

"Oh, I am glad you know my uncle. He just left me at the corner and told me to walk alone—"

At this moment a bow-legged little old man chanced to peer around the street corner. He chuckled to himself and disappeared without being observed.

"How did your uncle's legs get twisted?" she asked negligently.

"Trying to walk before he could creep. But I have seen you at church when I looked around at the women sitting together in the back."

"Yes; and Amina the lace-maker, who is my mother, was very angry because you looked." She spoke melodious Arabic, with the soft nasal twang like the drone of bees.

"I remember," he exclaimed. "You are Utuma, the Wild Olive."

"And you," she replied coyly, leaning on the balustrade, "are the dreamer who refuses to trade. Some day you will be architect for a big house ten stories high."

"Not that—never." He spoke with fervid indignation, and at the same time wondered whether the principal charm lay in her oval chin or the smoothly parted, inky hair following the angles of her low-brow.

"Perhaps twenty-twenty stories—to the moon," she suggested, naïvely apologetic.

"Belki—perhaps. When my uncle put me in the architect's office six years ago, I thought it would be the greatest thing on earth to realize my child-work—building real pyramids and temples out of stone. But I soon found that in this land everything is made with steel skeleton and brick shell. Yes; so for a while I was tempted by the thought of getting rich by putting up tall office-buildings that people twist their necks to gaze at." He added smilingly, "As I have to gaze at you."

"I understand," she murmured, dropping her long-lashed brown eyes with the reddish glints in them. "There is more



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"A YOUNG GIRL CAME OUT ON THE BALCONY"

money in pleasing people. We almost starved when we put the home gods in the laces. Now we put in the Goddess of Liberty and Marth' Washington,—red, white, blue,—and it sells quick."

"I have become educated since that time," said Musa, reverting to himself as zealots do, and slightly offended by the comparison of lace-making to architecture.

"I am educated also," she replied gleefully, with an upward side glance of girl-

ish coquetry. "Now when we go up-town to sell laces, I wear high-heeled boots and the steel jacket that cuts off the breath."

"A steel jacket! The greatest builders that ever lived were my ancestors," he said, disregarding her statement of progress. "This I know from thought and study. Instead of making office-buildings, they built works beautiful, massive, lasting for centuries, that have a soul in them."

"*Eywa na'am*—yes, to be sure," com-

mented Utuma. "The ground around the pyramids is enchanted."

"All that one cares to look at here are the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, or the bridges over the Harlem, sometimes an armory or an arch, which are the

"Will it, then, be simple and easy to revive the works of our ancestors?"

"Why not? Because, if, as my mother says, the jinns help the Americans put up office-buildings quickly, they will help you to make the Egyptian works."



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'YOU HAVE TRAINED THEM TO DO IT,' OBJECTED THE YOUNG MAN"

only monumental works. I spend all my time looking at them. And when I go up to the Park and see the Obelisk, walking many times around it, I know my dream is not false. Even the commercial people give a place of honor to Cleopatra's Needle."

"I thought you were a dreamer, but now I know it is not so," said Utuma, warmly. She took note of his aquiline nose, dark curly hair, and cream-hued complexion.

"Money and toil are the American jinns," he replied a little satirically.

"However," she mused, "the clothes of the women are built beautifully here, especially the hats—"

Just then a gipsy-faced old woman burst out on the balcony, shook Utuma by the shoulders, and reviled her for staying away from church on pretense of a headache, having arranged a meeting with a worthless young *mehendez*. She hurled bitter reproaches at Musa. Again turn-

ing to the girl, she asked her if she forgot that she was trothed to El Gezzar, the Butcher of Turks, the family benefactor, without whose aid they would still have been beggars in Cairo.

"The blame is all mine," he stammered, as the old lady paused for breath.

"Indeed, sir, you were very forward to speak to me," cried the Wild Olive, with a frown accentuated by the black kohl-streaks at the tails of her eyes, and twitched into the house with her mother.

Amazed, the young man wondered what frightful breach of etiquette he had committed. He rubbed his forehead in sheer perplexity. Then he was aware of a strange pang at learning of her connection with El Gezzar, that brawny and loud-mouthed Syrian of shady repute. Why had she played the coquette—at least listened to him with sympathetic interest? One moment smiles, and the next—He felt indignant.

As he started to walk away he heard the twitter of the lotus-bird and smelled a whiff of perfume. A lotus-flower floated down from the balcony to his cheek. He glanced up and saw her witching face looking down upon him with the pensive melancholy of the figures he loved so well to draw.

Uncle Siamon at home meanwhile was attending his birds, feeding and talking to them. They were mostly in rush cages on shelves, but the turtle-doves and pigeons dwelt in clay towers, and the *babaga* nodded his wise head, cerise-gray, from a free perch. The Egyptian lark, the wag-tail, and the scarlet-green flycatcher hobnobbed together in an oasis of tissue-paper. The fortune-telling parrakeets and the love-birds flew about the room, sometimes lighting on their master's shoulder and chirping in response to his affectionate murmurs. A stuffed flamingo, one leg tucked under pink wing, stared down glassily at a sacred beetle in a tunnel dwelling and at little boxes containing leaf-insects, color-changing, which fair maidens of the colony prize as birthday gifts.

"Well, my children, my children," said the old man, hobbling about on his bow-legs, "think you I have made a match for my beloved nephew? K-r-r-e-e! Kure-e! Ula! Now I could not marry, being so ugly that my smile is like a frown; but

the gods were good enough to grant me the sister's orphan. Karala! Who is more than a son. Eh, *babaga*! And I pack the boy down the street on spring-smelling day, when Utuma comes out alone on the balcony. Kutchee! chee! What do you think of it?"

As he waved his arms, the birds chattered their opinions in a frenzy of glee, darting in and out of the tissue-paper foliage of the oasis.

When Musa came in, his uncle pretended to be very busy, though he watched him slyly. The young man lighted a cigarette, sat at a table in an adjoining room, and began to work at some architectural plans with compass, ruler, and colored inks. He toiled diligently for five minutes. Either because the birds twittered too much, or for some other reason, he could not get interested in the calculation of hallways and elevator space. He flung down the implements, ran a muscular hand through his black curly hair, and paced the rooms with an abstracted air. Then he went to a cupboard and took down a basket of stone cubes and slabs and drums. Squatting on the floor with these stones, as he had done many a time when a boy, he proceeded to construct the temples and tombs of the fatherland.

He built a pyramid with secret chambers in the interior and rightly laid out for stellar observation; a palace with lotus columns and Nilometer on the steps, and baths of porphyry, for some queenly Utuma of past ages; and then a massive temple devoted to the worship of the heavenly bodies. More than a poetic play of childhood, as it used to be, the young architect's mind brooded on the vast problems of these works, gloried in their eon-long endurance and majestic beauty, and dreamed of what might be accomplished of the same order in the New World.

But the little birds perched on the buildings as if they were the towering realities, and so they seemed to the old man's simple, mystic fancy uncomplicated with scientific knowledge.

"Where didst thou go when we parted at the street corner?" at length asked Siamon.

"Not so far. Scarcely any one was abroad."

"Yet it is the day for free-speaking."

"I met Amina the lace-maker," said



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'DOST THOU UNDERSTAND?' HE MURMURED, SUFFOCATING WITH EMOTION"

Musa, with an air of candor. "She had been to church."

"And her ugly, ill-tempered daughter, the Wild Olive?"

"Ugly!" cried Musa, leaping to his feet, and knocking over the palace and temple. "She is the most beautiful—"

However, looking at his uncle, he saw his mistake, and they laughed together in the repressed manner of their people. Siamon affectionately patted the reddening cheek and bade Musa observe the birds pick out his destiny, as they had done five times before. Arranging on a board a number of Arabic letters in seeds, he whistled to the little fortune-tellers, and they hopped down in turn and accurately swallowed the letters meaning, "He will love."

"You have trained them to do it," objected the young man, nevertheless thrilled by the prophecy.

"*Ma'alesh*—no matter. It is permitted to assist a miracle. Moreover, boy, I sent thee to meet the Wild Olive on the balcony, and it is not less wonderful that you should find her good to behold."

"I do not like it," grumbled Musa, in sulky anger at this revelation. "It is a match-making trick. My work is before me. It is my desire to raise a family of great buildings, not crying babes."

"Do not be angry," pleaded the old man, sadly set back. "I did but assist kismet a little. It grieved me to see you no longer caring for anything, neither working to be promoted in the American office nor interested in the life of compatriots, but wandering around to gaze at the bridges and the Obelisk. I thought it was the sickness of early manhood, that might be cured by the shining of eyes like Utuma's."

"You have been a father to me," said Musa in a softened tone. "Forgive me if I have neglected you, thinking too much of my great plans. Here is some money made extra. Take it for the rent and also to buy a new suit, so that when you show the birds on Fifth Avenue—"

"Do you not mean we should buy a silver cage for the lotus-bird already given to the Wild Olive?"

The young man frowned, locking hands above his head, and suddenly burst out:

"Her mother says she is engaged to El Gezzar. Is he not a desperate man?"

"Bah! a Syrian!" quoth Siamon, as he slapped his hands vertically together in token of contempt. "A shopkeeping bully who has killed more Turks in his dreams than on the field of battle. Listen! It is a matter of money with him. He helped the widow and her daughter to come to this country; once recompensed, he will have nothing more to say."

"The Wild Olive may—that is, she might prefer him."

For answer Siamon slapped his hands together in a brisk way, and seeing the lotus-flower nesting in the pocket of Musa's coat, he winked and laughed softly.

During the next three weeks Musa lived as many years, being exalted to dizzy heights of rapture and plunged into gulfs of woe. He drew olive-trees into office plans; he sketched the face of Utuma as the Sphinx; walking around the Obelisk, he read hieroglyphic poems to her beauty. He prowled at midnight through Morris street, reverently touching the balcony with his hand, or laying upon it secret offerings of flowers and almond-rose paste, which, indeed, seemed paltry gifts. Occasionally a shadow flitted to the edge of the balcony and hung the silver bird-cage among the leaves, and there was a delirious fragrance, and eye-beams seemed to penetrate the darkness. At return of busy day the young architect would fight against these feelings, remembering his large purposes and also minding his employer's reproofs for negligence. At night again he found himself eagerly asking Siamon for news—whether the lace-maker were more friendly, how the lotus-bird was getting on, and if Utuma had really brought a basketful of crumbs collected in the neighborhood by her own hands for feeding the aviary.

One night after this, during the street vigil, he deposited a scarab between the wires of the bird-cage on the balcony. The next morning he met her at his uncle's rooms, and she wore the scarab on her shapely wrist. It was merely an embalmed insect set in gold, but it tokened that she was a part of him and they were both a part of God.

"Dost thou understand?" he murmured, suffocating with emotion, and gazed into her eyes. She was silent, but her bosom rose and fell like the tides at the end of the pier.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"TOLD THE STORY OF HIS PATRIOTIC STRUGGLES"

And then Amina rushed into the room like an angry wildcat, cursed everybody, tore the scarab from Utuma's wrist and ground it underfoot, threw the silver cage across the room, knocked over several dove-towers, and, amid screechings of the aviary and expostulations of Uncle Siamon, departed with her daughter.

Musa, however, did not mind this, knowing it was in the day's courtship to be abused by a short-tempered old woman; and the girl had flung a poignant glance under her downcast eyelids as, before leaving, she deftly stooped and regained possession of the trampled scarab.

El Gezzar, the putative suitor, was another matter. Siamon reported that the man blandly refused to discuss the question of settling the debt of the lace-maker. Although a Syrian, the hint of pelf angered him; but he would be charmed to meet the nephew. Others also told Musa that El Gezzar would be pleased to see him, and it was told in a sinister way.

Therefore, one evening at the *café* he felt decidedly nervous and scorched his throat with hot coffee as there stalked toward him a pudgy man, shouldered like a horse, big-headed, seamed of brow, with up-tilted black mustaches, swagger gait, and a loud, loose voice. He was called "the Butcher" on his record of sixteen Turks slain in Syria. These sixteen were supposed to be full-grown soldiers made to bite the dust in open warfare; as for private feuds and minor ambushes, his reputation was cloudily vast. It was whispered that he had mysterious connections and activities. He always had plenty of money, although he spent most of his time lounging through the colony.

When this redoubtable character approached, Musa knew first a chill akin to fear, and the next moment the blood of courageous hatred caused him to leap to his feet with clenched fists. Slight and slender in comparison with the Syrian, he yet felt himself equal to any duel, whether

of wits or weapons. How he hated those cunning steel-blue eyes and Semitic features, indicative of the coast trading-ports rather than the honest localities of the desert! All the chattering folk in the café fell silent, the narghiles ceased to gurgle, and the dice-thrower paused with his box of cubes in midair.

"Welcome, Musa, welcome!" said El Gezar, most cordially, and smiled with expansive frankness. "I hear you are doing great things in the architect's office, bringing honor to your family and to all

in the colony. I am glad to see you, my boy. I knew your father, who fought and fell at Tel-el-Kebir. Ah, he was a great man—"

"I do not care to know you," replied Musa, striving hard to maintain his feeling of hatred.

"Come, come!" laughed the other; "are you stuck up because of prosperity? Will you turn your back on your father's friends and compatriots?"

"It is said you are an enemy, El Gezar."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SITTING BEHIND THE BALCONY DRAPERIES WITH IMMOVABLE EYES"

"Bah! idle gossip! Are we not all strangers here together? Our enemies are in Stamboul, London, and Paris. It is foolish for us to quarrel."

The people in the café resumed their diversions with a sense of disappointment as they saw El Gezzar and Musa hobnobbing over coffee and cigarettes. It really was impossible for the young man to resist the elder's large friendliness, and soon he began to be ashamed of his hostile attitude. El Gezzar, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, told the story of his patriotic struggles against the Turks, and of how many Egyptians he had befriended besides Amina, the lace-maker. His magnanimity had cost him family and fortune; to-day he was devoted only to the cause of patriotism, which occupied so much of his time that he had none left to court the Wild Olive, who had been affianced to him. He had aided her family, it is true; but he was too much the gentleman to insist upon a bargain in the old-fashioned Oriental way. If she had another fancy—

"I am a little unwell," said Musa, dazedly, and left the café.

In fact, he was struck to the heart by the appeal to honor and the necessity of renouncing Utuma, rightfully another's. He did not sleep for three days. Less bitter would have been his fate if he could have indulged jealous hatred, combated a rival, however unsuccessfully. But he could not help liking El Gezzar for his stalwart frame and venturesome history and open-hearted manner. Was he not, as he

said himself, an honest patriot maligned by envious tongues?

They met several times at the café, and El Gezzar displayed the most delicate sympathy, saying they were bound to become bosom friends. One day they visited the Obelisk and discussed Egyptian art and architecture.

"My friend," El Gezzar would remark occasionally, sighing, "you are more suitable to wed the lace-maker's daughter—"

"No, no! Do not speak of it," Musa would reply in smiling anguish, emulating magnanimity.

If he deprived him of love, the Syrian offered a substitute in the passion of patriotism. He gave him revolutionary pamphlets and newspapers, talked about the oppressed conditions of the Levantine countries, read letters of misery from correspondents, and exhorted Musa to study the history of Egypt and of other countries cursed by foreign rule. Musa flung himself with ardor into these studies, quenching his regret for the Wild Olive and almost forgetting his architectural dreams. Sometimes he fancied a rebirth of art among



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HURAH FOR EL GIRGIS  
WASHEENGTION!"

a freed people and love's abnegation rising in majestic columns. Finally, one day El Gezzar took him into entire confidence, and he learned of the secret revolutionary society that existed in the colony for the purpose of achieving freedom in the Levant. His heart swelled at the thought of following in the footsteps of his father's militant patriotism.

Siamon was puzzled and much per-

turbed by his nephew's new infatuation. Innocent of revolutionary intrigue and looking on his adopted country as next door to paradise, he could not fathom the strange friendship with the ill-reputed Syrian. His gentle hints and inquiries being regularly rebuffed, the old man sought consolation with his birds, especially the two in the Nile dove-tower which he had named "Musa" and "Wild Olive." They picked seeds out of each other's beaks so lovingly that the sight caused him to shed tears.

Utuma had taken to living on *dourra*, the bread of sadness and poverty. She forgot her ideas of progress, and put aside the high-heeled shoes and the steel jacket that cut off the breath. Sitting behind the balcony draperies with immovable eyes staring, her cheek-bones grew sharp and her skin became thirsty and parched; her shoulders sagged forward like a consumptive's. Thus speechlessly she expressed woe in the stoical manner of her race. The lotus-bird was taught to hang its head in a plain wooden cage. Her mother jeered, saying she looked like a mummy.

During these weeks the young architect lived as he had never lived before. He rose before dawn to study revolutionary documents, a soldiers' manual of arms, and the political history of his country told in library books. After working in the office all the morning, he performed mysterious errands to different parts of the city—in the luncheon hour; and in the evening, sometimes till after midnight, he was in conference with El Gezzar. He met strange men; he learned startling things. He dwelt in a new, palpitating atmosphere of spacious intrigue. In his feverish sleep he babbled phrases that astonished the simple-minded old Siamon leaning over his bedside. What had an architect to do with "freedom," "expeditions," "guns"?

One night there was a meeting of the society in the warehouse loft, presided over by El Gezzar.

Threescore swarthy Levantines, white of teeth and black of eye, gesticulated and spoke swiftly in the dim, candle-lit room. Their faces were made sinister and grotesque by the shadows that assimilated the traits of diverse races. The close air reeked with scented cigarettes and the spicy effluvium of Oriental merchandise.

El Gezzar, rapping with a camel-whip on a barrel of olives, tried to call the meeting to order.

"Brothers!" he shouted in stentorian tones, "the patriot Musa will speak to us—"

"I speak will!" cried a Swedish Jew in dialect indescribable. "I pay money to Verusalem take. Why is she not something done?"

"I am an Armenian," shrilly wailed a lean, cadaverous man, throwing his arms upward. "I spilled all my blood at Van for the White Christ. Let me speak! Let me be chairman!"

"Woe! woe!" groaned a Cretan and a Damascene, sympathetically dropping their heads in their hands.

"Great is Allah, and Muhammad is his prophet!" exclaimed a Bedouin from Aden, affronted by reference to the White Christ.

Musa at length was able to deliver the fiery oration that he had prepared. He summed up the past glory of Egypt in terse imagery; he pictured her modern woes in a fashion to call forth groans and sobs and wild exclamations of rage.

"Our country is rich and beautiful and fruitful," he concluded. "God has not beggared it. He has not withdrawn his sun nor caused the Nile to dry up. Why do the fellahs starve? Why do we lack power and liberty? The nations prey upon us! Turkey, France, and England have stolen our country, loaded us with debt, taxed our every palm-tree and kine, disgraced us and enslaved us! But we are freemen. We can fight for liberty as other great people. General Arabi—it is well you shout at his name!—showed the world in 1882 that we are not a dead, craven race. My father fell at his side. That revolution failed, but the next time—"

"Wonderful words!" declared El Gezzar above the tumult.

"What is Egypt to us?" exclaimed a Greek from Crete.

"Brothers!" roared El Gezzar, "all the states of the Levant are the branches of one tree. We must unite in a common cause against the Turk, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Russian. Soon there will come to us a leader who will mold the colonies into one republic. Today it is our duty to strike at the Turk in Syria and prepare for the greater liber-

ation. I have a message from General Arabi, who is in exile in Ceylon—”

Amid the ensuing confusion a bow-legged old man climbed on a bale of matting and commanded the attention of the assembly.

“I am Siamon the bird-trainer,” he announced, “and I came here by an accident. I have heard foolish words. What have we Egyptians to do with a Syrian conspiracy? At home the English are our friends, and here in the United States there is freedom for every man. Let our dissatisfied compatriots come here and be happy. That’s what I think.” He paused and added in English, “Huraha for El Girgis Washeengton!”

“There are traitors present,” shouted somebody. “I see a Turkish spy!”

“Asi! asi!” Like the hissing of snakes, a dozen men pronounced the word for spy.

“Feuer! Politsch!” cried the Swedish Jew, throwing open a window.

Every one jumped to his feet. A loud noise was heard on the stairs. Knives flashed as the candles were puffed out. The more timorous fled to crouching positions of safety behind barrels and bales. There was a lively scuffle, mingled with echoing thuds on the door.

As the light vanished, Musa saw a knife-armed hand aimed toward his heart, and instinctively whirling his fist about, he knocked the knife from the hand and struck its owner between the eyes. Then he found himself led by the hand of Siamon through the maze of merchandise to an exit in the rear, just as three Irish policemen broke in the door under the impression that they were raiding “another of them hasheesh joints.”

Events rushed on rapidly after this. Musa, resenting his uncle’s interference, would not have anything to do with the old man, and spent all his time in the café. He noticed that the Syrian had a lump on the forehead between the eyes, such as tight knuckles might have caused, but refused to accept the inference so damaging to a great patriot and fellow-revolutionist. It was better to think that some one had mistaken him for the spy, and that El Gezzar’s bruise was due to an accident.

A month later a fruit-ship, manifested for the return voyage to a Syrian port, lay at a West-side dock with steam up. Her cargo of oil and machinery had been care-

fully packed in the hold. With special care were packed many long cases listed as pitchforks and lawn-mowers—peculiar tools, inasmuch as they were to be operated by means of smokeless powder. Among the passengers were a large number of dark people returning to their home, each equipped with at least two passports.

Musa, having engaged passage on this ship, could not deny himself a farewell stroll through the street of the balcony. The September moon shone over the elevated road and the office-buildings eastward; a damp, salty smell came from the river. There reigned the deep silence of the lower city at night, widely separated from the noise of day, only broken by an echoing footfall, the tinkle of a horse-car bell, or the distant whistle of river craft. The young man stood in the shadow of the balcony, and his heart was dull with unfathomed pain. He would stand here awhile and catch a whiff of perfume. Afterward, forgetfulness—The shutters above seemed to creak, and there was a sleepy twitter as of the lotus-bird. His eyes glowed; he groaned.

“Why dost thou linger at the tomb?”

These words, like a wail of the breeze, burned his ears. Was it delirious fancy? She came forth, white-robed, and the moon shone on the battered scarab at her wrist.

“Ah, Utuma!” he gasped, “if indeed it is thyself and not an effigy, let me say what is in my heart—since we shall never meet again.”

“For me, I have loved thee from the first day,” she replied, hollow-voiced, terribly impersonal, as one petrified by ancient grief.

“It was patriotism—and I thought thou didst belong to him. If thou didst not belong to him—”

“My mother kept me shut. I have ever hated El Gezzar. I will never marry him. He is evil. But I thought thou didst leave me because I am ignorant—and yet I meant to learn—”

“No, no, Utuma; thy knowledge is of the heart, the greatest. Oh, that I had known! But why say the Syrian is evil?”

“I have heard him talk with my mother. Musa, if thou must go on the expedition, wear this either around the neck or sewn into the flesh of the arm.”

“Is it a charm—a keepsake?”

“The *yekh* symbol—the soul that lives



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"AS THEY STOOD HAND IN HAND AMONG THE BIRDS."



after death and flies to the bosom of the beloved. It protects from knives and bullets."

"Rather give me what will invite those weapons!"

"Wear it for my sake. Perhaps it has less virtue than people say, but then it will be a reminder. I tremble lest some treachery harm thee."

"Do not slander the patriot who loves thee, O Wild Olive!"

"He is nothing to me." She made an angular gesture, hand to bosom, and resumed in a voice less dearly mournful: "See, here is a letter he sent to my mother this night. I cannot read pen-marks. Do thou read it, and perchance arm thyself against crafty deeds."

"It is not well to mistrust a patriot," demurred Musa, "and violate confidence."

"Between the kid and the crocodile honor is unequal," she replied with sudden vehemence.

"*Eywa, na'am*—yes, to be sure. Yet it would shame us both in case—"

Finally he took the letter and read it at a near-by street lamp. It ran:

I stay aboard ship to watch the rifles. Do not fear that I will neglect this pestiferous young architect. A simple fool! As I told you, I nearly administered kismet to him at the big meeting.

Something will happen on the voyage. When I return in the spring with the profits of the expedition, there will be a great wedding, and neither you nor your daughter will ever work at lace-making again.

"What mean the pen-marks?" cried Utuma, alarmed at his wild face.

He kept silent, having many quick thoughts. Anger shook him; he was shamefully humiliated. Patriotism was insulted, life itself seemed outraged. For a moment the very skies of faith and aspiration seemed to tumble down in ruin. Should one depose the traitor and take charge of the expedition? For the sake of the "profits"? Seek revenge! Wait until on the battle-field!

"Utuma!" he burst out in a half sob, "dost thou believe in the cause of our country—and the resurrection of her temples? Is it a dream?"

"Thy beliefs, Musa, are mine. Thy knowledge is my knowledge."

"God does not grant us great thoughts," he exclaimed, with joyous conviction, "to

pass away like the breeze. It is not a dream. We are awake, but the sordid are snoring. We shall keep these things in mind and work for them more wisely hereafter—thou and I. This country has been good to us both. Some day we shall, perhaps—"

"It is time for the ship to go!" wailed the Wild Olive, seeing the grayness of dawn in the western sky.

"*La, ya Rohee*—no, my Soul, but time thou didst come down," he replied, putting his shoulder under the balcony.

Marveling, she obeyed and stepped on his shoulder with her little sandaled feet and stood beside him. He lifted her in his arms and carried her swiftly along the street. Her lips were sealed, being close to his neck; and, moreover, his grip was as tight as the breath-cutting steel jacket. So she was relieved from all responsibility, which seemed good. She had a vague idea of being carried to a high place, whence, perchance, they would plunge together to a realm of eternal bliss. It made no difference, only to be united. She felt the beating of his heart against hers.

The journey was only too short. Soon they arrived at Uncle Siamon's rooms, and as they stood hand in hand among the birds, the bow-legged old man, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, thought that a miracle had occurred. He tried to drape a green quilt around his rebellious legs, which made him look like one of the twelve disciples in a Coptic lithograph. He blinked and stammered inept inquiries. Then he embraced the young couple by turn, and shouted in ecstasy of joy the betrothal cry:

"Zihi! Farrah, farrah!"

And the birds, excited by the call, and seeing the dawn glow in the windows, began to chirp and twitter and sing their congratulations. The lark danced in the oasis of tissue-paper, and the little fortunetellers hopped from their perch to devour all the conjugations of the verb "to love."

Musa was no longer in the mood to carry out the grim revenge which he had contemplated against El Gezzar. Instead, he sent to him by messenger the letter and passports. The Syrian did not tarry for a personal interview, but sailed away on the fruit-ship. A few months afterward it was reported that the sixteen Turks had been avenged.



# THE OFF DAY OF AN AUTOMOBILE

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

Author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

**W**HEN pug-nosed Linky Rodgers, erstwhile printer's devil in the office of the Alderville "Gazette," appeared one beautiful Sunday morning in his native town with the first real automobile that had ever been seen in all that rough-shod country, he created something mighty like a stir.

linky it was in very fact—the freckled, bragging Linky who, on beginning to "feel his oats," had boasted he meant to go forth into the world and become an auto "shover" if it cost him his life and all his fifteen dollars of capital. Linky indeed! And why should he tell that, with a trusty horse, he had towed the brick-red auto here from thirty miles away because of his fervent wish to assure its safe arrival on the scene?

Why should he tell his townsmen anything about it? He *was* in fact the real owner's roustabout, or "shover"—with seven exciting days' experience behind him; he *had* taken genuine rides in the thing, observing its modus operandi shrewdly, if not comprehensively; he *had* agreed to guard the car while its owner went off for a two days' climb on a burro to the mines; and he *did* intend to show it very harmlessly in Alderville and then tow it back, with his horse, as he had come, under cover of the night. But also

he meant to excite, meanwhile, an innocent sensation.

Therefore it was that, with his chief's leather cap, his goggles, and his gloves all duly donned and adjusted, he hung about the dusty car—when the horse had been spirited away—till the town's expected awakening, under the impetus of his much-tooted horn, had duly come to pass.

And now the group of citizens about the machine was increasing in size momentarily. Half a score of red-faced cow-punchers, some of them mounted and some afoot, together with three sturdy miners, come to town for provisions, a teamster, the blacksmith, the sheriff, and four others, non-committal as to occupation, stood gazing at the strange affair, over which freckled Linky was tinkering with vast importance and much assumed unconcern.

"By garn!" said the blacksmith, rolling up his sleeves by force of habit, "shoe me with iron if it ain't an auterbiler big as life! Linky, on the square, did you run her here all alone?"

"Did you think I fetched her over in my pocket?" Linky answered, examining the steering-wheel with microscopic particularity. "You ack like you never seen a first-class car before."

"Yep, Bill; you do, fer a fact," agreed

the sheriff; and lying with ready intent to identify himself with the newest wonder, he added: "I heard her puffin' and tootin' when Linky steered her into camp. Might have saw her comin' if I had n't been too lazy to go to the winder."

"I 've saw six or seven and studied 'em close, in picture books, myself," claimed the traveled teamster. "They 're gittin' real common."

"Take the place of hosses pretty soon," remarked a man who hated all the equine family, having recently been kicked in the stomach by a mule. "Heap sight quieter than hosses, anyhow."

"Wall, take off her blinders and turn her loose," suggested one of the cow-boys. "Broke pretty gentle, ain't she, Link?"

"She would n't let no bronco-buster ride her sassy and keerless," Linky made impudent reply. "Ten-horse-power engine 's what she 's got."

"Yep," agreed the sheriff; "I 've read

all about 'em. Jest like ridin' ten wild, buckin' broncos all to once when she starts."

"Nearer like fifteen of these poor little cattle-ponies," corrected Linky, polishing at the already glistening brass and feeling the tires with professional curiosity. "Ten-horse engines don't mean ten little skinny cayuses."

"I 'd like to see one first time she was rid, 'fore she was broke in gentle," insisted the cow-boy, thirsting for excitement. "This one looks to me like her spirit is busted. Link, you ain't got the sand to show her off."

To Linky, never heretofore so honored as to be addressed otherwise than as "Kid," and never before accepted in a style that made him an equal, the situation added elements of charm with every new accession to his audience. And beholding now the broad, stocky form of his one-time employer, Post B. Nicholls, editor



F.R. BRUGHER.

"OH—JUST C-H-U-F-F-E-R—"

and owner of the Alderville "Gazette," who was almost come upon the scene, he felt the gorge of boastfulness and temerity rise in his breast.

"Well, showin' this off reminds me of runnin' a little old Gordon press, a-printin' cards," he said—"it's so different."

This was a joke, and the men all laughed—all, that is, save Nicholls.

"Oh—hullo, Post," said the shover, carelessly. "Did n't notice it was you."

"Hullo, Kid. Poisoned your face?" responded the editor. "Sorry to see they've got you for a stable-boy so soon."

"It's a ten-horse autermorebiler," the sheriff informed him, gravely. "No stable-boy can curry one of them, much less make her go."

"Link never makes the second-hand blunderbuss go," answered Nicholls, in calm contempt of the shover's vaunted prowess. "Link would have to read his printed directions three times over before he could fall off a log."

Linky suddenly burned with a dangerous pique and resolution. He glanced about, and, as fate preferred complications, he discerned the buxom figure of Ellen Brown in a doorway up the street. And Ellen was Post B. Nicholls's one admiration.

"Batts," said the shover to the sheriff, "just see that none of the women is drivin' around in the streets with scary horses, after breakfast, 'cause I'm goin' to try the engine on a little twenty-mile spin or so around the town." He shot a glance of malice and defiance at his former chief, and added unconcernedly, "Perhaps I'll take a friend of mine along."

The friend he had in mind was Ellen Brown. That honored young lady was tremendously excited when he asked her, after breakfast, if she cared to take a spin. He had eaten the meal in his goggles and he looked exceedingly impressive.

"Oh, Linky!" she said, "to think you're really and truly an automobile shover! How do you spell it, in case I should write to cousin Jane?"

Linky swallowed air and told her, "Oh—just c-h-u-f-f-e-r."

"And where'll we go?" she demanded ecstatically. "I don't really care, though, do you? They can see us longer if we just keep gliding round in town. When do we do it? You don't think the boys

might start it off? They're all around it yet, to see how it's made."

Linky glanced from the window at the men, as thick as flies on a cooky, glued by wonder and awe to the spot where the auto was standing.

"Naw," said he. "You've got to know a whole bookful of tricks before you can git her to budge. They could n't start up nothin' but a scared greased pig."

His hand was shaking with nervousness as he rolled a cigarette and gave a wretched imitation of a man calmly lighting up to smoke.

"No partic'lar hurry," he added to Ellen, who was as eager as a child to be tasting the fun. "We've got all day, if we want to keep it goin'."

"Well, don't you suppose the early morning's best?" inquired Ellen. "Mr. Nicholls—sort of wanted me to go for a buggy-ride with him; and there he is."

Linky looked with alacrity where the editor was once more coming down the street.

"Oh, I'd just as lief go now as ever," he said, intent on having his sharp ex-chief consume himself with jealous rage. "You won't need nothin' but your hat. Come on."

They strolled toward the waiting automobile together, he with all his attention studiously concentrated on his cigarette, Ellen pale and red by turns, and ready to collapse with excess of joy about the heart.

The audience, consisting—in addition to the men—of half a dozen women, some with children, gathered in a group on the porch of the general store, gasped with admiring awe to see Miss Ellen actually coming with the shover. The news that she and Linky were going for a spin had spread throughout the town like a brand-new gale of wind.

"I did n't think she'd do it—not with Linky wearin' them enjine headlights," panted Mrs. Batts, holding tighter to a little Batts, who diligently snarled her hair. "I would n't trust myself in that—Now, what's that blacksmith up to next?"

The blacksmith, who had newly described himself as a "sort of all-round machieen and inventor," was directing his own and the teamster's attention to the parts of the auto to be seen by getting down in the dust and looking up under the body. He was joined by four or five



"A SHARP EXPLOSION CRACKED LIKE A SMALL CANNON"

cow-boys, whose horses were held near by with those of a number of friends. The rough-riders, having concluded they belonged in the class with all and any ten-horse-power devices of deviltry, had prepared their broncos for business.

Two men who were trying the seats of the motionless machine, together with those who were "feeling its legs" and "guessing its age" and "looking at its teeth," made way for the shover and Ellen with a courtesy and deference unusual.

"I 'll help you in, Miss Ellen," volunteered the sheriff, while his wife was heard to make some biting remarks; "and, boys, git away and give us air and elbow-room, if you please."

"Do I get in now?" inquired Ellen of Linky, her knees all a-tremble beneath her.

"Might as well," answered Linky, in a desperate guess at a thousand details to be observed with women and the mechanism at the beginning of a ride. "I 've got to start her up 'from the front.'

"Ain't you going to be in when it starts?" demanded Ellen, half-way up in the seat. "You have n't got any reins or anything I can hold while you 're climbing inside."

"I don't throw in the clutch till I 'm sittin' and ready," answered Linky, his pride rising swiftly to par once again. "She won't go off without me, don't you fear."

The sheriff nodded to the group with a sober I-told-you-so expression of countenance. Post B. Nicholls, meantime, had gone to the porch, with the women, and taken a seat on its edge.

All the women and some of the men, including Linky, now forgot, temporarily, to breathe. Linky was adjusting gloves and goggles with all the airs of a veteran auto tourist. At length, when there was nothing further to do to himself, except to strive for a good big breath, he pumped the teaser of the gasoline, and grasping the starting-crank in front, gave the engine a violent wrench.

"Oh!" gasped Ellen.

But nothing happened—nothing of importance.

"Not 'nough juice," observed the shover.

He pumped at the teaser with greater energy, then ground at the crank like a demon, till it kicked back and nearly broke his wrist, the engine meantime as unresponsive as the dead.

"Gee!" said Link, "I guess she ain't got no compression; or maybe her spark plug 's sprung a leak."

He raised the hood and looked inside at the engine. So did all the men.

"Don't he know the business, though?" inquired Sheriff Batts, admiringly. "Hear him operate the autermorebiler languages."

"Now she 's fixed O. K.," declared the shover, having twisted at a thumb-screw



"THE CAR HIT THE PORCH WITH A PLANK-SPLITTING THUMP"

of no significance whatsoever. "Put her down." He lowered the hood and ground again at the crank, to no avail.

"Leave me give her a rattle myself," requested the blacksmith. He thereupon turned the crank till he was redder than the auto.

Linky was sweating. The smith was equally warm. Man after man had a turn at the crank. A smell of gasoline, pumped through the engine and out at the muffler, began to assert itself.

"I don't pretend to know it all," remarked the teamster, "but I reckon there's something out of whack with this thing under the wheels. You can hear her gruntin' back in here."

"This thing" was the muffler. Half a score of men bent down to look, while the teamster, with his lighted cigarette, indicated just what he meant by thrusting his hand against the port of exhaust.

Instantly a sharp explosion cracked like a small cannon, the teamster throwing a back somersault. Miss Ellen jumped no less than three feet high. The squatting men all fell violently backward to the dust in a wriggling and fiercely scrambling heap. The women screamed and the broncos reared, snorted, and attempted

a private stampede. All who could, ran swiftly away, expecting the thing to burst at once.

Linky was frightened half to death, while the sheriff leaped three ways at once, to see who was doing the shooting.

"I want to get out! I want to get out!" cried Ellen, with a great deal of strength.

"Mercy! stay where you are—anyways for a minute; it's safer!" cried Mrs. Batts, whose baby was bawling in terror.

"Sounds like running a small Gordon press, printing cards," called Nicholls from the porch.

That nettled Linky, who still had sense sufficient to know that a small explosion in the muffler was one of the auto's prerogatives and not fatal, after all.

"That's nothin'. She does that once in a while before she gits ready to start," said he. "Don't amount to nothin'."

Then abruptly a brilliant idea occurred to his mind. A spark had ignited the gas—and a spark, in fact, was necessary to the customary functions of the engine. He switched on his batteries, heretofore neglected, and pumping the teaser once again, gave the crank a mighty lesson in revolutions.

With a snort and a spat the engine took a start at last, and ran with a hum and a puffing and force that shook the red car like a husker. Every one, save Linky, started aback in dread. This was almost more terrible than the simple explosion.

"What's happened now?" cried Ellen, from her seat. "I wish I was out! I don't—I don't like it a bit!"

"Ten-horse engine's got to work, running like bread and molasses," replied the shover, grinning reassuringly. "All we got to do is ride, and throw dust in people's faces, and look all round at the scenery."

"Did n't I say I knowed he'd do it pretty soon?" said the blacksmith, who had just predicted to the contrary. "Smart young feller, Linky is, fer I learned him a few little tricks 'bout horse-shoein' and other machin'y myself."

The roaring monster, which the automobile had now become, had ten feet of space on every side and a clear, broad path to the fore. Snorting and plunging, the cow-boys' ponies were swiftly mounted for the race that all conceived was a cow-puncher's due. They were closely bunched at the rear of the car.

Linky got up to his place—and stared at the levers in a dizzying doubt that caved in the walls of his stomach. Which was the one to handle first?

He hesitated. The man who hesitates is the rag-doll of fate. In desperation, then, he laid his hand on a lever. Oh, if there were no one here to see—no Ellen, no Nicholls, no any one at all! If only he had tried it by himself the night before! But the game he had started he must play to the end.

He pulled back a lever. Nothing happened. The engine continued to race and to shake the car atrociously. Then Linky grasped the clutch and nervously thrust it home.

The car, as if suddenly assaulted on the nose by a bolt of lightning, paused and leaped to the rearward with a growl of meshing gears that was terrible to hear. It darted backward toward a dozen men and horses who were toppling and falling away in confused retreat and scrambling in every direction. It gathered speed and made for the porch, backing like a badly deranged juggernaut with a horrible excess of enthusiasm.

The men all yelled and the women shrieked, and Ellen stood up for a jump. Post Nicholls leaped from his seat and fled for his life.

In fear, poor Linky thought of a thousand wrong things to do and promptly enacted the last. Instead of releasing his clutch, he jammed the first of his levers far ahead, just as the car hit the porch with a plank-splitting thump—and Ellen sat down. Then forward the mad thing shot and off it rocketed, straight for Boyd's saloon.

In panic and horror, the shover grasped the wheel. He threw all his strength into an effort to steer—and the car plunged madly on a brand-new tack and raced full tilt at a watering-trough, of solid and portentous dimensions.

With a lusty yell the cow-boys joined in the fun, chasing behind the uncontrolled machine as if it had been a herd of crazy cattle gone amuck.

Just as its nose was about to collide with the trough full of water, Linky wrenched at the steering-device anew and headed his meteor to starboard again, till Post B. Nicholls's printing-shop, filled to the brim with iron machines, was looming straight in his track.

He toiled in frenzy. The machine slewed about. She raced on her off wheels, then on her nigh. She scalloped the highway diabolically, scattering cowboys hither and yon in her flight.

Back of the cow-boys raced the men; and back of the men came the women, all of them screaming, while their children bawled and toddled in pursuit, and dogs ran in all the procession, barking in joyful emulation of the coughing machine.

Down through the street and out in the rocks and sagebrush just beyond the serpentine course of the car was laid. Then by some madness of the thing's maneuvering, combined with Linky's partial paralysis of resource, the red demon swung about, in an orbit fraught with awe-compelling possibilities, and, coming back, streaked once more for the shops along the street.

With both hands frozen to the steering-wheel, which he dared not for a moment abandon, the white-faced Linky bethought him of a lever he could kick with his foot. He kicked it. The thing was a muffler cut-out, ingeniously contrived to give the



"HE STRUCK THE ROAD AT LEAST TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES WITHIN A MILE"

car an increase of power and a multiplied capacity for making noise. She responded. She took on new life at a bound, puffing with stab-like staccatos and adding ten miles more per hour to her gait.

From her path the dogs, the men, the boys, the cow-boys, and the women fled, horses and all leaping up on the sidewalks laid before the shops, while men crushed flatly up against the walls and the doors, in pitiful efforts to make themselves insignificant.

Scalloping now with a wilder glee, the red comet scorched up the length of the town, and, darting through the hay-yard, with its open, catty-cornered ends, stampeded twenty head of freighting mules and drove them before it, forth to the road across the valley.

Ellen, now, had caught the half of a breath at last, and with it she screamed out her wishes.

"I want to get out! You let me out!" she shrilled at the top of her lungs.

But she dared not leap, while Linky, having never a moment to stop the machine, or even to think, was loath to assist her to alight. He struck the road at least twenty-seven times within a mile. He wrestled with the wheel like a sailor in a storm, and the engine did the rest. They crushed down the brush and they bumped on the rocks, while cow-boys,

whooping in their wake, came crazily on in pursuit.

Then, two miles from town, to Linky's unspeakable delight, the awful contrivance began at last to decrease its speed. Something was happening, no matter what, that put a slowing quietus on the plunging of the car, though the ten-horse engine appeared to cough with increasing force. Still steering wildly to right and left, poor Linky drove the red machine against a bank of gravel. She climbed it as a great red cat might ascend the side of a house. And then the clutch at last was jolted entirely out, and she ceased to move, though the engine raced like mad.

Jack and Jill came down the hill. They rolled out, mindless and powerless as a pair of peas in a suddenly inverted dipper, and Ellen arose to her feet and ran for home as fast as she could travel.

Linky was stunned for the moment. He heard the cow-boys say so, when they galloped their terrified and quite unwilling ponies to the scene.

"Knocked as senseless as a justice of the peace," announced the first arrival; and Linky was glad—so glad he could have cried.

But instead he lay there, "playing possum," while the crowd increased about him rapidly. Then the moment came when cow-boy hands upraised him from the earth and carried him home, the while he

maintained his serene imitation of unconsciousness.

Meantime, there at the gravel bank, the geniuses of Alderville stood by in awe as the engine ran and filled the circumference with smell and vicious jabs of sound. They watched and waited for two solid hours, till at length the thing slowed down and down and spat less atrociously and finally died where it stood. Then, with their courage keen at once, the men plied all their strength and wits to stir the thing again to life. It was all of no avail. It therefore came to pass, at last, that broncos were hitched to the stubborn device and hauled it back to town once more, where any one who had the bravery could go up and pat it on the back and wonder at its vitiated prowess. And every one developed courage, now that the ten-horse engine was defunct. Indeed the five women, laboring to restore the dubious intellect of Linky, and scolding so sharply that he dared not revive, were tempted at length to go forth themselves and look at the beast that, while it lived,

had put the prehistoric dragon and the minotaur to the blush for their babe-like innocence.

They gazed long and fearfully, those five good wives of Alderville, and when they returned to reassault poor Linky with spirits and scoldings, as before—behold, the shover was gone!

Having "come to" the instant he was left alone, he had slipped through a window, crawled through the brush, waded through the ditch, and scuttled through a field of grain and so across a mighty reach of valley till the friendly hills had hidden him from sight, beyond all peradventure—and still he was going.

Post Nicholls, meanwhile, printed some black-bordered obituary notices concerning the lamented and untimely demise of the red machine,—which nothing on earth, apparently, could reënlive,—and to all of this he appended a pleasant invitation to all the world to come and see the monster "lying in state" in the middle of the street.

One man came, on the following day.



"AND RAN FOR HOME AS FAST AS SHE COULD TRAVEL."

He owned the car and he was very wröth. But when he had heard all the annals of the day, and when he had toiled for fifteen minutes to start his recreant engine, he was, if possible, wrother.

At length he bethought him to look in

tomobilist, aware how little means a name. "Or maybe you call it benzine."

"Got benzine—all you want, I reckon," said a cow-boy, readily enough. "About how much do you need?"

"Oh, a couple of gallons will do," re-



F. R. GRUBER.

"WHAT'S WENT WRONG?"

the tank wherein his fuel was supposed to be contained. The place was completely emptied.

"No wonder she would n't get a move," he said. "Here, sheriff, say, is there any gasolene in your blooming little town?"

"Boys," said the sheriff, "have we got gasolene?"

"Search me," answered one, as spokesman for the boys.

"Or naphtha?" queried the touring au-

plied the stranger, eagerly. "Just bring me all you can spare."

He looked to his clutch, to his lubricating-cups, to his batteries and everything else, while he waited. Then at last came his man. He carried three great demijohns, from Boyd's saloon, and inside of each were two or more gallons of the very worst whisky ever made.

"There y'are," said the fellow, in hospitable cheer. "I knowed she must use

something mighty powerful and quick to git to business—but don't she take a lot!"

The auto owner smelled at the stuff and was staggered.

"Benzine?" he said. "Benzine! Why, that—"

"That 's the benzient benzine in two hundred miles," interrupted the friendly cow-puncher. "What 's went wrong?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing," said the helpless traveler, "only—boys, I 'll stand for a treat."

He stood for the treat, and the fiery stuff that must certainly have strangled his ten-horse engine, quite beyond hope of recovery, was poured down the throats of the crowd without a wink. Then Post B. Nicholls came to the fore with a

five-gallon can of the monster's regular diet.

"Benzine," he said, "is what the missing Linky used to use in washing rollers for a little Gordon press. That 's where he got in the habit of running an automobile."

And when, at last, the owner moved away, in a quiet, orderly fashion, his modern monster fully in control, there were Ellen and Nicholls together in a cart, and cow-boys ready for escort again, and blacksmith, sheriff, and miners at attention, while babes and dogs and housewives watched, with regret, to see the circus go.

"No more buckin' and cavortin' there; she rides like a tame old cow," said one of the punchers. "Don't tell me—young Link he busted her spirit all the same."



## THE SINGER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

**H**E came to us with dreams to sell—  
Ah, long ago it seems!  
From regions where enchantments dwell,  
He came to us with dreams to sell,—  
And we had need of dreams.

Our thought had planned with artful care,  
Our patient toil had wrought,  
The roomy treasure-houses where  
Were heaped the costly and the rare,—  
But dreams we had not bought:

Nay; we had felt no need of these,  
Until with dulcet strain,  
Alluring as the melodies  
That mock the lonely on the seas,  
He made all else seem vain;

Bringing an aching sense of dearth,  
A troubled, vague unrest,  
A fear that we, whose care on Earth  
Had been to garner things of worth,  
Had somehow missed the best.

Then, as had been our wont before,—  
Unused in vain to sigh,—  
We turned our treasure o'er and o'er,  
But found in all our vaunted store  
No coin that dreams would buy.

We stood with empty hands: but gay  
As though upborne on wings,  
He left us; and at set of day  
We heard him singing, far away,  
The joy of simple things!

He left us, and with apathy  
We gazed upon our gold;  
But to the world's ascendancy  
Submissive, soon we came to be  
Much as we were of old.

Yet sometimes when the fragrant dawn  
In early splendor beams,  
And sometimes when, the twilight gone,  
The moon o'er-silvers wood and lawn,  
An echo of his dreams

Brings to the heart a swift regret  
Which is not wholly pain,  
And, grieving, we would not forget  
The vision, hallowed to us yet,—  
The hope that seemed so vain.

And then we envy not the throng  
That careless passes by,  
With no remembrance of the song;  
Though we must listen still, and long  
To hear it till we die!

# THE MACHINATIONS OF OCOEE GALLANTINE

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE



"AW, did you ever take notice to Delissa Whitsett? She's a mighty pretty-spoken gal, now ain't she?"

The mother's heart gave a little clutch, and then set off beating furiously. "I don't know, Race; I can't say as I ever took any particular notice to Delissa's walk and favor," she managed to reply in a fairly steady voice. They were returning from quarterly at Brush Arbor, Ocoee and Race Gallantine, mother and son, driving slowly through the odorous forest, where sifted light, piercing the greenery of the tall trees, spattered and checkered the travelers with shadow and shine, and printed five-pointed stars of the sweet-gum foliage all over Ocoee's gray frock.

"I b'lieve I never saw anybody that had such a pretty way of lookin' up as Delissa's got," the boy reflected softly.

His mother, widowed Ocoee, just sixteen years older than her big, swart, manly-looking son of nineteen, stole a look at his profile. He was not flushed or embarrassed: but then, he would not be in speaking to her, whatever the subject-matter; for the two had lived alone together since his birth, the mother declining all offers of a suitable partner, to devote herself to her child—or so her rejections of Turkey Track eligibles were worded.

In point of fact, the reason for the continuance of her widowed estate—though she guessed it not, and the reason himself was far from seeing it—lived in a cabin across the gulch from the small farm Straley Gallantine had left her. John Tamplin had been devoted to Ocoee Gallantine since she was little, bright-eyed

'Coee Dame, going to the old field hollerin' school with himself and Straley Gallantine. The two boys were equally emulous of her favor, and she took the one who spoke first. But Straley being gone, it was easier to keep John her possession, absolutely her property, and refuse him marriage, than it was to disappoint the tradition of the mountains, which esteems the unconsoled widow a pious example, considering a genteel spiritual suttee an edifying spectacle.

John was well-to-do; a dozen times over he might have married, but his small world understood that there was nobody for him so long as Ocoee Gallantine was not. So he planned the crops on the little Gallantine farm; he made Ocoee's bargains for her, advised her, agreed with her, furnished a most appreciative audience for tales of young Race's prowess, and came to be well loved by the boy, who called him Uncle John. But, most of all, Ocoee flew to him with every worry; and the worries of such a nature as hers are not few. He always saw her exactly right in everything; he not infrequently boxed the compass completely, and saw her right—before the matter was over—in two absolutely opposed courses.

Now, as she looked at Race, and realized that he was a young man grown and had cast an eye of approval upon a maiden, panic fear was in her heart. She wanted John's counsel. She longed to cast the matter stormily upon him. She would have spoken out to the boy at once, but she was held dumb by the fear that, if she opened her mouth at all, she would pour forth the whole wild revolt of jealous opposition which boiled within her; and

this she knew must alienate her son entirely.

"Delissa's eyes is right blue," murmured the young fellow, musingly, as he brushed his long sapling gad over the nag's ears to drive away the flies.

Ocoee could have wept. Her own eyes were black. And Race was his mother over again, except that where she was lithe and dark, he was big and brown. Could she not accept, once for all, the time-worn saying that we admire our opposites? Could she not remember the blue eyes of Race's father, Straley Gallantine, or take note of the yellow hair of the one man who had been much to her since her widowhood?

"I sort er thought you might he'p me out on what would please a gal like thát—you used to be a gal yourse'f, you know," looking somewhat humorously at his mother, as though the coupling of her with such a flower of maidenhood as Delissa Whitsett were in the nature of a jest.

"It 's a mighty long time ago," she found voice to answer, finally. And her son nodded gravely, as though he agreed that the period was now indeed very remote.

"I never did hold with a light-completed person wearing red. They used to say I looked mighty pretty with red ribbons—long ago," muttered Ocoee, as, the house reached, she sprang down over the wheel and hurried in to set out the cold meal which she had left prepared. When the boy came in, he found that she had brought out some honey, of which he was extremely fond. Thereafter, with tremulous eagerness, she urged upon him the best of her preserves, watching the while with fear-stricken eyes when he was not looking, questioning what it was that she might do to hold him, to win him back.

When he went directly from the table to his little loft bedroom, her heart misgave her. But when he came back, the scarlet necktie which he had bought last week in Hephzibah slipped inside his collar, and asked her to tie it for him, then she knew the worst. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely form the loops; her eyes were so blurred that she could not see the result of her handiwork.

"I thort it would look better than the black one for—for—" began Race, with

his first approach to embarrassment. "I 'm a-goin' over to see the Whitsett boys 'bout gettin' their coon-dog for next week."

He bent and kissed his mother suddenly, a boy's kiss, with an honest, explosive force about it. "Ain't you right well, maw? You look kind of peaked."

Ocoee achieved a laugh. It was a very shaky one, but, it answered for a son of nineteen who was setting forth on his first courting expedition. "You look mighty fine," she breathed, giving a jealous touch to the rings of damp hair above Race's ear. "You 're like me; red 's jest the thing fer you. Got sweet-smellin' town truck on your handkercher, hain't you?"

"Bought it when I bought this here necktie," returned Race, innocently, squaring his shoulders with an attempt at manly carelessness. "Eb Frazee bantered me to." Frazee was the village storekeeper, and full of dry jests. "He said he thought I was old enough to be a-walkin' with the gals. He vowed that nothing he'ped ye along with the gals like town truck on yer handkercher. He says this here 's p'ntedly the finest they is." Race sniffed it luxuriously; to Ocoee it had taken on an odor of mortality, from which she flinched.

The unconscious Mr. Frazee had doubtless been only looking to make trade brisk with a bit of artful banter; but the widow could have ground him to powder in her wrath.

She watched the tall figure down the glen, and saw Race lay a hand upon the worm-fence and vault lightly over, in sheer youthful bravado and light-hearted disregard of such a thing as draw-bars. Then she flung a small shawl over her head, in place of the sunbonnet which she could not find, and set off down the rocky path that led across the gulch to John Tamplin's. She scarcely knew what it was she wished from John; she only longed unbearably for some one to whom she could explain the frightful chaos into which her world had fallen. She hurried: Ocoee had a soul which always ran, and her feet generally tried to keep pace.

As she neared the cabin, a plan began to shape itself in her mind, inchoate, somewhat wild, but yet a plan. John must and should make this thing right, as he had made so many other things for her. The

unwonted emotion flushed her dark cheeks; the little shawl loosened refractory curls of black hair about her feverishly bright eyes. To John Tamplin, as he met her on the cabin porch, a foaming pail of milk in each hand, she looked a wilful young gipsy.

"Why, 'Coee," he began helplessly, "whar's Race? What's the matter?"

Ocoee flung herself into one of those strange board chairs which the mountain people make for the trying of their guests—they themselves never sit in them. "Race's gone over to Delissa Whitsett's," Race's mother burst out. "That's what—it's—I want to speak with you about it. I won't have it. I—"

The man looked at her, amazed. He said doubtfully: "Jest you wait a minute, 'Coee, till I set this milk by, and I'll come talk to you," and carried his pail to the spring-house. When he returned a few moments later, wiping his hands, he began smilingly: "Race come a-past here and gave me the time of day; but he never named Delissy. He said he was a-goin' to borrow Carter Whitsett's coon-dog; yit I did take notice that he had on a red necktie," and John smiled significantly.

"Don't—don't you dare!" Ocoee burst out. "Oh, you men are all alike! Eb Frazee was a-puttin' him up to sech notions, and now you—"

She dashed her hand across her eyes to brush away the wrathful tears.

John, from his seat on the step below her, looked up apprehensively. "Why, you told me yourself Race was a-goin' to see Delissy; air ye mad about it?"

Was she mad! Ocoee longed, as many a woman has longed before, to take the big, stupid male creature by his two broad shoulders and shake him—shake some sense into his empty head. Was she mad! "You know Race's all I've got," she began argumentatively. "It ain't like I was jest jealous and—and—but Race's all in the world I've got. I can't set down and see no fool gal take him from me—an' I won't!"

"'Coee," said the man, softly, "'t ain't no use fightin' ag'in' nater. Ef you land in and show Race how mad ye air, and say that he shain't have Delissy, hit 'll plumb harden him in the notion." His voice dropped lower; he looked at her timidly. "I know how 't was with my own self

when you would n't have me, which nor whether; jest seemed like—well, ef you talk to Race that away, he 'll be bound to have Delissy ef he can git her."

"Don't I sense that?" inquired Ocoee, scornfully. "But s'pose somebody else comes along and courts the gal away from him—cuts him out? I reckon he knows there ain't nobody a-gwine to cut him out with his mother; he 'll come back to me then."

"Umm," murmured John, "but who's a-gwine to court Delissy fer ye?"

"*You air!*" cried the woman, leaning forward and clutching his shoulder to look close into his face, her great black eyes fairly blazing with eager fire. "Who is it always he's me out? You, John; and now you're a-goin' to do this for me."

It is unusual for a mountain woman to display emotion, to lay a hand upon her masculine friend or relative. Tamplin had been deeply moved to see his old love sitting upon the porch of his cabin. It was the first time she had sat there since the death of his mother, three years before. He had hoped that it was a good omen. And this was the outcome!

With characteristic selfishness, where he was concerned, Ocoee observed not at all the fallen countenance with which he said: "Lord love ye! Delissy would n't have me. I'm old; and I never was one to please women. You would n't have me (and I was a chap o' twenty then) when you was her age; and you've never seen a change of heart in the matter sence."

His tyrant threw herself back in her chair and sighed, knowing as well as John did that her point was already made, her battle won. "Oh, you need n't to name me nor my doings," she remonstrated. "My heart's in the grave. But this here Delissa Whitsett—why, John, you're well off; and as for being old, you're a sight prettier man now than you was then."

Tamplin looked thoughtfully down. "Truly spoken," he said; "she might take me fer what I've got—or her parents might make her take me."

"Take you?" inquired the somewhat dashed strategist, in a wavering tone. It had not quite occurred to her that the matter would ever really come to marrying and giving in marriage.

"It mought be did," admitted John, unenthusiastically; "but I ain't so sure."

"Course she 'll take you!" asseverated Ocoee, having got her breath a bit. "John Tamplin, she never looked to have sech a chance as you air. Why, there ain't a man in the Turkey Tracks to be named 'longside of you. Anybody but me—a person that ye might say had buried her heart twenty years ago and has jest been a-livin' on for the sake of her child—would be proud to wed ye. You 're the sort that does please women better 'n anybody; you ain't got no call to say the contrary. You 're big and strong and still—jest the kind of man I always—I always—that any gal 's sure to like."

Tamplin rose and stood looking down at her smilingly; she was so salient, so active, so fiery a creature, beside his slow bulk and mild passivity. "Well, what you 've got your heart sot on, you mostly git, 'Coee," he said kindly. "Hit 's a quare askin' you 've come to me with this time. But I 'll do my best. Ef Delissy don't like me and won't have me, why then I cain't he'p it. But my best I 'll do, and no man can do more."

Ocoee thanked him with fervor. In bidding him good-by she clung to his hand and pressed it, showering encouragements upon him. "Delissa Whitsett—huh! Delissa" she repeated, with strange gleams in her bright dark eyes, "she 's a-goin' to be jest crazy about you."

A dangerous attitude this for a woman like Ocoee Gallantine, one who thought well of her own opinions, who heartily admired her own good taste. Could she say all of these things without being convinced, or at least much affected, by them herself? Her lover wondered at her; he marveled at the feverish glow of her face, the eager unction of her bearing; but then, he had been wondering at her for twenty years—and doing, without remonstrance, whatever she suggested to him.

Half-way home again,—with a sense of defeat lying cold at her heart instead of the triumphant swell which should have been there,—like a qualm of deadly sickness came to Ocoee the remembrance that not once had John objected to her portioning him out to another wife—a beautiful young girl. With a pang she reflected that he had seemed to find his only difficulty in believing that the girl would accept him. But she was not one to make a housemate of defeat; in the days that

followed she beat down the ever-recurring fear that she had set in motion forces she could not control, and drew a sense of power from the facility with which she had coerced John Tamplin, putting her imperious will upon him.

A week later John walked up the rocky trail which led past Ocoee's cabin and to his own home, and beside him was Race Gallantine. Ocoee, watching them, noted with mingled emotions that they were deeply engrossed in talk, and that John appeared more moved than she had ever seen him. Within ear-shot of her little vine-veiled window, they halted to part. "You do what I say!" she heard Race burst out in an exasperated tone, yet a carefully suppressed voice, and with a glance toward the house. She was proud of her boy, of the masterful way he took with John, even although it might mean the overthrow of her plans.

Tamplin looked at the younger man and shook his head slowly. "You 're too over-crownin' and too sure, boy," he said, but not angrily. "I want her,—" Ocoee's limbs trembled,—"the Lord knows I want her; and I 'm sure old enough to know my mind. But—you—you 're like your mammy—too sure of gettin' your own way, I expect."

Ocoee, grasping the window-ledge, could no longer stand. She sank to her knees and laid her forehead upon her clenched hands. Her mind was a trampled field of battling emotions—thoughts they could not be called. For the first time in twenty years she doubted her own wisdom where John Tamplin was concerned.

Race came into the other room and called her name. She could not bear to face him, and she feigned not to hear. She heard him go to the cupboard and set out food; he was as neat and handy as a woman about such matters. Her Race—her own boy—no, she had been right to dare anything that she might keep him with her. So she shored and propped the leaning edifice of her resolve.

When she slipped through another door, and came in from the outside with a pail of spring water in her hand, she found the boy seated at table, with a dark look on his young face. He lifted his brooding eyes to her uneasy countenance. "Maw," he began, "don't you think Uncle John is

too old to study about gals, and marryin', and sech as that?"

The red flashed into Ocoee's pale cheeks, and her eyes snapped. "I don't know as there's any law on the subject," she answered tartly. "And if there is, I don't know that John Tamplin is over legal age." It was not what she had intended to say; she did not often speak to her boy thus, and he regarded her with surprise.

"Why, maw, Uncle John must be older than you air," he urged gravely.

"My land! Well, hit's plumb scandalous fer him to be a-livin' and walkin' around ef he's older than I am—now ain't it?" she inquired, with a poor pretense of a laugh.

Race looked at her. A boy's mother may be the dearest thing on earth, but she is certainly old; and why she should resent mention of the fact will always be a surprise to the boy. "Well, you're younger than Uncle John, and you would n't think it was fittin' or proper for you to marry," he went on heavily.

"Marry! I say—marry!" snorted Ocoee, bouncing up from the supper which she had not tasted. "Who put sech fool talk in yo' mouth? Who put sech fool notions in yo' head? I ain't got the patience to set and listen at it. Marry!"

And yet, though she vowed she had not the patience to pursue the subject, no other attracted her; and during the entire evening she returned to it; obliquely, directly, coaxingly, and with biting asperity, she talked to Race upon the subject of love and marriage. She even told him the story of that long-past time, her girlhood, and of her two lovers, mentioning carelessly the patient devotion John Tamplin had given her ever since, and the number of times he had begged her to reconsider her rejection of his suit.

"Well, he won't do it no more," commented the boy, gloomily, as he lighted his candle and prepared to ascend the ladder-like stairway. "He may of been lettin' on that away, but he's had other notions here lately."

And Ocoee, for very fear's sake, did not ask what those notions were.

Now came a time of trouble to the little cabin on Straight Creek. Reports reached Ocoee from all sides—of course they did: what are friends for, if not to bear timely information of this sort?—

concerning John Tamplin's devotion to Delissa Whitsett. Certain it was that he came no more, as of custom, to the Gallantine cabin; he was too busy even to respond to Ocoee's request to act as middleman in the sale of a cow, but sent the cattle-buyer to her direct. Ocoee was so choked by tears that she could scarcely conduct the negotiations. She was minded at one moment to refuse to sell, and at another to accept the starveling price with which, as a matter of form, the man opened his parley. Race saved the situation by appearing opportunely and taking that place which John Tamplin had always held in such matters. Ocoee turned resentfully and left the two men to their bargaining. Her temper was always uncertain now; she, who used to sing like any girl about her work, went heavily and sighing.

As for Race, a settled gloom had come upon his frank young face. He spoke little, and then often to complain of John Tamplin. Had Ocoee consistently held to making small of his disappointment and upholding the older man in his course, it would have been the first time in his life that she had ever been indifferent to her son's suffering. But she did not. She was consistent in nothing. One day she railed upon John Tamplin for thinking any girl would have him; the next she was inclined to weep and remind Race that she was a poor widow and he her only son; that they had no friends, and that the Lord himself seemed to have deserted them. All this without any peculiar relevance, and interlarded between discouraged speeches of Race's own.

Matters culminated somewhat abruptly two weeks later when, the presiding elder coming through the district, there was a special meeting at Little Shiloh. Race sat in his place on the men's side, his dark hair sleek and shining from conscientious applications of a wet brush, his attire laboriously uncomfortable, as became the day. Ocoee was in her usual modified mourning, a black-and-gray frock, above which her cheeks did not, as usual, contradict the somber garb. Race had not lost flesh,—the troubles of the young are not deep-rooted,—but his mother was looking thin and pale. Up the aisle, between these two, came John Tamplin, with Delissa Whitsett clinging to his arm—De-

lissa, wearing a white lawn with cherry ribbons; and for one agonizing moment Ocoee thought they were going up to be wed. Then John relaxed his stiffly crooked elbow, and with a bow resigned his smiling companion to the women's side—such a demonstration as Little Shiloh did not often see, even in those shortly to be wed.

Ocoee was aware that there were more eyes on her face than upon the faces of the protagonists; yet for the life of her she could not hold the ebbing color in her lips and cheeks. She stole a look at Race: his head was bent; he seemed to be struggling with his emotions. She glanced at the back of John Tamplin's head; he was seated by this time, but the flutter of his entrance had not entirely receded. The sight of his yellow hair, soaked to a mild drab and plastered down meekly, showing the ring where his hard Sunday hat had sat upon it, brought a sudden rush of rage, which warmed her and made her careless of appearances. She lifted her head and looked about the church with bright, unseeing eyes: nobody should pity Ocoee Gallantine! But before that terrible hour and a half was lived through,—they preach long sermons in the mountains,—she had run the gamut of every emotion save that of joy or satisfaction.

Service over, Ocoee would fain have hurried away; yet she dared not; her friends would say she was afraid to face the situation. So she lingered, listening to neighborly greetings, exchange of information concerning crops and weaving, the health of the chaps, and the state of one's domestic work, till she had seen John Tamplin, very serious, very tall, very important-looking, hand Delissa Whitsett her long black calico riding-skirt, which being safely buttoned on over the white dress and cherry ribbons, he lifted the light figure to the saddle, found the stirrup for her, arranged her dress, placed the reins in her hand, all with slow, careful solicitude, then mounted his own nag and rode away beside her. Ocoee looked after the pair in helpless rage, as she climbed over the wheel into her own small, rickety wagon, and Race picked up the lines over the old horse.

Ah, the ride home through the still autumn woods, with the yellowing leaves dropping down upon them like the falling of their own hopes! This was the price at

which she had kept her boy. She had hardly heart to talk to him at all; but finally, when they were seated at table, she began with sudden heat: "Don't you mind what old John Tamplin does, honey. He—we—you ain't no call to care."

No call to care! The boy looked at her with heavy eyes. "I'm a-thinkin' of gettin' a place on the railroad," he said. "I know a feller down to Hep'zibah that went over to Garyville and hired. He named it to me one day."

The mother's terrified eyes were glued to the brooding young face—so like her own, so full of her own high, imperious temper. At thought of Race gone to work on the railroad—that terror of all mountain-dwellers, which is supposed to eat off an arm or a leg with the relish and familiar habit of a boy eating a spring onion—and John Tamplin lost to her, married,—at thought of this, she groaned.

"Never mind, maw; don't you take on," said Race, making a very good meal in spite of his grief. "I jest feel as if I could n't stay around here after they're wed. But I'll come back and see you sometimes—or maybe you'd like to go down and live to Garyville."

Did Race forget his mother's expressed horror of the valley and the settlements? Or did he, in his own suffering, long to make the case blacker, to make her feel worse? If this latter impulse was his, he succeeded well.

"I ain't a-gwine to stand it!" she announced with decision. "Don't you be a-layin' out to hire to no railroad, neither; mammy'll fix things so that her boy 'll want to stay here, that's what she 'll do."

"You can't, maw," with a little gleam of hope in his dark eyes.

Ocoee passed over the reflection upon her ability; she ignored the suggestion that she cut so small a figure in her son's life—indeed, it scarcely reached her.

"Go on, son," she said abruptly. "Whar was it you said you was a-gwine?"

Race had not said he was going anywhere; but he accepted the hint and answered listlessly: "Down the gulch a piece. What are you a-fixin' to do, maw?"

"Never you mind. I'm a-gwine to do what I'm a-gwine to do," his mother announced enigmatically.

"Air you aimin' to speak to Uncle John?

Hit won't do no good. When an old man gits sot on weddin' with a young gal like —like my Delissa—he won't listen to reason, I've heard say. They's no fool like an old fool."

Ocoee did not deny that she was going to speak to John Tamplin. She watched her son move slowly down the gulch, then went, with that restless, fluttering gait characteristic of her, to an old trunk, from which she took a white dress that had not seen the light since Race was a little fellow, young enough to beg his mother to "dress pretty." It had never been worn beyond the cabin. Ocoee searched for something from which she could make cherry ribbons—simple soul, she had set out to beat Delissa upon her own ground.

Sunday as it was, she brought forth the ironing-board and set the irons to heat in the great cavernous fireplace. With a sort of furtive haste, and with many backward glances, Ocoee pressed out the white dress (a salt tear slipping down her cheek to hiss on the hot iron), then let down all the wealth of her black hair and curled it about trembling fingers, starting guiltily at every fancied sound the while. Had Race stood suddenly in the doorway now, and asked her what she was a-fixin' to do, there would have been no saucy answer about "a-gwine where I'm a-gwine." No bright ribbons being obtainable, a belated rose from the monthly rose-bush was found to adorn the curls when they were looped back in place. It was a pale and frightened Ocoee who looked back from the bit of wavering mirror. "But I'll sort er color up time I git thar," she breathed.

When, just seven weeks before, she had trod that way across the gulch to John Tamplin's house, her plans were vague; now her mind was clear. She must get the man to let that girl alone. And she was tortured by visions of his refusal, of his saying that he loved Delissa and would not give her up. "Men folks is that way," she groaned, "lured by a pretty face. Oh, Lord, what shall I do?" And she wiped carefully away a few bitter tears.

She had walked blindly, so blindly that she did not see the tall form at the draw-bars till John stepped through and greeted her gaily. Together they moved on toward the cabin. The man did not seem to notice her unusual attire, or to note the

agitation in her manner. He found her a chair, and when she was seated, got her a gourd of fresh water. Then he stood looking down at her with that look about the eyes which was so kind that it was almost a smile, waiting for her to begin.

She found it cruelly hard; the words which she had conned on her way over would not come. "How you—how you come on, Johnny?" she asked at last, faintly.

"In a ginaler way, or with my co'tin'?" inquired her host as he seated himself on the porch-edge below her.

"With the—with your—has Delissa said she 'll have you?" burst out the woman.

"Not adzackly; but she—well, she—oh, I'm comin' on. You seed us at the meetin'."

Ocoee shivered a little; then she said: "But the day ain't sot?"

"No. No—the day hit ain't rightly sot. I could n't truly say that Deliss had named any particular day to me; but—well, I'm comin' on."

Ocoee gripped her hands together in her lap and turned her face away till all that Tamplin could see was a bit of pale profile and a tangle of dark curls with the red rose tucked in among them. "You got to give that there gal up, John," she whispered. "I jest cain't stand it—the way Race looks, I mean. I—I tried to act for the best; but Race he—he says—I cain't stand it—that's all."

"Aw, you never mind Race," said the big man, comfortably. "Race he's mighty young. Young folks takes on a heap, but they soon forget."

Ocoee turned upon him. "Men persons forget easy, old or young—that I find," she gasped. "You used to say you loved me,—you asked me to marry you more than six times,—and now see you! The first foolish gal that takes a notion to look sweet at you, and wear a white frock and red ribbons, can have you."

Tamplin raised his head and listened for a moment to the sound of steps upon the path. The excited woman did not hear them. A curious look was in his face—fear, doubt, and, could one have credited it, hope. He took her hand. "'Coee," he began softly, "I did n't do nothin' but jest what you told me to do. And now look like we've got to consider



Drawn by Herman Pfeifer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"ME—ME, 'COEE? CAIN'T GIVE ME UP? WHY, HONEY, YOU WOULD N'T HAVE ME..."



Delissy and her feelin's. But, also, ef Delissy don't really keer fer me and would jest take me fer what I 've got, why then she ain't no fit wife fer Race. Honey, we 've got to consider a many a thing."

"No!" said defiant Ocoee. "I won't consider nary thing but one. Them two chil'en got to make out best they can. But, John, I—jest—cain't—give you up!"

"Me—me, 'Coe? Cain't give *me* up? Why, honey, you would n't have me; you never took me; you hain't got me to give—have ye?"

The widow turned her face away. "Oh!" she sighed, "I 'm an ugly old woman—and nobody loves me!"

John Tamplin, trembling through all his great frame, crept nearer to his one-time sweetheart. His hand was stretched out toward the unseeing Ocoee, and withdrawn. Desperate resolution finally took the place of all hesitation. "Yes, they does, 'Coe," he began in a shaking voice, and the words themselves were a caress. "They 's one person that always has loved you—and always will."

One dark eye came round in range and inspected him suspiciously. He did not see it; once more he was listening eagerly to the faint sound of approaching steps.

"They don't—nobody could love me—I 'm that contrary, as well as ugly," she whispered.

It was too piteous. John's soft heart yearned over her. But it might seem that Ocoee had for over-many years played, cat-like, with her mouse, and, moreover, John was under an obligation now; so, though his blond face whitened beneath the veil of tan, he answered:

"Yes, they is one. A boy will love his mother as long as there 's breath in him. Race he loves you—"

"Race!" cried Race's mother, leaping to her feet like a goaded thing. The red, the lack of which she had lamented, flamed now to her very hair. With a tragic movement she sank once more into the seat,

crouched there, trembling, pulled her dark curls about her face, and wept aloud. The wayward heart broke, with the cry:

"Oh, I 'm so 'shamed—oh, I 'm so 'shamed! Here I diked out like a fool girl and come over to charm you, and you 'll tell me that I—that I 've got Race left—when my heart 's jest broke to think how easy you was took away from me—you, John—you!"

"Me—took from you, 'Coe? Nothin' could never do that." The deep voice shook with emotion, as he drew her up to his breast. "Here they air to answer for themselves," turning to confront her son and Delissa, who had stolen around the cabin. "But you 've done got to have me now, honey. You cain't never put me off again."

One look told Ocoee all. Race was smiling as his mother had not seen him do for many weeks, swelling with happiness and masculine importance. Delissa, blushing and dimpling, clung to him, and looked timidly and doubtfully at Ocoee.

"Was n't I right, Uncle John?" demanded the boy. "Did you say it to her—that what I told you to? Did you tell her that she had me left to love her?"

"Race," said his mother, with a kindling look, "I never did whoop you in all yo' life; but I 'm a great min' to do it right this minute, you sassy—"

She broke down, between laughter and tears, waved the two children away with her hand, and turned to hide her rosy embarrassment in the ready arms that had been waiting so many years for her.

"Hit like to 'a' killed me—hit p'intedly did like to 'a' plumb killed me," murmured the big man, pleadingly. "But, honey, you know how you 've done me, year after year—tole me on, ef ye thort I was fergittin', an' then tell me yer heart was in the grave time I got up courage enough to ast ye once more. You 'd a-never 'a' had me this time, topside o' this earth, ef I 'd 'a' left ye a place size of a rye straw to crawl outer."



# A MATTER OF ECONOMY

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "The Reformation of Uncle Billy"



HE house stood close to the street—so close that between the front porch, which extended its entire breadth, and the fence, there was room for only a few feet of soil; but this, beaten hard by the drippings from the porch roof, was swept clean every morning by Mrs. Gusta Muller. The house itself was bright and clean in new paint; for paint, preserving the wood, is an economy. Heiney Muller had painted the house himself. The rich yellow of the walls was relieved by the sky-blue of the door- and window-frames, and the door itself glowed in a warm red. The picket-fence repeated the blue of the door-frame, for the can of blue paint could not be wasted.

"He iss so nice like anythings," Gusta had said, when she viewed the completed work. "Nobody thinks how fine it is to be for so few moneys"; and Heiney, looking the job over critically, admitted it.

"I likes him putty vell myselfs," he said modestly.

Mrs. Gusta Muller was rosy and round, and so plump that when she wore an apron the strings were lost to view in a crease that alone told where her waist had been. As wooden shoes are laughed at in America, she commonly went about her household duties with bare feet. Leather wears out so quickly!

Heiney Muller, twelve years in America, had the air of a German professor. His long, lank figure and dreamy eyes would have graced a chair in a German university, and his shoulders bore the stoop of a scholar's back. Four years of labor as an immigrant in the lumber-yard of a sawmill, at wages averaging eighty cents a day, had given him the bent back

and a keen appreciation of the value of a cent, and Gusta and Heiney had literally purchased their little home penny by penny. It was the neatest and yellowest house in the sawmill district—Slough-town, as it was nicknamed.

When Mrs. Muller bought a steak, she always asked the butcher for the small pieces of waste fat. These bits she put, with other fat scraps, in a large keg in the cellar, and when the keg was full, she made a fire in the back yard, and with potash strained from the wood-ashes she had carefully preserved during the winter, she made soap. By hard work and careful saving of fat scraps, Mrs. Muller often made as much soap during a winter as could be bought for seventy-five cents at the store.

Economy was Mrs. Muller's failing. She economized from pure love of saving, and one of her greatest sorrows was that she had grown so stout that a new dress for her ample form now demanded two yards more of material than were required five years before. Even the fact that her worn-out dresses now cut up into more carpet rags did not compensate for the extra twenty-five cents required for the additional two yards of calico. So she wore her dresses until they were mere shreds, and thus satisfied her soul.

With all her closeness, Mrs. Muller was cheerful. She had a good husband, a good home, and good health, and her husband was a kindred spirit in economy. They had lived together happily for twenty years, loving each other better each year, and yearly devising new economies.

Every one knows that the economical way to buy soap is by the quantity. If you buy a quantity and set it on the shelf in the wash-house, the cakes will dry and

harden, and will not waste away so quickly in the dish-pan or the wash-tub. Mrs. Muller, when she had to buy soap, bought a quantity, unwrapped the bars, and put them on the shelf. The wrappers she put in the wood-box; they were useful to start the fire in the morning. They burned greasily and reluctantly, but they enabled her to save the newspapers for shelf-covers.

Mr. Muller, coming to the wood-box one morning to start the fire, picked up a handful of the soap-wrappers, and chanced to read the words that were printed on them. "For two hundred wrappers the soap company gives a chenille table-cover!" As he read this, he felt a sickly, sinking sensation. He recalled how many wrappers he had burned. He had been burning something of value. Then he had a feeling of anger that his wife should have carelessly thrown away the valuable papers without first reading them; but as he recalled how many times she had out-economized him, he glowed with pleasure. Here was his opportunity for a sweet revenge! He would save the wrappers, and when he had two hundred, he would confound Augusta by presenting her with the chenille table-cover—the table-cover that she had so blindly and carelessly thrown away!

The winter wore away, and so did many cakes of soap, and Mr. Muller counted his increasing hoard of soap-wrappers with the avidity of a miser. He watched the soap disappear from the shelf, and saw it replaced by more, fretting because it disappeared so rapidly, but somewhat pleased because his pile of wrappers grew with corresponding celerity.

One warm February day—it was one of those balmy days that come as an advance sample of spring—Mrs. Muller, at the breakfast-table, dropped a bombshell into Mr. Muller's lap.

"Heiney," she said, "I guess I don't wait by spring this year to make my soap. I guess I make her to-day. The keg iss full, und when this warm wedder keeps on, it sours quick. Please und get up the soap-kettle."

"Gusta," said Mr. Muller, gently, "this ain't no time to make soap alretty. It's better you wait by April. What comes by the fat you gets from now until hot wedder? He goes for nothings, yes?"

"He don't goes for nothings when we don't gets any, does he?" asked Mrs. Muller. "We have sausages awhile, und ham und eggs. I got a feeling like I must make soap to-day, Heiney. I ain't happy to-day unless."

"Such foolish business," Mr. Muller exclaimed in disgust, "to make soap in Februar'!"

He saw his cherished revenge postponed for many months—"on account of the weather," as the base-ball managers say, and for the third time in their married life he openly quarreled with Augusta.

"You don't make some soap to-day," he said firmly.

Mrs. Muller eyed him critically.

"No?" she said. "Yes, I do, too, make soap. I bet you I do!"

"I don't get up soap-kettles in Februar'," said Mr. Muller, doggedly. "I ain't so loony."

"I gets him up myself, then," Mrs. Muller rejoined, with a well-assumed air of carelessness. "You ain't no boss here, Heiney Muller."

Mr. Muller finished his breakfast in moody silence; and wandered out to the barn with his hands meditatively under his coat-tails. From a rafter in the hay-loft he took down his soap-wrappers and counted them. He had ninety-eight. For a long time he gazed thoughtfully at the wrappers. When he returned to the house, Augusta was not in the kitchen nor in the sitting-room. He pulled on his overcoat and went out, not noticing that the velvet collar was turned in at the back. At the cellar door he stopped. He could hear Augusta dragging the soap-kettle across the cement floor.

"Gusta," he called down the cellar-way, "I bet you, you *don't* make some soap to-day!"

Half an hour later, as Mrs. Muller was piling wood under the soap-kettle, the grocer's boy trundled a wheelbarrow into the yard, and in the wheelbarrow lay a full box of soap—one hundred cakes.

"What iss?" asked Mrs. Muller, from where she knelt beside the soap-kettle.

"Soap," said the boy, laconically.

Mrs. Muller bent over her work again.

"You makes mistake," she said carelessly. "Iss not for here."

"Oh, yes, it is," the boy replied saucily.

"I don't 'makes mistake.' Your husband said you 'd try to send it back, but he said to tell you he had paid cash for it already, so it would n't be any good sending it back. Here it is."

He turned the barrow over, dumping the box out on the grass, and retired, whistling.

Mrs. Muller arose and stood over the box.

"Yess!" she said angrily. "You do this to me, Heiney Muller! You go und waste goot moneys on soap we ain't some needs for, yust to make me mad! So much you care for me! What goot iss it I work und save, und you go throw away our goot moneys on soap we ain't some needs for? 'T ain't some use in livin' when money gets throwed away for soap we ain't some needs for. You makes me sick!"

Leaving the soap and the kettle where they stood, Mrs. Muller, her chin trembling and her eyes tear-filled, entered her house and climbed the stairs to her bedroom.

"It ain't some use in livin'," she kept repeating to herself, and suddenly the full meaning of the words came to her. She sat by the window, looked out at the slushy road, and considered her case. Heiney did not love her, or he would not have so insulted her. She was a useless burden to him. He held her attempts to be a good and careful housewife as naught, scoffing at them by sending home whole boxes of soap. Doubtless she ate more than she saved, anyway. Doubtless he would be better off without her. Doubtless he would be happier without her, but he would be sad enough if he should come home and find her dead. What had she to live for, if her husband was to scatter money like water, to be a spendthrift of her careful savings? Better dead than tied to such a man!

"You makes me sick, Heiney Muller!" she repeated to his working-trousers, which hung against the door.

Twice before they had quarreled, and Heiney had been at fault both times. Once he had brought her home a new gingham wrapper, when the one she was wearing was still capable of mending. And only last summer, against all her arguments, he had insisted on planting melons in the lot, where she had told him, again and again, melons would never

grow. There was good ground wasted that might have been put in radishes; but she forgave that. But when the vines came up, sickly and thin, only to fall prey to the ravenous melon-worms, and Heiney rebelliously insisted on spending real money for Paris green to scatter on the hopelessly blighted leaves, she had become angry and they had quarreled.

"Him!" she now said, with stubborn anger—"him! All times making for expenses what iss no use for! Him mit his Paris greens! Ain't she money throwed away? Ain't she wasted? Ain't I got half them Paris greens left yet, und no usefulness for her? Und nefer will be!" she added positively.

She looked out of the window and up the road toward the store corner, but no Heiney appeared.

"Und nefer will be!" she repeated. "No, sir. Twenty-five cents throwed by the dogs. All them Paris greens wasted. 'T ain't some use in livin'!"

Suddenly her eyes brightened, even while her dejection increased. She arose and steadied herself by putting one hand on the bed-post, and gave the room a last sweeping glance.

"I guess, Heiney," she murmured, "I make out to save them Paris greens. She don't be wasted no more now."

There was something like elation in her breast at the thought of turning another of Heiney's extravagances into an economy, of rescuing from uselessness the only useless thing the house held; but her heart was heavy, and her tireless, strong limbs trembled as she groped her way down the back stairs to the kitchen.

She took the package of poison from the top shelf of the tin-paneled cupboard and set it on the kitchen table. She carefully untied the string, rolling it around her finger and placing it in the cupboard drawer, where many other carefully hoarded bits of string lay. Then she went into the dining-room for a tumbler.

When she returned she stopped in the doorway, surprised and momentarily abashed. Heiney was standing by the table, his eyes staring at her with fright, his mouth wide open.

"Well," she said lifelessly, "what iss? You comed back; you could yust so well go away once more."

"Gusta!" he gasped. "Gusta!"



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'NO, GUSTA!' HE CRIED, WITH ANGUISH. 'NO! NO! DON'T DID IT!'"

He could not speak the question, but his hand pointed tremulously to the poison, and his eyes questioned her.

"So iss it!" she said firmly. "Get along out mit your soap-buyings. I go my own ways. Let be!"

The man, long and lank, fell on his knees and clasped his hands.

"No, Gusta!" he cried, with anguish. "No! no! Don't did it!"

He seized her around the knees, and buried his face in her torn skirt, pressing her convulsively to him, so that she staggered and had to support herself by the door-frame.

"Let be!" she said again, without emotion. "I save you the Paris greens."

Her husband glanced up at her set, stern face. All he saw there was the resolution, firm and cruel, and again he grasped her knees, and the weather-faded back of his coat shook with his sobs.

"Gusta," he moaned, "don't did it! I love you; don't did it!"

She passed her free hand across her brow, tears welled into her eyes, and, looking down, she saw in the long, unkempt hair of the back of his head that touch of familiarity and daily contact that sometimes condenses, in a single common object, long years of close association and love. She dropped on her knees beside him and wrapped her strong arms around him, laying her head on his shoulder, and wept.

"Heiney," she cried, "what for you make me feel so bad? When you do so then can I not do it. Go away, Heiney! go away!"

"No," he wept; "no, Gusta! That will I not. Give it up! Don't did it!"

"Yess," she moaned; "Yess, Heiney!"

Suddenly he took her hands and leaned back until he could look into her eyes.

"Gusta!" he said sternly, "ain't you love me some more?"

"Yess, Heiney," she answered.

"Then don't did it," he pleaded.

"My mind she iss make up, Heiney," she said sadly. "It iss to do."

"But, Gusta," he urged, "you love me und I love you, und what iss the use? It costs me a lot by your funerals. I don't save nothings!"

"Sometimes you got to have my funerals, anyhow, Heiney," his wife replied, smoothing his hair gently. "You got plenty money in the bank for him now." She let him capture her hand, and then added: "I ain't want to did it much, myselfs, Heiney."

"Then don't," he exclaimed. "I ain't want you to, any."

"I got to," she said simply.

Her husband dropped her hand in exasperation.

"Why? Why? Why? Why?" he shouted.

"Because," she replied, "I make up my mind I save them Paris greens, Heiney Muller; und I save them! So!"

Heiney's head fell forward in hopeless despair. He knew well that when his wife made up her mind to save anything it was useless to argue, and for a brief moment his mind wandered to the unmarried women of his acquaintance. It was not disloyalty: he had been managed so long that he was merely seeking a manager to succeed Gusta.

Quite suddenly a broad smile spread across his face.

"Gusta," he exclaimed, "'T ain't some use! 'T ain't worth dying! The drug-store he 'll take them Paris greens back."

Gusta, from her place on the floor, considered the proposition a moment, and then heaved a mighty sigh.

"All right, Heiney," she said; "I'm glad for it." Then she added: "You can yust take them Paris greens in the paper. You don't needs some strings. I save them strings."



# HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

## IV. HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE<sup>1</sup>

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



THE Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville is located on the Rue de Varennes in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Germain. This special world of the faubourg, very retired, very much shut in, a little worn with age, but with a good deal of an air, really constitutes a kind of organism which lives a life apart, one rendered abnormal by circumstances. In order to accentuate this isolation and silent disdain the most uncompromising of its members have remained jealously within a clearly circumscribed quarter, in the halo of a reputation for supreme elegance, but threatened and mined by modern progress.

The representatives of the great names of the past no longer constitute one of the wheels that move the state, since at present they are kept away from high public office. But this ostracism is of recent date, as is proved by the lofty dignities which the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville was still enjoying during the early years of the Third Republic. The only official functions which remain to them (to those at least who consent to occupy themselves therewith) are diplomacy and the army. Even these two careers, in which "one does not derogate from one's rank," will remain open to them less and less. As to politics, it is not for one who happens to wish to participate, since the deputies are appointed solely according to the wishes of the voters. Some princes and dukes still sit in parliament; but for the most part they owe their seats to some great ownership of land and to ancient local attachments. However,

they are few in number; and their position depends in no wise on government. What then remains for the descendants of the ancient chevaliers? Prince Henri of Orléans, son of the Duc de Chartres, great-grandson of King Louis Philippe, and a republican, it is said, gave an illustrious example to others, crossed Tibet in heroic fashion and exercised a happy diplomatic influence in Abyssinia. Some others followed this example of adventure and fared forth to learn, and to widen their minds in contact with distant lands and strange customs. So, very lately, the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne explored the plateaus of the Himalayas, and the Prince de Léon, elder son of the Duc de Rohan, requested and obtained the honor of being the standard-bearer of General Voyron, commander of the French forces during the expedition to China. But one must acknowledge that this is very rare. And almost all of them, to use the expression of Alfred de Vigny, inclose themselves "in their ivory tower"—energies without employment, scornful spectators of the happenings of the day.

From that period onward one need to be no great prophet to foresee the consequences of this state of things. An organism prospers only by assimilation and activity. In this case the vital factors are absent. Whence it results that many activities mark time, discouraged and turned aside by puerile fashions of the world, which have become the real affair of their lives. On the other hand, just because these persons feel themselves fenced off and in a certain sense put under the ban of official society and its favors, they have

<sup>1</sup> As in the previous articles in this group, the photographs reproduced have been made by special permission and are the first to be published.—THE EDITOR.

found themselves very naturally and logically united in a close conventicle of faultfinders, very widely separated from what they call the "other world." The ideal refuges for their bitterness and lofty protestations are the old seigniorial hôtels

Varennes, all of stone, one notes the almost complete absence of those horrible six-story houses, veritable barracks, which now overwhelm Paris with their pretentious ugliness. High gates with coats of arms; big roofs peeping over walls;



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

#### PARK OF THE HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE

of the Faubourg St. Germain—those at least which are in existence. For the lowering of fortunes, ruin and bad luck are not the only enemies of these ancient dwellings. Napoleon III interested himself particularly in the cutting of the Boulevard St. Germain, that big, brilliantly lighted and commodious avenue which, nevertheless, carried a murderous breach through the ranks of the ancestral refuges of the old aristocracy hostile to the Bonapartes.

If one desired to look for a model and type of the citadels of a past tottering but still resistant, one that carries its banner high, one could not do better than to visit the Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville. In the very aristocratic Rue de

spaces between houses; and a few trees, even, extending their centuried branches almost over the street, which conceal the nests of birds. One reads on the door the name de La Rochefoucauld, and an entire past is evoked. But that is the only sign given the passer-by. Who is it lives behind the monumental portal? Is the palace a vast one? Are the pleasures of a park allowed the lucky owner of the residence? Behind that first wall a whole seigniorial existence plays its part, far off and unrevealing. This touch of the unknown—is it not symbolical? It gives one at the very threshold a hint of splendor and isolation.

Crossing the threshold of the Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld we shall see a square

court of honor, fine in its proportions, at the end and on the sides of which the palace rises. The building is of the style of the Regency, and is raised only between ground floor and roofs; it shows high, regular windows ornamented with mascarons and sober moldings. A general "grand air" emanates from the whole; but the actual display of luxury begins with the great marble vestibules to the right and left of the courtyard. For here, contrary to usage, the hôtel includes two great halls of entry, utilized on days of grand receptions. They were rearranged according to the plans of the living La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, the most magnificent grand seigneur of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose ambassadorship in London has left there a recollection of such unheard-of luxury that his receptions more than once gave the tone to the British court.

That by which one usually enters, the vestibule to the right, reproduces faithfully enough the marble stairway at the Château de Versailles. It is also in marble of a fine dark red, and all the ramp of the stair is red up to half the elevation where the splendid tapestry panels begin to sound their trumpets of art—those of the "Esther Suite," celebrated products of the Gobelins looms, the cartoons for which were made at Rome from 1737 to 1740 by de Troy. Also of marble are the floors of the vestibule, the broad and low steps of the stairway throwing into relief by their whiteness the rich tones of the thick Oriental carpet; likewise of marble and of rarest stone is the immense red ramp which runs along the steps, but the elegant curve of which seems particularly destined to bring out like a background that marvel of statuary, the figure of Louis XV as Apollo.

The King is modeled standing, half nude, holding in the right hand a crown of laurels, while the left lies carelessly on a rest. The work is signed, and dated 1777. The sculptor Mouchy has not merely travestied the "Well-beloved" as a god: he has done more and better. He has succeeded in divesting this genre and this transposition of man to god of whatever there is that is somewhat false and conventional in it; and the merit of such an accomplishment is not small. It is much to have known how to find once

more the calm, serene beauty of the antique in a period when "manner" formed the law in sculpture, and especially with regard to a model who undoubtedly was seductive in his youth, but whose somewhat frail and tired beauty never had any save a distant resemblance to that of the son of Jupiter.

As a pendant to this luxurious vestibule, a second, also entirely in marble, and again recalling the marble vestibule of Versailles, opens to the left of the court of honor by high glassed window-doors. Here again the panels of tapestry offer us episodes in the story of Esther. That in the center has the signature, "de Troy, Rome, 1745." Admirably preserved—as also are those other well-known examples of the Académie de France at Rome, of the Museo Nacionale at Florence, and the Garde-meubles in Paris—these tapestries are a joy to the eye, and so sumptuous, so frank in tones of decoration, that one forgets their stilted and theatrical, and, from a religious standpoint, even scandalous conception. They are truly far from the mystic evocations of the Middle Ages in their naïve, tender and pious tapestries with high warp. But let us not complain of this somewhat theatrical side; we are here in the full tide of the eighteenth century, a period of enjoyment and luxury, when faith was deeply shaken and the great scenes of religious history were used in decoration only as a pretext for a grandiloquent, luxurious and somewhat perverse, though very refined style. Besides, these panels are no longer, like those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, destined to figure in the national and popular festivals, to exalt the sufferings of Christ or the heroic acts of the prophets. No; what de Troy proposed to do, just like his colleagues Oudry, des Portes, and Audran, was merely to decorate splendidly an apartment, a gallery, a vestibule of honor; so as to have it suit in a dignified way the fine feathers of magnates and dames on evenings of festivity. And let us confess that their excess was and still is perfect. So great was their decorative power, that even to-day, notwithstanding the ugly black costumes of men, the receptions within these frames possess a magnificent air under the glistening splendor of the marbles and tapestries.

When the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

GARDEN FAÇADE OF THE HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE

Doudeauville opens wide the portals of his hôtel, it is by the second vestibule that the guests enter first. They then pass to a second antechamber all in white, ornamented with fine wood-carvings in Louis XV style, tone upon tone. Here and there upon the sconces flutter the gleams from great vases in old Chinese porcelain—that luxury very often found and very numerously represented in our old hôtels of the Faubourg St. Germain. From this room the crowd of elegant women, of brilliant officers, of diplomats and academicians (also, alas! with black coats), takes its way toward the first vestibule and the marble stairs to reach the grand salons of the first floor, or else spreads out through the five drawing-rooms of the ground floor. In the former case, the guests of the duke pass immediately from one antechamber to the other by the grand gallery along the court of honor which connects the two vestibules in marble. This huge and long apartment, a gala room, is entirely decorated with white and gold woodwork and with mirrors. The mirrors, which are opposite the windows, are on rollers, and may be pushed into the depth of the sculptured and gilded wall which plainly divides the palace into two very long rectangles, one of the two forming the communicating gallery, the other divided into reception-rooms.

These reception-salons, if we remember that we are here during a festal function, are all seen in perspective as soon as one enters the door of the grand gallery, and they glitter under the glare of thousands of electric lamps attached to the crystal and amethyst chandeliers, or else to the sconces and light-holders in bronze-gilt of authentic dates—the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. If the reception is completed by a nocturnal garden-party, at their first arrival the guests have, beyond the gallery and the salons, the fairylike spectacle of the park, lighted as brilliantly as day, with its deep lawns and its enormous cedars. All this offers itself as a background of decoration through the great windows which lead from the salons into the park down one broad step of marble.

The first salon of the ground floor attracts attention at once by its wood-carvings in high relief, gilded on a white ground. The ornamental motive chosen

by the artist consists of the signs of the zodiac in the midst of a very rich composite background, where, picturesquely mingled round the conventional "shell" of Louis XV, are emblems of music, fruits, grotesques, owlets, caducei, and even Chinese fantasies, all presented in the most graceful arrangement one can imagine. Carved ribbons seem to hold up these medallions, which are inserted in a long and narrow panel framed in gold, the rounded angles of which give a place for that other ornamental "shell," somewhat less conventionalized, which was dear to the school of Meissonier and Slodet—a ceaseless spring of floral linework and fine arabesques. Our illustration will give an idea of the sumptuous setting of the "mirror without tinfoil," which is seen in the next salon, and the ingenious blossoming of the original motive—simple flutings about which garlands are wreathed.

Not less richly framed are the painted window-piers representing classic scenes—the shepherds all rosy and perfumed, the shepherdesses powdered and wearing mouches. All the doors on the ground floor are surmounted by allegories of the kind, an irrefutable witness of the all-powerful influence of Boucher on the unknown artists who decorated this palace. What is the use of describing those pictures? The reader knows the kind, the type. It is a trifle flat and mannered; it is very untrue to nature: but it is exquisite by reason of its art and its refinement. The young peasant seems to have stepped out of a salon at Versailles; the damsels are more furbelowed than a marquise; and the sheep, the dogs, the landscape, all the obligatory properties, are seen as if through a prism—even as, to tell the truth, is all the art of the eighteenth century. And then, how can one prove a harsh critic before such an outspoken wish to satisfy the eyes and senses, to show life in a happy, easy light, with the plain intention of glorifying commonplace love and its games? The young person will not resist these advances; virtue is a mere expression; pleasure is everything. Such naïveté is disarming. The whole legend of a frivolous century reveals itself in these pastorals.

The same joyous thoughtfulness appears in all the furniture of the period: it is precisely that which constitutes the unity



From a photograph  
A SALON OF THE GROUND FLOOR

of the style, that indefinable impalpable thing which floats about certain objects and gives to all a moral paternity—or at any rate an artistic one. Consider, in fact, without leaving the salon which we are just now examining, the other pieces of furniture. On the clock above the hearth, which is a pure masterpiece from the end of the reign of Louis XV, is Saturn in gilt bronze brandishing his scythe, symbol of the quickly falling years. But a smiling Cupid is close beside him, and turns the lethal weapon aside. Other sons of Venus frolic on the shaft of the column, while a new group supports the side chandeliers, and still others, in reliefs heightened by gold, run along the cornices. Thus, awaiting the end of all things and the final victory of Saturn, the deep sofas carved by Crescent, the thick

rugs from the looms of La Savonnerie call forgetful and careless mortals to an ample and soft existence.

A smaller salon opens to the left, likewise flush with the park, and serves as a summer office for the Duc de Doudeauville. It is hung with crimson "lampas" of Chinese silk, and decorated with a few good pictures of the Dutch school.

Then one steps into the former bed-chamber of the duchess (born a Princesse de Ligne, died in 1898), which is, now used as a summer bedroom by the duke before his departure for his châteaux of Bonnétable or of Eselmont. An enormous bed occupies a large part of the big apartment. It is entirely gilt, surmounted by a huge baldachin in wood, sculptured like lace, which extends to the foot of the bed. This piece of furniture is in truth royal.

The rest of the room is worthy of it; the Louis XVI clock is very handsome, surmounted by the Gallic cock, wreathed about by a round of Cupids. It is surrounded by bronze chandeliers, gilt and carved in openwork, and also by large vases of porphyry richly mounted in bronze. This completes the set. On the walls a Giorgione—"Suzanna and the Elders"—and a St. John the Baptist after Murillo. On festal nights the gala bed is dismounted and the bedroom is turned into a drawing-room, in order to continue the suite.

The suite of apartments bordering the park on the ground floor includes also three salons. The farthest one serves as a lunch-room on gala occasions, and at other times in summer as a dining-room for the duke. The walls—all white, but lightly heightened with gold—are decked with family portraits; the pearl of this little collection being the exquisite likeness of the grandmother of the Duc de Doudeauville, painted by Madame Vigée-

Lebrun, a marvel of grace and ingenuous, pensive youth under her wreath of roses and her flowing blonde hair.

Here, too, is a little boudoir hung with tapestries, an intimate spot full of precious bric-à-brac, where the chairs from the weaving-studios of Beauvais display to us the eternal love-making of shepherds and shepherdesses. It leads to the "Cozette" salon, named thus because of two superb oval portraits in tapestry signed, "Cozette," and dated 1778. One represents the Maréchal de Saxe, and the opposite shows a lady in magnificent surroundings. Notwithstanding the primary mistake, consisting of the attempt to contend with oil-painting by means which are intended for quite another usage, it must be recognized that these portraits say the last word as to illusion. In fact, it is too perfect, and therein I see a striking example of admirable decadence. In truth, through the strength of the coloring and the sheeny quality of the tones, these tapestry portraits harm the other like-



From a photograph

#### WAITING-ROOM OF THE MAIN FLOOR



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE MARBLE STAIRCASE ON A RECEPTION-DAY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

nesses which decorate the room, although the latter are by the hand of an excellent pupil of Largillièrē.

Such, then, are the salons of the ground floor in the Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville. I like to describe them on a festal occasion, in the brilliant flood of light and gilding. I have mentioned the almost fairylike impression felt by a guest as he issues from the marble vestibule when the splendid procession is unrolled in a single stream across the window-openings of the grand gallery, following the arrangement adopted at Versailles for the apartments of Louis XIV and the Gallery of Mirrors. But an additional charm here is due to the park being so near. One opens the glassed bays; three steps, and one is surrounded by verdure without any neighboring buildings, trees as far as one can see—to the left and right, everywhere, a background of foliage. And this is in mid-Paris on the threshold of the twentieth century! That is a luxury rarer than any other; and I know of enormously rich financiers who would consent to a heavy sacrifice to have that spring-festival and that green horizon round their hôtels on the Champs Elysées or the Plaine Monceau.

In order to reach the first story, where other large reception-rooms are found, without speaking of the intimate private apartments of the duke for the winter, one may choose between the grand gallery which leads to the marble stair, or else, sacrificing to modern comfort, ascend by the elevator. But what an elevator it is! Far in the back of the gallery you perceive a kind of gala coach painted and gilt—a coach that might be an enormous sedan-chair of the eighteenth century, on which one descries the arms of the La Rochefoucaulds on a scarlet ground. This is the apparatus for an elevator imagined by the duke—modern as to means, but very *ancien régime* as to form and decoration, and in any case not at all discordant with this seigniorial interior.

But we will take the stairs in order to remain more in the key, and also for the pleasure of seeing again, as we pass, the admirable statue of Louis XV and the "symphony in reds" of the marbles and tapestries and the coffered ceilings, modeled on that of the Hercules Salon at Versailles.

A short gallery will take us into the salon of the Robert Huberts, which forms an antechamber for the apartments of the first story. It is entirely white, and is decorated with fine wood-carvings. Those that border the mirror and form the cornices are specially charming in workmanship. Among them behold two architectural pictures by the "painter of ruins," stamped with a soft and sad poesy—as usual, depicting Italian palaces in a noble setting of big woods and lakes. The furniture of this salon is somewhat composite, as may be permitted in a waiting-room,—a piece in tapestry, Louis XVI style, showing delightful mythological and rustic scenes; a Louis XV bureau in marquetry; a big Louis XIV arm-chair; a clock in gilt bronze of Louis XVI (what old clocks has not this hôtel, all beautiful, all authentic!); big Chinese porcelain vases of the "rose family"; antique rugs from Persia; pier-tables in gilt wood from the reign of the Great King; a Louis XIII cabinet with inlay. And all this, diverse but beautiful in itself, makes a very fine entrance to the grand salons.

In these, again, there is the same arrangement as on the ground floor. To the left there is a grand white-and-gold gallery; in front is the first salon, indicating a new suite of rooms for grand receptions; to the right are the "winter garden" and the dining-room.

I shall not say much about the gallery, since it repeats the one underneath, except that it preserves four window-piers and casings that belonged to the old Château de Bercy. The furniture is Louis XVI—red-silk "lampas" on a silver ground. Enormous hanging chandeliers drop from the ceiling and, with the gilded side-lights, give the impression of a salon for gala purposes. Here again the doors, arranged as at Versailles, are furnished with rolling slots in order to facilitate communication and add to the beauty of the general view. One of these conducts us into the grand salon.

The decoration of this magnificent apartment has been known to all Parisians since 1904. Yet admittance to these hôtels, and particularly to this one, is jealously guarded. In the picture-salon of 1904, however, the painter Jean Béraud exhibited a canvas in which were seen collected round the Duc de La Rochefou-



From a photograph

#### GRAND DRAWING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR

cauld-Doudeauville all the members of his family, down to the babies in the arms of their nurses. The subject of the picture caused the greater sensation because the artist had grouped these thirty La Rochefoucaulds in the marvelous salon clad in carved woods from Bercy, along with the famous miniatures and showcases about which there was much talk, but which the public had never seen. I beg my readers to regard the illustration given here. Without the slightest doubt, they will admire the elegant ordering of these panels, simple in appearance, but carved by singularly delicate hands—panels the sobriety of which causes the ceiling to appear all the richer, with its medallions and sconcheons glittering with gold. The portrait of the late duchess by Bonnat is placed in one corner of the salon. A drapery of red velvet and some palms surround it, where it holds the chief place among a crowd of miniatures prettily arranged on a screen of old silk—

miniatures showing the Rochefoucaulds of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth, and even the twentieth century.<sup>1</sup>

Other miniatures, framed or mounted in box-covers, constitute an incomparable collection, and are kept in the glassed cases of this salon. Notably worth mention are two Van Blarenbergs, astonishing in execution: the "Inauguration of the Place Louis XV" and the "Fête given to Dampierre at the Marriage of the Duchesse de Montmorency"—hundreds of figures in a charming landscape covering a square five centimeters high and six long! Then there is a snuff-box on which Louis XIV is depicted with his family; another on which Madame Elizabeth holds an oval portrait of the King in her hand; a third, in red gold with inlays, which at a sale was fought for by the Empress Eugénie against the Duc de Doudeauville, but was finally knocked down to the latter. Still more boxes—a delightful figure of Marie Antoinette, a Psyche, an Anne

<sup>1</sup> The picture of the "grand drawing-room," above, shows on the right a painting by Jacquet of the Vicomte de La Rochefoucauld, second son of the duke, in a fancy dress.



From a photograph

DRAWING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR (CONNECTING WITH THE GRAND DRAWING-ROOM)

of Austria, a Fête at Vaux, a Fête at Maisons—boxes in sardonyx, boxes in Vernis-Martin, some incased in gold, others rimmed with precious stones. Here and there are pieces of old Dresden and old Sèvres, among which are an exquisite little cup bought at the sale of effects of the last lady of the bedchamber of Madame Elizabeth, and a doll's tea-service in soft-paste porcelain, with a decoration of monkeys. And in the neighboring salon are other glassed cases which continue this unrivaled collection. Here is a whole series of Saint Cloud pottles, Mennecy and Chantilly ware, urns, statuettes and small equestrian groups, and teapots and sugar-bowls decorated with flowers. Among these porcelain pieces there is also a delightful clock in gold imitating a temple, the columns of which are of lapis lazuli, with a golden bird on the roof, the whole set with pearls, while the dial shows an enameled dolphin pouring pearls from its mouth.

But this marvelous piece, as large as

one's hand, must not make us forget the grand clock in Louis XVI style which decorates the chimneypiece. It is mounted in gilt bronze, and is in the shape of an urn held in place by allegorical figures at its base. The chief originality in this timepiece consists in the portraits on soft-paste Sèvres porcelain which are let into it—King Louis XV in one grand medallion above the dial, the royal initials and the crown on the drapery beneath the bracket, and all along the base the portraits of the royal family. Two larger urns with similar decoration complete this chimney-set: on one, the portraits of Louis XVI and the dauphin, on the other, Marie Antoinette and her daughter. This splendid suite was given to the Duchesse de Polignac by the Queen. All the furniture in this salon—as, in fact, that of the preceding room—is up to the level of these masterpieces: Louis XVI clothespresses in Chinese lacquer and Vernis-Martin, old crackle vases in their original mounts of gilt bronze; a chest signed by

Carlin; another chest, extremely rich in decoration, signed by Boulle; a small bureau in marquetry; portrait of Fouquet by Mignard; the "Return from Egypt" by Massimo; ivories; sculptured wooden pieces; rugs from La Savonnerie, one bearing the arms of the Rohans; etc.

A third salon follows this, oval in shape and wainscoted with wood-carvings from the Château de Bercy. The chairs are in Beauvais tapestry and depict the Fables of La Fontaine. And the furniture? Here again they are real museum pieces, but with something more than that—the beauty of being placed according to the natural disposition of such things. I would like to mention here an important chest of drawers in Chinese lacquer, covered with gilt bronzes, and the little clock in Sèvres biscuit on which Daphnis and Chloe flirt lovingly. In truth, they merely imitate the rapturous transports seen on certain transom decorations in this salon, designed in a very gallant, not to say frisky, style, which are due to the school of Boucher. In a corner of the room a shallow wall-case contains precious manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But now we are at last in the dining-room, certainly one of the most perfect apartments in this palace, which has so many finished rooms. It presents two essential characteristics: in the first place, richness, and, in the second, gaiety and elegance, with the high and bright tone of its white wood-carvings and the double vista offered to the sight of diners. On one side, through the big windows, one sees the leafy alleys of the English park; on the other, through the mirrors without tinfoil, one looks into the winter garden, a great hall glassed in and filled with palms, shrubs, and rare Oriental plants.

The furniture of the banquet-chamber is in Louis XIV style, gilt wood and Genoa velvet. The sumptuous pier-tables, also in gilt carved wood, come from Bercy, where they were reckoned among the most notable objects. In truth it is difficult to imagine more movement and expressiveness in decorative carving than this. The tapestries, with designs in red on a yellow ground, woven with gold and silver thread, were made after the cartoons of Bérain. On the

chimneypiece are two priceless works: the great porphyry urns, the covers, pedestals and garlands of which, in gilt bronze, bear the famous signature Gouthière. These also are relics from Bercy.

In order to give some idea of the sei-gnorial luxury which reigns at the entertainments given by the Duc de Doudeauville, I need simply mention this: the table-service used for the gala dinners is a set of Sèvres porcelain, complete and all of a piece, called the "cabbage-leaf design," rimmed with blue spangled in gold and decorated with garlands of roses. It comprises one hundred and seventy plates, fifty platters, two large soup-tureens, and ten large assorted vases for natural flowers. All is unbroken and genuine and belongs to the family. Can one see such a collection every day?

A large glass double door is the connection between the dining-room and the winter garden. But, according to the whim of the moment, the Duc de Doudeauville, while dining, may wish to give himself the pleasure of another view. For instance, he may take a fancy to see, as in a kind of mirage, the scintillation of the chandeliers, the picture of his priceless works of art as it were softened and pushed far into the distance. To make this change there are slides on rollers operating in grooves hidden in the walls, which support certain large mirrors. These can be pushed out to cover the transparent windows, and thus a kind of new decoration takes the place of the old, and the Oriental vision of the winter garden vanishes for a vision of Louis XIV art.

This winter garden also serves as a smoker after the big dinners. At one end a flower-bordered stair descends to the ground floor, where on one side it opens into the summer dining-room, and on the other leads directly to the park. Useless to add that numerous electric lamps, ingeniously hidden behind the foliage, add to the splendors of the reception on festal occasions. The private chapel of the duke opens on the winter garden.

Having at first entered the grand salon by the gallery, we have passed in review only the reception-rooms—that is to say, the rooms placed to the right of the grand salon. There remains to be seen all the portions to the left—the private apart-



From a photograph

DINING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR

ments. Being of a more intimate kind, they have less of the "museum" and much more of the "home" about them.

These apartments, in the first place, include the Red Boudoir of the duchess, following on the grand salon and also looking out on the park. Here again the woodwork comes from the Château de Bercy, as well as some of the Boule furniture. But on the panels are portraits of the family, as one might expect when entering into this new suite of intimate apartments. Undoubtedly the most striking is that very curious "Interior View," in which four persons are seen taking tea in a delicious interior with green and red hangings—persons whose destiny was to be either harsh or tragic. The Duchesse de Bourbon, mother of the Duc d'Enghien, and the Vicomtesse de Montmorency-Laval are gracefully seated at three-quarters length before a little table crowded with cups and cakes, and talk in an animated fashion. At their feet two children at play are watching the goodies; one is Mathieu de Montmorency and the

other is the little Hippolyte who was destined to be guillotined on the Place Louis XV. And since I am speaking of these two famous families, I must be sure not to forget an interesting miniature here representing the wedding of Mathieu de Montmorency with the heiress of the Lavals—in the twelfth century! That is something that takes one far enough back from the Revolution and its bloody scenes.

The bedroom of the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld has been scrupulously kept in the same condition as when she was alive, with its big religious Italian paintings, its writing-desk in Chinese lacquer, and its precious chimneypiece suite in "royal blue Sèvres" decked out with historic medallions.

The private apartments of the duke for the winter season follow on the grand salon on the first story. They include three work-rooms and the bedroom. Here everything speaks of study and family souvenirs. On the tables and pier-tables, behind the glass of the book-shelves, are masses of papers, letters, historical files;

and in quantities everywhere are ancestral portraits, miniatures, and an endless number of photographs. Among all these things I wish to notice only the beautiful portrait of Eliza de Montmorency-Laval, Vicomtesse de La Rochefoucauld, by Gérard, and also the elegant and sorrowful likeness, by Gérôme, of the eldest son of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who died years ago in Madeira and is ever regretted. But things of this sort are outside the domain of description or art criticism, and it would be indiscreet to enter on an enumeration; for here we are, in a way, in a museum of souvenirs, and among these dynastic relics several recall old sorrows, the La Rochefoucauld family having been the victim of very sad events during recent years.

It is well known that the name La Rochefoucauld is one of the most illustrious in France. This great feudal house goes back to the Sires de Lusignan, whose first authentically proved ancestor was Foucauld I, Seigneur de La Roche, who died in 1040. At present the family is divided into two branches: the sept de La Rochefoucauld, including the dukes of that name and the Ducs d'Estissac, and the branch de Doudeauville. Their common ancestor is François de La Roche, who served as godfather to François I in 1494. In memory of that honor the chief of the house always bears the name of François. The present duke is named François-Alfred-Gaston de La Rochefoucauld, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, Duc de Liancourt, Prince de Marcillac, Duc d'Anville. He is an officer in the hussars, and in 1892 married an American, Miss Mitchell.

Nbte, as we go, that the first Doudeauville was Louis de La Rochefoucauld, Marquis de Surgères (about 1500), created a grandee of Spain of the first class with the title of Duc de Doudeauville in Calvados. The title remains attached to this branch in the order of primogeniture.

The La Rochefoucaulds have filled the annals of history with the renown of their name, and many are their exploits and the services they have rendered France. It would be tiresome to recall them. I shall mention only two or three anecdotes—for instance, with respect to François III, Comte de La Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac (1531-72), who was one of the most important Protestant leaders. He

caused the banner of the Calvinists to float along the whole west coast, from the mouths of the Charente to the river Gironde; then went to Paris in order to be present at the marriage of the King of Navarre. The King, who held him in great esteem and affection, wished to keep him near his person during the terrible night of St. Bartholomew; but he, brave and careless, declined and returned to his lodgings. Just as he was going to sleep he saw some masked men, armed with daggers, running toward his bed. Believing it was a joke on the part of the King and the other roystering comrades he had just left, he began to laugh at the supposed joke; and it was in the midst of this fit of laughter that he died, pierced by the steel of the fanatics.

François de La Rochefoucauld, on the contrary, a French prelate (1558-1645), refused energetically to submit to Henri IV so long as that prince had not abjured Protestantism. He took a leading part in the Council of Trent.

But that one of the family who was famous beyond all others was certainly François VI, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac (1613-80), the celebrated author of the "Maximes" and the "Mémoires." He had appeared at court in his childhood, and understood so perfectly its seamy side and its rascalities that he employed his talents and his malicious wit, at a very early age, against the Cardinal de Richelieu, in order to amuse himself and train his hand. This attitude of his resulted in his exile. In 1658 he threw himself into the revolution of the Fronde for love of the Duchesse de Longueville, fought valiantly, and lost an eye in the skirmish of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

His son, the duke François VII, was a better courtier and became one of the favorites of Louis XIV, who appointed him governor of Berry. A practical side was lacking to him, so that debts overwhelmed him all his life. One day, when his face appeared cloudier than usual, the Roi-Soleil inquired affectionately as to the reason. "Sire," he replied, "I know not how to face my creditors." "Why don't you talk it over with your friends?" answered the King. And as a sequel to that pleasant speech he caused fifty thousand écus to be sent him.

# LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

## XIX

### LINCOLN THE JURY LAWYER

T is conceded by all his contemporaries that Lincoln was the best all-round jury lawyer of his day in Illinois. Undoubtedly his knowledge of human nature played an important part in his success. He possessed another quality, however, which is almost, if not quite, as essential in jury work, and that is clearness and simplicity of statement.

It will be remembered that in his Sangamon River argument—his first boyish attempt at pleading a case—he had displayed unusual ability in presenting his facts, and with age and experience he developed a perfect genius for statement. His logical mind marshaled facts in such orderly sequence, and he interpreted them in such simple language, that a child could follow him through the most complicated cause, and his mere recital of the issues had the force of argument.

Many people suppose that there is only one way of telling the truth, and that, given honesty, no art is required to make a frank and fair statement of matters in dispute; but this is a popular delusion. "A truth which is badly put," says Mr. Wells in his "Mankind in the Making," "is not a truth, but an infertile, hybrid lie," and every lawyer of experience knows that not one man in a thousand can make facts speak for themselves. Certainly the average practitioner does not master his material. He is controlled by it, and presents his cause in such a manner as to necessitate contradiction, invite confusion, or challenge belief. He has neither the confidence nor the skill to state the truth,

the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and his omissions and perversions naturally reflect on his honesty or sincerity.

Lincoln, on the contrary, relied on truth, knew how to tell it, and "with perfect sincerity often deceived the deceitful." "A stranger going into a court when he was trying a case," says Mr. Arnold, one of his constant associates, "would after a few minutes find himself instinctively on Lincoln's side and wishing him success."

This lucidity of expression, persuasive clarity, and convincing simplicity is, of course, the distinctive mark of Lincoln's literary style, in so far as his writing can be said to have a style; and of this habit, nurtured and matured in the court-room, came some of the ablest state papers ever drawn by an American, and some of the acknowledged masterpieces of English prose.

Lincoln not only spoke a language which jurors could understand, but he also took them into his confidence and made them feel, as one of his contemporaries says, that he and they were trying the case together. He was likewise continually the friend of the court who thought it "would be only fair" to let in this, or "only right that that should be conceded," and who "reckoned he must be wrong," when the court overruled him, but who, nevertheless, took a quiet and tactful exception whenever the occasion required it.

"Now about the time he had practised through three quarters of the case in this way," observes Leonard Swett, "his adversary would wake up to find himself beaten. He was as wise as a serpent in

the trial of a case, and what he so blandly gave away was only what he could n't get and keep."

Of course these comments were merely intended to emphasize the fact that Lincoln did not try both sides of his cases, as some of his eulogists would have us believe; but unfortunately they have been distorted into an implication that he indulged in tricks of the trade, and that his apparent fairness was nothing better than a device by which he lured the unwary to destruction.

Mr. E. M. Prince, who is now living in Bloomington, Illinois, and who heard Lincoln try over a hundred cases of all sorts, is a competent authority on any question of this kind, and his testimony is direct and convincing. "The truth is," Mr. Prince remarked while talking with the writer, "that Mr. Lincoln had a genius for seeing the real point in a case at once, and aiming steadily at it from the beginning of a trial to the end. The issue in most cases lies in very narrow compass, and the really great lawyer disregards everything not directly tending to that issue. The mediocre advocate is apt to miss the crucial point in his case and is easily diverted with minor matters, and when his eyes are opened he is usually angry and always surprised. Mr. Lincoln instinctively saw the kernel of every case at the outset, never lost sight of it, and never let it escape the jury. That was the only trick I ever saw him play."

But the best possible proof that Mr. Lincoln was an unusually fair practitioner and generous opponent is the fact that he made no enemies in the ranks of his profession during all his active and varied career. Forbearance is often mistaken for timidity, and tact for weakness, and it not infrequently happened that Lincoln's professional opponents misinterpreted his attitude toward them; but they were always speedily disillusioned. Mr. Swett remarked that "any one who took Lincoln for a simple-minded man [in the courtroom] would very soon wake up on his back in a ditch"; and although he seldom resorted to tongue-lashing, and rarely displayed anger, there is abundant evidence that no one ever attacked him with impunity. Judge Weldon told the writer that on one occasion a lawyer challenged

a juror because of his personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, who appeared for the other side. Such an objection was regarded as more or less of a reflection upon the honor of an attorney in those days, and Judge Davis, who was presiding at the time, promptly overruled the challenge; but when Lincoln rose to examine the jury he gravely followed his adversary's lead and began to ask the talesmen whether they were acquainted with his opponent. After two or three had answered in the affirmative, however, his Honor interferred.

"Now, Mr. Lincoln," he observed severely, "you are wasting time. The mere fact that a juror knows your opponent does not disqualify him."

"No, your Honor," responded Lincoln, dryly. "But I am afraid some of the gentlemen may *not* know him, which would place me at a disadvantage."

A successful jury lawyer must needs be something of an actor at times, and during his apprentice years Lincoln displayed no little histrionic ability in his passionate appeals to the juries. Indeed, his notes in the Wright case show that he occasionally reverted to first principles even after he had reached the age of discretion. This case was brought on behalf of the widow of a Revolutionary War soldier whose pension had been cut in two by a rapacious agent, who appropriated half of the sum collected for his alleged services. The facts aroused Lincoln's indignation, and his memorandum for summing up to the jury ran as follows: "*No contract. Not professional services. Unreasonable charge. Money retained by defendant—not given by plaintiff. Revolutionary War. Describe Valley Forge privations. Ice. Soldiers' bleeding feet. Plaintiff's husband. Soldier leaving home for army. SKIN DEFENDANT. Close.*"

Mr. Herndon, who quotes this memorandum, testifies that the soldiers' bleeding feet and other pathetic properties were handled very effectively, and that the defendant was skinned to the entire satisfaction of the jury. It was only occasionally, however, that Lincoln indulged in fervid oratory, and his advice to Herndon shows his belief in simplicity and reserve.

"Don't shoot too high," Herndon reports him as saying. "Aim lower, and

the common people will understand you. They are the ones you want to reach—at least they are the ones you ought to reach. The educated and refined people will understand you, anyway. If you aim too high, your ideas will go over the heads of the masses and only hit those who need no hitting."

To interest the jurors and make them understand is, of course, the chief endeavor of every jury advocate, and Lincoln constantly employed his great gifts as a story-teller to illustrate, simplify, and reinforce his arguments, which is another proof that he did not waste this valuable ammunition on tavern loiterers. Stories are more interesting than logic and far more effective with the average audience, and Lincoln's juries usually heard something from him in the way of an apt comparison or illustration which impressed his point upon their minds.

On one occasion when he was defending a case of assault and battery it was proved that the plaintiff had been the aggressor, but the opposing counsel argued that the defendant might have protected himself without inflicting injuries on his assailant.

"That reminds me of the man who was attacked by a farmer's dog, which he killed with a pitchfork," commented Lincoln.

"'What made you kill my dog?' demanded the farmer.

"'What made him try to bite me?' retorted the offender.

"'But why did n't you go at him with the other end of your pitchfork?' persisted the farmer.

"'Well, why did n't he come at me with his other end?' was the retort."

Lincoln not only made effective use of stories with the jury, but frequently employed them in arguing to the court, and he once completely refuted a contention that custom makes law with an anecdote drawn from his own experience.

"Old Squire Bagley from Menard," he began, "once came into my office and said, 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected a justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not. 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer,' he retorted. 'Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed

to let you decide it; but if that is your opinion, I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better. *I've been squire now eight years, and I've done it all the time!*'"

Even the attorney whose argument for custom was thus answered must have smiled at this good-natured disposal of his claims, and Lincoln's humor generally freed his criticisms of all offense. "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met," was, perhaps, the severest retort he ever uttered; but history has considerably sheltered the identity of the victim.

Wit and ridicule were Lincoln's weapons of offense and defense, and he probably laughed more jury cases out of court than any other man who practised at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice-President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand, he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this the moment he rose to cross-examine. *Why J. Parker Green? . . . What did the J. stand for? . . . John? . . . Well, why did n't the witness call himself John P. Green? . . . That was his name, was n't it? . . . Well, what was the reason he did not wish to be known by his right name? . . . Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal; and if not, why did J. Parker Green part his name in that way?* And so on. Of course the whole examination was farcical," Mr. Stevenson continued, "but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and inflections of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he rang the changes upon the man's name; and at the recess the very boys in the street took it up as a slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green!' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course; but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."

## LINCOLN THE CROSS-EXAMINER

THERE were no official shorthand writers in the courts while Lincoln practised,<sup>1</sup> and the lawyers took their own notes of the testimony during the trial; and these, together with such memoranda as the judge entered on his minutes, formed the data for the record. Lincoln himself, however, rarely took any notes, claiming that it distracted his attention; and as his memory was excellent and his reputation for honesty well established, he experienced no difficulty in supporting his version of what happened at the trial when the records were necessary for the appellate courts.<sup>2</sup>

None of the bar ever attempted, however, to secure a verbatim report of the questions and answers, and therefore it is impossible to obtain any official illustrations of Lincoln's methods of handling witnesses. There is abundant proof, nevertheless, of his skill in this particular, and it is conceded by all his contemporaries that as a cross-examiner he had no equal at the bar.

"In the trial of a case he moved cautiously," said Judge Weldon, "and never examined or cross-examined witnesses to the detriment of his own side. If the witness told the truth, he was safe from his attacks; but woe betide the unlucky or dishonest individual who suppressed the truth or colored it."

Another of his associates testifies that he would not tolerate the evasions of his own witnesses when they were being questioned by his opponents, and more than once he openly reproved his own clients for dodging and sulking in the witness-chair.

"He was a great cross-examiner," Mr. James Ewing remarked to the writer, "in that he never asked an unnecessary question. He knew when and where to stop with a witness, and when a man has learned that he is entitled to take rank as an expert questioner."

"I shall never forget my experience

with him," observed Mr. James Hoblit of Logan County, Illinois, one of the few men now living who ever faced him in the witness-chair. "I was subpoenaed in a case brought by one Paullin against my uncle, and I knew too much about the matter in dispute for my uncle's good. The case was not of vital importance, but it seemed very serious to me, for I was a mere boy at the time. Mr. Paullin had owned a bull which was continually raiding his neighbor's corn, and one day my uncle ordered his boys to drive the animal out of his fields, and not to use it too gently, either. Well, the boys obeyed the orders only too literally, for one of them harpooned the bull with a pitchfork, injuring it permanently, and I saw enough of the occurrence to make me a dangerous witness.

"The result was that Paullin sued my uncle, the boys were indicted for malicious mischief, Mr. Lincoln was retained by the plaintiff, who was determined to make an example of somebody, and I was subpoenaed as a witness. My testimony was, of course, of the highest possible importance, because the plaintiff could n't make my cousins testify, and I had every reason to want to forget what I had seen, and though pretty frightened, I determined, when I took the stand, to say as little as possible. Well, as soon as I told Mr. Lincoln my full name he became very much interested, asking me if I was n't some relative of his old friend John Hoblit who kept the half-way house between Springfield and Bloomington; and when I answered that he was my grandfather, Mr. Lincoln grew very friendly, plying me with all sorts of questions about family matters, which put me completely at my ease, and before I knew what was happening, I had forgotten to be hostile and he had the whole story." After the trial he met me outside the court-room and stopped to tell me that he knew I had n't wanted to say anything against my people, but that though he sympathized with me, I had acted rightly and no one could criticize me for what I had done. The

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Robert R. Hitt, the distinguished representative from Illinois in Congress, advised the writer "that in 1858, at the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, I knew of no other shorthand writer residing in Illinois. There were no court shorthand writers or official stenographers in the State, and no provision of law for anything of the kind."

<sup>2</sup> In making up an appellate record in those days, each lawyer stated the substance of what he thought the testimony had been, and the judge supplemented or corrected the two versions and certified the result to the higher court.

whole matter was afterward adjusted, but I never forgot his friendly and encouraging words at a time when I needed sympathy and consolation."

Cross-examination makes greater demands upon a lawyer than any other phase of trial work, and it has been rightly termed an art. To succeed in it the practitioner must be versed in the rules of evidence; he must be familiar with all the facts in his case, and keep them continually in his mind; he must think logically, be farsighted, tactful, and a keen judge of human nature. All these qualities Lincoln possessed to an unusual degree, and, in addition, he exerted a remarkable personal influence upon every one with whom he came into contact. Men who were openly opposed to him became fascinated when they met him, and few ever retained their hostility. This result was effected without any seeming effort on his part, and Lincoln was singularly free from all the arts and graces, natural or cultivated, which are usually associated with personal charm. He was direct, simple, and unaffectedly frank, and the conclusion is irresistible that he was endowed with psychic qualities of extraordinary power. Nothing except this can properly explain his wonderful control of witnesses and juries, and every experienced lawyer knows that strong individuality, commanding presence, and personal magnetism are essential factors in the equipment of all great cross-examiners. More than one man has described the effect of Lincoln's eyes by saying that they appeared to look directly through whatever he concentrated his gaze upon, and it is well known that during his frequent fits of abstraction he became absolutely oblivious to the bustle and confusion of the court-room and saw nothing of the scene before him.

But although there was something mysterious in Lincoln's personality which played an important part in his success as a cross-examiner, his mastery of the art was acquired in the only way it can be acquired, and that is by constant daily practice in the courts. He was a natural logician, and by slow degrees he cultivated this gift until he could detect faulty reasoning, no matter how skilfully it was disguised. In almost every instance he saw the logical conclusion of an answer

long before it dawned upon the witness, and was thus able to lead him without appearing to do so. It will be seen in another chapter how effectively he once employed this art.

Mr. Arnold, comparing Douglas and Lincoln, says: "Both were strong jury lawyers. Lincoln was, on the whole, the strongest we ever had in Illinois. Both were distinguished for their ability in seizing and bringing out distinctly and clearly the real points in a case. Both were happy in the examination of witnesses, but I think Lincoln was the stronger of the two in cross-examination."

This is valuable testimony, coming as it does from a professional associate of many years' standing; and a careful reading of the great debates demonstrates that Lincoln was not only a more effective questioner, but in every other way a better equipped lawyer than Douglas. Indeed, it was Douglas's errors of law quite as much as his errors of statesmanship which cost him the Presidency.

Lincoln's skill as a cross-examiner effected some of his most dramatic triumphs, and his *cause célèbre* is undoubtedly the trial of William Armstrong for the killing of James Metzker, where his talents in this particular saved the day for his client.

The story of this now famous case has often been recounted, and its dramatic features have been skilfully utilized in at least one volume of fiction,<sup>1</sup> but the distortions wrought by many versions justify a complete retelling of the facts gathered directly from the records themselves and from an interview with Judge Lyman Lacey, who was associated with Mr. Walker, the defendant's attorney, and is still living in Mason County.

In the days when Lincoln was working as a clerk in Offutt's New Salem store he had won the respect and admiration of the rough element in the community by flooring one Jack Armstrong, the leader of the Clary's Grove boys, in a wrestling-match, and the fallen champion instantly became his staunch friend and ally. Armstrong afterward married, and Lincoln, who knew his wife, could not resist her appeal when she sought him out during the great debate with Douglas and begged him to come to the rescue of her son, who

<sup>1</sup>See Edward Eggleston's "The Graysons."

was charged with murder and was on the point of being tried. Mr. William Walker, a skilful lawyer, had been retained for the defense, but as the case against his client was exceedingly serious, he was only too willing to have expert assistance, and Lincoln therefore laid aside his pressing political engagements and plunged at once into the trial of the case.

The defendant, William Armstrong, popularly known as "Duff," was a youth of bad habits, and on August 29, 1857, while under the influence of liquor, he had quarreled with another young man by the name of Metzker, and had beaten him severely. This occurred during the afternoon; but when the quarrel was renewed late at night, one Norris joined in the fracas, and, between him and Armstrong, Metzker received injuries which resulted in his death. Popular indignation against the accused was so violent in Mason County that Armstrong's lawyer moved for a change of venue, claiming that his client could not receive a fair trial in the local court; and the judge was apparently of the same opinion, for he removed the case to Beardstown, the county-seat of Cass County. Meanwhile Norris, the other defendant, was brought to trial before the home tribunal, where it was clearly shown that he had assaulted the deceased with a cart-rung; but it was not demonstrated that his blows had caused death, and the body showed other wounds not necessarily made by such a weapon. Under these circumstances the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and the defendant was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.

This was the situation when Hannah Armstrong appealed to Lincoln; but despite the gloomy outlook, he took a hopeful view and reassured the anxious mother. Not only were the facts against his client, but the Illinois law of that day did not permit a defendant to testify in his own behalf, so that Armstrong was precluded from giving his own version of the story and denying the testimony of the accusing witnesses. The assistant prosecuting attorney was Mr. J. Henry Shaw, and Caleb J. Dillworth, another able lawyer, was associated with him, but Lincoln scored against them at the start by securing a jury of young men whose average age was

not over twenty-five. Most of the witnesses were also young, and these Lincoln handled so skilfully on cross-examination that their testimony did not bear heavily against the accused. Almost all of them were from the neighborhood of New Salem, and whenever the examiner heard a familiar name he quickly took advantage of the opening to let the witness know that he was familiar with his home, knew his family, and wished to be his friend. These tactics succeeded admirably, and no very damaging testimony was elicited until a man by the name of Allen took the stand. This witness, however, swore that he actually saw the defendant strike the fatal blow with a slung-shot or some such weapon; and Lincoln, pressing him closely, forced him to locate the hour of the assault as about eleven at night, and then demanded that he inform the jury how he had managed to see so clearly at that time of night. "By the moonlight," answered the witness, promptly. "Well, was there light enough to see everything that happened?" persisted the examiner. The witness responded "that the moon was about in the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning and was almost full,"<sup>1</sup> and the moment the words were out of his mouth the cross-examiner confronted him with a calendar showing that the moon, which at its best was only slightly past its first quarter on August 29, had afforded practically no light at eleven o'clock and that it had absolutely set at seven minutes after midnight. This was the turning-point in the case, and from that moment Lincoln carried everything before him, securing an acquittal of the defendant after a powerful address to the jury.

There is a singular myth connected with this case, to the effect that Mr. Lincoln played a trick on the jurors by flashing an old calendar before them instead of the one for the year of the murder, and virtually manufacturing the testimony which carried the day. How such a rumor started no one can say, but it goes far to prove the impossibility of ever successfully refuting a lie; for though repeatedly exposed, it still persists on the Illinois circuit to-day. The facts are, of course, that the calendar for August 29, 1857, shows the position of the moon precisely

<sup>1</sup> This is the witness's answer as reported by Mr. Henry Shaw, the District Attorney.

as Lincoln claimed it,<sup>1</sup> and every one who understands anything of trial work knows that an important exhibit of that sort would be examined by the judge and the opposing lawyers as well as by the jury, besides being marked for identification if submitted in evidence. Therefore Lincoln would have been a fool, as well as a disreputable trickster, if he had resorted to the asinine practice outlined in this silly tale, which practically disproves itself.

## xxi

LINCOLN IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS. HIS  
LEGAL ETHICS

DESPITE his success in the Armstrong and other capital cases, Lincoln was not well qualified for work of this character, and he avoided the practice of criminal law as far as possible.

There is a tradition in the old Eighth Illinois Circuit that he once defended a murderer who was convicted, sentenced, and hanged; but as capital cases resulting in conviction are almost invariably appealed to the highest tribunal, and as the Supreme Court reports do not record any murder case with which he was associated, the rumor probably has no foundation in fact.

He did, however, occasionally appear in homicide cases,<sup>2</sup> and his defense of "Peachy" Harrison, grandson of his old political rival Peter Cartwright, the circuit-riding preacher, though less dramatic than the Armstrong case, is perhaps one of the best illustrations of his remarkable power with a jury.

Young Harrison and a youth by the name of Greek Crafton quarreled over a question of politics, and a fight ensued in which Crafton received a knife-thrust resulting in his death. The case attracted considerable attention, and both the prosecution and the defense were ably represented, John M. Palmer, afterward Governor of Illinois, and John A. McClelland, who became a distinguished general in the

Civil War, appearing for the people, and Lincoln, Herndon, Judge Logan, and Shelby M. Cullom, the present United States senator and an ex-Governor of Illinois, being retained for the defendant. There was some conflict of testimony over the facts leading up to the killing, but the defense did not make much impression until Lincoln put the defendant's grandfather, Peter Cartwright, on the stand, and with touching solicitude drew from the old man the story of his last interview with the deceased, in which he expressed his reconciliation with his assailant, whom he prayed would not be held responsible for his death. Then, with virtually no facts to support his plea, Lincoln began his address to the jury, exhorting them to heed the dying victim's words and abstain from visiting further sorrow and affliction upon the venerable preacher who had delivered them a message almost from the other world; and so powerfully did he move his auditors that the efforts of the prosecution were unavailing and a verdict of acquittal followed.

Lincoln was not considered a formidable opponent in the criminal courts, however, unless he thoroughly believed in the justice of his cause. Mr. Whitney reports that on one occasion when he was defending a man charged with manslaughter, the testimony demonstrated that his client ought to have been indicted for murder in the first degree, whereupon Lincoln instantly lost all interest in the case. He did not actually abandon the defense, but he could not coöperate effectively with his associates, who were endeavoring to acquit the defendant, and one of them states that when Lincoln addressed the jurors he disparaged the effort which had been made to work upon their feelings and confined himself to a strictly professional argument along conventional lines, with the result that the defendant was found guilty and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. This fairly disgusted Mr. Whitney, who was anxious to have the murderer ac-

<sup>1</sup> In September, 1905, the United States Naval Observatory, answering an inquiry, reported that on August 29-30, 1857, the moon set at 7 minutes 5 seconds after midnight, and at culmination, during the preceding twenty-four hours, "was 2 days 9 hours and 46. minutes past the first quarter."

<sup>2</sup> Lincoln acted as prosecutor in at least one murder case. He was appointed by the court to conduct the people's case against one Wyant, who

was represented by Leonard Swett, and a battle royal followed between the two lawyers which is vividly remembered by many of the residents of Bloomington, Illinois, with whom the writer talked. After a trial lasting many days the jurors brought in an irregular verdict, which virtually committed the defendant to the lunatic asylum, but finally they acquitted him under what was equivalent to a court direction.

quitted, and he does not hesitate to characterize Mr. Lincoln's conduct as "atrocious."

But Lincoln was guilty of many other "atrocities" of the same character. It is well known that he virtually abandoned his client in another capital case when he discovered that he was defending a guilty man. "You speak to the jury," he said to Leonard Swett, his associate counsel; "if I say a word, they will see from my face that the man is guilty and convict him." On another occasion, when it developed that his client had indulged in fraudulent practices, he walked out of the court-room and refused to continue the case. The judge sent a messenger, directing him to return, but he positively declined. "Tell the judge that my hands are dirty and I've gone away to wash them," was his disgusted response.

This conduct in the court-room was in entire keeping with his office practice, where he declined time and again to undertake doubtful causes, discouraged litigation, and discountenanced sharp practices.

"Yes," Mr. Herndon reports him as advising a client, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember, however, that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but we will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. We would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

At another time he was very anxious to secure delay in a certain case, and Herndon drew up a dilatory plea which would effectually postpone the trial for at least one term of court. It was the sort of thing which is condoned in almost every law office, but Lincoln repudiated it the moment it came to his notice. "Is this founded on fact?" he demanded of his partner, and Herndon was obliged to admit that it was not, urging, however, that it would save the interests of their client,

which would otherwise be imperiled. But Lincoln was not to be persuaded. "You know it is a sham," he answered, "and a sham is very often but another name for a lie. Don't let it go on record. The cursed thing may come staring us in the face long after this suit has been forgotten." Herndon complied with this instruction and the paper was withdrawn.

These and similar actions have been characterized by one highly respectable authority as "admittedly detracting from Lincoln's character as a lawyer," but no member of the profession who has the best interests of his calling at heart will accept such a conclusion. On the contrary, it is because he had the courage and character to uphold the highest standards of the law in daily practice that Lincoln is entitled to a place in the foremost rank of the profession. He lived its ideals and showed them to be practical, and his example gives inspiration and encouragement to thousands of practitioners who believe that those things which detract from the character of the man detract from the character of the lawyer.

Some of Lincoln's biographers apparently disregard his legal history because he never succeeded in making much more than a bare living from his practice, and they seemingly conclude from this fact that he is not entitled to high rank in the profession. This view, of course, misses one of the most vital points in Lincoln's character both as a man and a lawyer, for he placed principle beyond price and lived out the idea that it is "better to make a life than a living."

Before he had won his place at the bar he had stated his theories on the subject. "*The matter of fees is important; far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved,*" he wrote in his notes for a law lecture. "*Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be charged. As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you as well as for your client.*"

This was largely the advice of a theorist; but Lincoln carried it into practice so completely that the profession was scan-



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

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LINCOLN ADDRESSING THE JURY IN THE ARMSTRONG MURDER TRIAL

dalized. Indeed, one of his associates relates an incident where Lincoln's scruples proved exceedingly embarrassing. He had been retained to oppose the removal of a conservator, or legal guardian, of a woman whose mind was deranged. The estate involved about ten thousand dollars, and the man who was attacking the conservator evidently desired to have him removed so that he could marry the lunatic and obtain possession of her funds. Lincoln made short work of this nefarious business; but when he learned that the attorney who had retained him had charged two hundred and fifty dollars for their joint services, he refused to take any share of the money until the fee had been reduced to what he deemed a reasonable amount.

When Judge Davis heard of this, he was highly indignant. "Lincoln, you are impoverishing the bar by your picayune charges," he is said to have remarked; and the lawyers thereupon tried the offender by what was called on the circuit an "*orgmatherical*" (mock) court, but he stood trial, and being found guilty, paid the fine with the utmost good-nature.

Judge Weldon describes another episode which perfectly illustrates Lincoln's attitude toward more than one aspect of the law. A Portuguese by the name of Dungee married a girl named Spencer, and later there was a family quarrel between the bridegroom and his relatives-in-law which became so bitter that the girl's brother referred to her husband as "a nigger," and followed this up by describing him as "a nigger married to a white woman." Dungee thereupon retained Lincoln and sued his brother-in-law for slander. The defendant was represented by Mr. Moore and Judge Weldon, and when the case was moved for trial in Clinton County, Judge Weldon demurred to Lincoln's complaint on technical grounds, and the demurrer was sustained. Lincoln was not too pleased that his papers were rejected as faulty, but he redrew them, merely remarking to his opponents, with significant determination, "Now I *will* beat you!" When the case reappeared for a hearing, he was as good as his word, attacking the defendant with great severity for his scandalous utterances.

"His thoughts were clothed in the sim-

plest garb of expression," said Judge Weldon, "and his words were understood by every juror in the box."

After a two days' battle, the jury decided for the plaintiff, and the verdict amounted to what was a large sum in those days. But although he had won the fight, Lincoln was not satisfied with the result. "*As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man,*" he had written as a theorist, and in practice he was still able to see that money damages do not heal family feuds. Thereupon he persuaded his client not to insist upon the payment of the verdict, and the matter was finally adjusted by the defendant agreeing to pay the costs and lawyers' fees. Lincoln stipulated that his adversaries should fix the amount of his fee; but when they declined to do so, he remarked: "Well, gentlemen, don't you think I have honestly earned twenty-five dollars?"

Certainly there are good grounds for criticizing Lincoln as a business man, and no one will dispute the charge that he was utterly lacking in all the essentials of commercial genius.

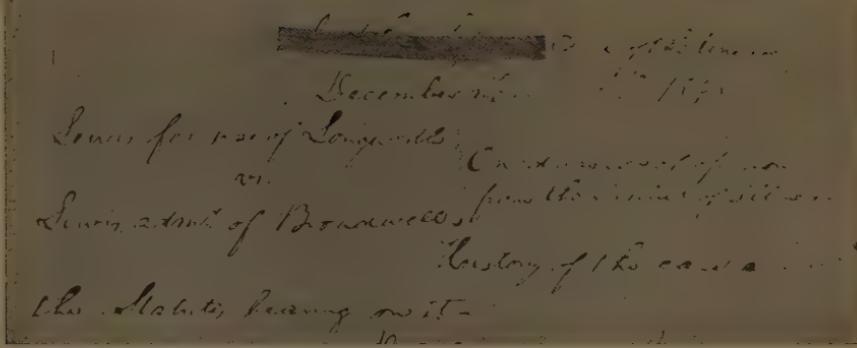
## XXII

### LINCOLN'S GREAT CASES. HIS LEGAL EXPERIENCE AND REPUTATION

ONE of Lincoln's latest biographers, in expressing admiration for his statesmanship, enumerates his disadvantages, and asserts that before he went to Washington "he had had no experience in diplomacy and statesmanship; as an attorney he had dealt only with local and State statutes; he had never argued a case in the Supreme Court and he had never studied international law."

There is very little inspiration in the career of a man whose achievements are inexplicable or whose natural endowments are the despair of ordinary mortals, and eulogies which tend to rob Lincoln of human interest and incentive are usually based on misinformation.

Certainly the wondering tribute above quoted displays no convincing acquaintance with the facts, for it entirely misrepresents the extent and value of Lincoln's legal education. His three and twenty years' active practice in the courts supplied him with the best of diplomatic training. It did not, of course, familiar-



Owned by Robert T. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF LINCOLN'S MEMORANDUM BRIEF IN THE CASE OF  
LEWIS *v.* LEWIS IN THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

ize him with the etiquette and forms of international relations, but it gave him a thorough knowledge of men and taught him "to see behind the smiling mask of craft." Much the same experience qualified a recent Secretary of State to cope successfully with the most skilful diplomats of Europe during the Spanish War, and to confer high distinction upon our modern statesmanship.

Again, Lincoln's knowledge of law was not confined to local or State statutes. He was acquainted with the great principles of the English common law, and if he was not familiar with "the waves and tides of legal authority," he was still well grounded in all the fundamentals of his profession, and it would be absurd to deny him recognition as a lawyer merely because he "never had had a case in the United States Supreme Court." But even in this small particular the biographer is at fault, for Lincoln did have a case before that tribunal, known as *Lewis v. Lewis*<sup>1</sup> (reported in 7 Howard, 776), and the original of his brief in that action is in existence to-day.

It would not be difficult to quote passages from other biographers in proof of the fact that Lincoln's work as a lawyer has never been scrutinized with any care, and doubtless the trivial anecdotes con-

cerning his life on the circuit which have done duty for the last forty-five years have contributed to the general misconception of his professional standing. The once funny story about "the pig-and-crooked-fence" case, "the old-sledge-and-seven-up" trial, and similar time-worn yarns, have been accepted as characterizing his legal experience; and under such circumstances it is not at all surprising that serious historians have regarded his legal training as a negligible quantity. Fortunately, however, the records are accessible, and they speak very largely for themselves.

In his twenty-three years at the bar, Lincoln had no less than one hundred and sixty-nine cases before the highest court of Illinois, a record unsurpassed by his contemporaries; he appeared before the United States circuit and district courts with great frequency; he was the most indefatigable attendant on the Eighth Circuit and tried more cases than any other member of that bar; he was attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad, the greatest corporation in the State, and one which doubtless had its choice of legal talent; he was also counsel for the Rock Island Railroad, and other corporations and individuals<sup>2</sup> with important legal interests at stake; he was sought as legal arbitrator

<sup>1</sup> It is an interesting fact that Judge Taney, of Dred Scott fame, delivered the prevailing opinion of the court in this case.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. W. W. Thomas, a lawyer who retained Mr. Lincoln as counsel in an important litigation,

wrote him in December, 1859, as follows: "Judge Caton has the Record and he told me that he had not decided what to do and that he was in doubt, etc. I want you and Logan to assist me in presenting this case in such form as to *undoubt* the Judge."

in the great corporation litigations of Illinois<sup>1</sup> and he tried some of the most notable cases recorded in the courts of that State.

Perhaps the most important cause he ever handled was that known as *The Illinois Central Railroad v. McLean County*, reported in 17 Illinois, 291.<sup>2</sup> This was an action brought against McLean County to restrain the collection of certain taxes alleged to be due from the railroad, growing out of the fact that the Illinois legislature had granted the corporation exemption from all State taxes on condition that it pay seven per cent. of its gross earnings into the State treasury. The county authorities, however, claimed that this provision did not preclude them from taxing so much of the railroad's property as lay within their respective jurisdictions, and a great legal battle ensued. The issue was a vital one for the corporation, for the claims of the county threatened it with bankruptcy, and railroading in Illinois was then in its experimental stage. Lincoln conducted the defense with rare skill but lost in the first court. He instantly appealed the case to the Supreme Court, however, and there it was twice argued before a final decision was recorded in favor of the road at the end of two years' litigation.

This celebrated case was provocative of another which has become even more famous with the passing of years, for the Illinois Central declined to pay Lincoln's bill of two thousand dollars for services rendered in the tax matter, and he promptly withdrew his account and sued his ungrateful client for six thousand. On the trial of the action all the leaders of the Illinois bar—O. H. Browning, N. B. Judd, Isaac Arnold, Grant Goodrich, Archibald Williams, Judge Norman Purple, and Judge Logan—testified that Lincoln's amended bill

I ought to and must gain this case. If you can be the means of success you will almost bring me under obligation to support the Black Republicans."

(From original letter in possession of General Orendorff.)

<sup>1</sup> The following telegram, original of which is in General Orendorff's collection, speaks for itself:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 14, 1853.

"To ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

"Springfield Ill.

"Can you come here immediately and act as arbitrator in the crossing case between the Illinois

was reasonable, and the jury promptly brought in a verdict of five thousand dollars and costs.

It is interesting to note Lincoln's attitude and conduct in this irritating litigation. When the case was first called for trial, no one appeared on behalf of the railroad, and judgment was awarded to the plaintiff by default: but notwithstanding the treatment he had received from the company, Lincoln agreed that the case might be reopened, thus allowing the defendant to have its day in court without penalty; and when the above-mentioned verdict was rendered, he agreed to have it set aside because he had forgotten to introduce proof of two hundred dollars which had been given him as a retainer, and the final verdict was recorded at forty-eight hundred dollars and costs. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the services for which Lincoln was obliged to sue would to-day cost the corporation *not five, but fifty, thousand dollars*.

It is only fair to state that within the last few years the Illinois Central Railroad has issued an elaborate pamphlet giving its side of this case, and undertaking to show that Lincoln's bill was not certified out of deference to the board of directors, who might have been censured for voluntarily paying so large a charge against their company, and that the trial was merely a formality. Lincoln's unusually careful brief on the law and the facts, however, does not bear out the contention that the litigation was friendly, and this suggestion came as a complete surprise to a number of those who were present when the jury brought in their verdict, and who gave the writer the benefit of their personal recollections of the trial.<sup>3</sup>

While Lincoln was traveling the circuit with Judge Davis, he was retained in the now famous case of *McCormick v. Manny*,<sup>4</sup> an action brought by the plaintiff, who

Central and Northern Indiana R. R. Companies if you should be appointed? Answer and say yes if possible.

"(Signed) J. F. Joy."

<sup>2</sup> Lincoln was opposed in this noted case by both his old law partners, Judge Logan and John T. Stuart. The decision has been cited at least twenty-three times by judges of other courts.

<sup>3</sup> Almost all the papers in this action are in existence to-day.

<sup>4</sup> Reported in McLean's U. S. Reports, vol. vi, p. 539.



HON. JAMES T. HOBLIT

Mr. Hoblit is probably the only man now living who was cross-examined as a witness by Lincoln.

owned valuable patents for reaping-machines, to enjoin the defendant from manufacturing similar contrivances and to recover four hundred thousand dollars damages for infringements. Lincoln was engaged by a Mr. Watson, who was in charge of the defense, and the original plan was to have him conduct the forensic part of the argument. Mr. E. H. Dickerson, a well-known patent solicitor, had been retained by McCormick to make the technical argument, and Reverdy Johnson, the noted Baltimore advocate, and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the country, was to oppose Lincoln, who was naturally very anxious to measure himself against a man of such wide reputation. But Mr. Watson also saw fit to retain Mr. Harding, a patent solicitor, and Edwin M. Stanton, who then resided at Pittsburgh, but who was well and favorably known in Cincinnati, where the trial was to take place, and whose personal influence with the court was relied upon to offset the great reputation of Reverdy Johnson. When the lawyers met in Cincinnati, it was decided in consultation that only two counsel should be heard on each side, and that the defense should be represented by Harding and Stanton. This was undoubtedly a bitter disappointment to Lincoln,



HON. ROBERT R. HITT

Mr. Hitt was the first official stenographer in Illinois. Some of Mr. Lincoln's legal arguments were reported by him.

who had carefully prepared himself to make the argument, and who had never had an equal opportunity of meeting a lawyer of national reputation. He accepted the decision as gracefully as possible, however, furnishing Mr. Harding with all the notes and other material he had collected for the argument, and had Stanton treated him with consideration, the situation would have been freed of all embarrassment. But Stanton was utterly devoid of tact, and took no trouble to conceal his contempt for his Illinois associate. "Where did that long-armed creature come from, and what does he expect to do in this case?" he inquired of the other lawyers, and this and similarly offensive comments reached Lincoln's ears. Courtesy was absolutely foreign to his nature, and it is no wonder that it embittered and disgusted him. Yet the greatness of the man enabled him to suppress his personal resentment, and when the nation had need of Stanton's undoubted talents, Lincoln laid aside his own feelings and tolerated his overbearing Secretary until he conquered him with kindness.

Lincoln was recognized as a good jury lawyer long before he won any reputation in other lines of legal work. Judge Logan

Hetainer.

Brayman & Joy's letter, with proof of their signature, and that they were the active agents of the company-

That I did the service, arguing the case twice.

Logan & Stratt.

What was the question. How decided - & on what point  
The record - the final order - & the opinion -

That I, and not Joy, made the point & argument on where the case turned -

Logan & Stratt -

The company own near two million acres, & their boundaries through twenty-six counties -

That half a million, put at interest, would scarcely pay the tax -

If it may not be  
~~the amount of labor, the difficulties and diffi-~~  
~~culty of the question, the degree of success in the result;~~  
~~and the amount of pecuniary interest involved, not~~  
~~merely in the particular case, but covered by the princi-~~  
~~ple decided, and thereby secured to the client, & all~~  
~~proper elements, by the custom of the profession,~~<sup>to consider</sup>  
~~in determining what is a reasonable fee in a given case.~~

That \$5000 is not an unreasonable fee in this case -

From General Alfred Orendorff's Collection

FACSIMILE OF PART OF LINCOLN'S TRIAL BRIEF IN HIS CASE AGAINST THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, SHOWING HIS CAREFUL PREPARATION OF THE ISSUES

first noted his effectiveness in arguments addressed to the bench; but despite his excellent record in the Supreme Court, where he won a large majority of his cases, he did not gain any marked recognition as a court lawyer until well into the fifties. He was, however, eminently qualified for work of this character. His power of analysis, pitiless logic, and comprehensive mental grasp of large subjects

all combined to make him a formidable opponent in legal discussions and a powerful influence with the court. He could split the ears of the groundlings when passionate appeals were in order, but he was not naturally emotional; on the contrary, he was cool, calm, and temperate in word, thought, and action. Patent cases, with their nice problems in mechanics and engineering, interested him intensely, and

more than once he constructed models with his own hands to aid him in trying actions of this sort which demanded close reasoning and afforded him practical experience in exact scientific deductions.<sup>1</sup>

He took no interest in the ordinary legal abstractions discussed in court-rooms, and the quibbles of practice bored him; but when there was any real principle involved in a question of law, he studied it with the closest attention, and his arguments were usually so original that they presented the subject in a new light, no matter how often it had been discussed. Thus, when the steamboats and the railroads were struggling for commercial supremacy in the Mississippi valley, and the right to bridge the river was in dispute, new and vital questions of law arose, which he handled in a masterful manner on behalf of the Rock Island Railroad. In one of these bridge cases which he tried in Chicago, a steamboat had struck a pier of the railroad's bridge, and its owners brought a suit for damages involving propositions never before presented to the courts and requiring clear and original thought. Some idea of the bitterness of this contest may be gathered from the fact that the railroad charged the steamboat captain with being bribed to run his vessel against the bridge and thus make a case of obstructing navigation. This accusation was, of course, angrily denied; but when the bridge was accidentally burned, all the river craft gathered at the spot and let their whistles loose in sheer joy at

the disaster. Under these circumstances it required a cool head and an even temper to carry the day, and Lincoln was equal to the occasion. His argument, one of his few legal speeches which have been preserved, was reported by the Hon. Robert Hitt, and it demonstrates Lincoln's conspicuous ability in presenting close questions of law, and indicates his notable development as a lawyer.<sup>2</sup>

Another notable civil cause in which he was engaged was known as the "sand-bar case,"<sup>3</sup> involving certain accretions to the shore of Lake Michigan of vast importance to the Illinois Central Railroad, and his discussion of the law on behalf of his client displayed high ability and resourcefulness.

Much of Lincoln's effectiveness in this class of work was due to his mental independence. Precedents did not make him over-confident, and they never balked him. Back of the recorded adjudication he sought the reason, and if it did not satisfy his mind, he would not accept it. Very few lawyers possess sufficient independence and originality for research of this character, and the average brief, though it often displays great ingenuity in reconciling divergent authorities, rarely indicates any really creative thought. Legal argument calls for a higher order of ability than jury work, and it developed Lincoln's talents for logical reasoning until it perfected him to meet and refute the most ingenious debater of his, or possibly of any other, day.

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered that Lincoln himself was something of an inventor and obtained a mechanical patent, the model for which is preserved in Washington.

<sup>2</sup> The writer is indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the Chicago "Tribune" for a full copy of Mr. Hitt's report of this speech. The case was entitled *Hurd et al. vs. Railroad Bridge Co.*, and it was tried in the United States Circuit Court, Hon. John McLean presiding, September, 1857.

Colonel Peter A. Dey, one of the engineers of the old Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, now living in Iowa, was present at this trial, and advises the writer that "Mr. Lincoln's examination of witnesses was very full and no point escaped his notice. I thought he carried it almost to prolixity,

but when he came to his argument I changed my opinion. He went over all the details with great minuteness, until court, jury, and spectators were wrought up to the crucial point. Then drawing himself up to his full height, he delivered a peroration that thrilled the court-room and, to the minds of most persons, settled the case."

<sup>3</sup> This case, entitled *Johnson vs. Jones et al.*, was tried in the United States Circuit Court before Judge Drummond and a jury, in Chicago, March 19, 1860 (about two months before Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency), and it is the last cause of importance in which he appeared. Messrs. Buckner S. Morris, John A. Wills, and Isaac N. Arnold represented the plaintiff, and the defendants' counsel were Abraham Lincoln, Samuel L. Fuller, Van H. Higgins, and John Van Arman.



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE WAS STANDING WITH ONE HAND LIGHTLY RESTING ON THE TABLE,  
HIS EYES FIXED ON FENWICK" (SEE PAGE 967)

# FENWICK'S CAREER<sup>1</sup>

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

x



UGÉNIE DE PASTOURELLES was sitting on the terrace at Versailles, or rather she was established in one of the deep embrasures between the windows, on the western side.

The wind was cold, but again a glorious sun bathed the terrace and the château. It was a day of splendor, a day when heaven and earth seemed to have conspired to flatter and to adorn the vast creation of Louis Quatorze, this white, flaming palace, amid the gold and bronze of its autumn trees, and the blue of its waters. Superb clouds, of a royal sweep and amplitude, sailed through the brilliant sky; the woods that girdled the horizon were painted broadly and solidly in the richest color upon an immense canvas steeped in light. In some of the nearer alleys which branch from the terrace, the eye traveled through a deep magnificence of shade, to an arched and framed sunlight beyond, embroidered with every radiant or sparkling color; in others, the trees, almost bare, met lightly arched above a carpet of intensest green, a *tapis vert* stretching toward a vaporous distance, and broken by some god, or nymph, on whose white shoulders the autumn leaves were dropping softly one by one.

Wide horizons, infinitely clear,—a blazing intensity of light, beating on the palace, the gardens, the statues, and the distant water of the "Canal de Versailles," each tint and outline sharp and vehement, full-bodied and rich,—the greenest greens, the bluest blues, the most dazzling gold,—this was Versailles as Eugénie saw it on

this autumn day. And through it all the blowing of a harsh and nipping wind sounded the first approach of winter, still defied, as it were, by these bright woods decked for a last festival.

It was the 5th of October, the very anniversary of the day when Marie Antoinette, sitting alone beside the lake at Trianon, was startled by a page from the château bringing the news of the arrival of the Paris mob and the urgent summons to return at once; the day when she passed the Temple of Love, gleaming amid the quiet streams, for the last time, and fled back through the leafy avenues leading to Versailles, under a sky, cloudy and threatening rain, which was remembered by a later generation as blending fitly with the first act of that most eminent tragedy, "The Fall of the House of France."

Madame de Pastourelles had in her hand a recent book in which a French man of letters, both historian and poet, had told once again the most piteous of stories: a story, however, which seemed then, and still seems, to be not even yet ripe for history, so profound and living are the sympathies and the passions which to this day surround it in France.

Eugénie had closed the book, and her eyes, as they looked out upon the astonishing light and shade of the terrace and its surroundings, had filled unconsciously with tears, not so much for Marie Antoinette as for all griefs!—for this duped, tortured, struggling life of ours,—for the "mortalia" which grip all hearts, which none escape,—pain and separation and remorse, hopes deceived and promise mocked, decadence in one's self, change in others, and that iron gentleness of death which closes all.

For nearly a year she had been trying

<sup>1</sup>Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

to recover her forces after an experience which had shaken her being to its depths. Not because, when she went to nurse his last days, she had any love left, in the ordinary sense, for her ruined and debased husband; but because of that vast power of pity, that genius for compassion, to which she was born. Not a tremor of body or soul, not a pang of physical or spiritual fear, but she had passed through them, in common with the man she upheld,—a man who, like Louis the Beloved, former master of the building beneath whose shadow she was sitting, was ready to grovel for her pardon when threatened with a priest and the last terrors, and would have recalled his mistress, rejoicing, with the first day of recovered health.

He and she had asked for respite in vain, however; and M. de Pastourelles slept with his fathers.

Since his death her strength had failed her. There had been no definite illness, but a giving way for some six or seven months of nature's resisting powers. Also—significant sign of the strength of all her personal affections!—in addition to the moral and physical strain she had undergone, she had suffered much about this time from the loss of her maid, an old servant and devoted friend, who left her shortly after M. de Pastourelles's death—incited, forced thereto by Eugénie—in order to marry and go out to Canada. Eugénie had missed her sorely; and, insensibly, the struggle to get well had been the harder. The doctors ordered travel and change, and she had wandered from place to place, only half conscious, as it often seemed to her, the most docile of patients, accompanied now by one member of the family, now by another; standing as it were, like the bather who has wandered too far from shore, between the onward current which means destruction, and that backward struggle of the will which leads to life. And little by little the tide of being had turned. After a winter in Egypt, at Haifa, in May strength had begun to come back; since then Switzerland and high air had quickened recovery; and now, physically, Eugénie was almost herself again.

But morally she retained a deep and lasting impress of what she had gone through. More than ever was she a creature of tenderness, of the most delicate

perceptions, of a sensibility, as our ancestors would have called it, too great for this hurrying world. Her unselfishness, always one of her cradle-gifts, had become almost superhuman; and had she been of another temperament, the men and women about her might have instinctively shrunk from her as too perfect, now, for human nature's daily food. But from that she was saved by a score of most womanish, most mundane qualities. Nobody knew her, luckily, for the saint she was,—she herself least of all. As her strength renewed itself, her soft fun, too, came back, her gentle, inexhaustible delight in the absurdities of men and things, which gave to her talk and her personality a kind of crackling charm, like the crispness of dry leaves upon an autumn path. Naturally, and invincibly, she loved life and living; all the high forces and emotions called to her, but also all the patches, stains, and follies of this queer world; and there is no saint, man or woman, of whom this can be said, that has ever repelled the sinners. It is the difference between St. Francis and St. Dominic!

How very little, all the same, could Eugénie feel herself with the saints on this October afternoon! She sat, to begin with, on the threshold of Madame de Pompadour's apartment; and in the next place, she had never been more tremulously steeped in doubts and yearnings, entirely concerned with her friends and her affections. It was a rebirth, not of youth—how could that be, she herself would have asked, seeing that she was now thirty-seven?—but of the natural Eugénie, who, "intellectual" though she were, lived really by the heart, and the heart only. And since it is the heart that makes youth and keeps it, it was a return of youth—and of beauty—that had come upon her. In her black dress and shady hat, her collar and cuffs of white lawn, she was very discreetly, quietly beautiful; the passer-by did not know what it was that had touched and delighted him till she had gone, and he found himself, perhaps, looking after the slim yet stately figure: but it was beauty none the less. And the autumn violets, her sister's gift, that were fastened to-day in profusion at her waist, marked in truth the reawakening of buried things, of feminine instincts long repressed. For months her maid Fanchette had dressed

her, and she had worn obediently all the long crape gowns and veils dictated by the etiquette of French mourning. But to-day, she had chosen for herself; and in this more ordinary garb she was vaguely, sometimes remorsefully, conscious of relief and deliverance.

Two subjects filled her mind. First, a conversation with Fenwick that she had held that morning, strolling through the upper alleys of the park. Poor friend, poor artist! Often and often, during her wanderings, had her thoughts dwelt anxiously on his discontents and calamities; she had made her sister, or her father, write to him when she could not write herself,—though Lord Findon, indeed, had been for long much out of patience with him; and during the last few months she herself had written every week. But she had never felt so clearly the inexorable limits of her influence with him. This morning, just as of old, he had thrown himself tempestuously upon her advice, her sympathy; and she had given him counsel as she best could. But a woman knows when her counsel is likely to be followed or no. Eugénie had no illusions. In his sore, self-tormented state, he was, she saw, at the mercy of any passing idea, of anything that seemed to offer him vengeance on his enemies, or the satisfaction of a vanity that writhed under the failure he was all the time inviting and assuring.

Yet, as she thought of him, she liked him better than ever. He might be perverse, yet he appealed to her profoundly. The years of his success had refined and civilized him, no doubt, but they had tended to make him like anybody else; whereas this passionate accent of revolt—as of some fierce, helpless creature struggling blindly in bonds of its own making—had perhaps restored to him that more dramatic element which his personality had possessed in his sulky, gifted youth. He had expressed himself with a bitter force on the decline of his inspiration and the weakening of his will. He was going to the dogs, he declared; had lost all his hold on the public, and had nothing more to say or to paint. And she had been very, very sorry for him, but conscious all the time that he had never been so eloquent, and never in such good looks, what with the angry energy of the eyes, and the sweep of grizzled hair across the powerful

brow, and the lines cut by life and thought round the vigorous, impatient mouth. How could he be at once so able and so childish! Her woman's wit pondered it; while at the same time she remembered with emotion the joy with which he had greeted her, his eager, stammering sympathy, his rough grasp of her hand, his frowning scrutiny of her pale face.

Yet, he was a great friend, and, somehow, she *must* help him! Her lips parted in a sigh of aspiration. If only this unlucky thing had not happened!—this meeting of Arthur and of Fenwick, before the time, before she had prepared and engineered it.

And so she came to her second topic of meditation. Gradually, as her mind pursued it, her aspect seemed to lose its new and tremulous brightness; the face became once more a little gray and pinched. They had, somehow, missed all the letters which should have warned them. To find Arthur established here, with his poor invalid wife—nothing had been more unexpected and, alack, more unwelcome, considering the relations between them and John Fenwick,—Fenwick, who was practically her father's guest and hers.

Did Arthur think it strange, unkind? Would n't he really believe that it was pure accident? If so, it would be only because Elsie was there, influencing him against his old friends,—poor, bitter, stricken Elsie. Eugénie's lips quivered. There flitted before her the image of the girl of eighteen, muse of laughter and delight. And she recalled the taciturn woman whom she had seen on her sofa the night before, speaking coldly, in dry, sharp sentences, to her husband, her cousin, her maid,—evidently unhappy and in pain.

Eugénie shaded her eyes from the light of the terrace. Her heart seemed to be sinking, contracting. Mrs. Welby had been already ill; and therewith jealous and tyrannical, for some little time before Madame de Pastourelles had been summoned to the death-bed of her husband. But now!—Eugénie shrank aghast before what she saw and what she guessed.

And it was, too, as if the present state of things—as if the new hardness in Elsie's eyes, and the strange hostility of her manner, especially toward the Findons and her cousin Eugénie—threw light on

earlier years, on many a puzzling trait and incident of the past.

There had been a terrible confinement, at the end of years of childlessness,—a still-born child,—and then, after a short apparent recovery, a rapid loss of strength and power. Poor, poor Elsie! But why—why should this trouble have awakened in her this dumb tyranny toward Arthur, this alienation from Arthur's friends?

Eugénie sharply drew herself together. She banished her thoughts. Elsie was young, and would get well. And when she recovered, she would know who were her friends and Arthur's.

A figure came toward her, crossing the Parterre d'Eau. She perceived her father, just released, no doubt, from two English acquaintances with whom he had been exploring the "Bosquet d'Apollon."

He hurried toward her, a tall Don Quixote of a man, gaunt, active, gray-haired, with a stride like a youth of eighteen, and the very minimum of flesh on his well-hung frame. Lord Findon had gone through many agitations during the last ten or twelve years. In his own opinion, he had upset a ministry, he had recreated the army, and saved the colonies to the empire. That history was not as well aware of these feats as it should be, he knew; but in the memoirs, of which there were now ten volumes privately printed in his drawer, he had provided for that. Meanwhile, in the rush of his opinions and partizanships, two things at least had persisted unchanged: his adoration for Eugénie, and his belief that if only man—and much more woman—would but exchange "gulping" for "chewing,"—would only, that is to say, reform their whole system of mastication, and thereby of digestion, the world would be another and a happier place.

He came up now, frowning and out of temper.

"Upon my word, Eugénie, the blindness of some people is too amazing!"

"Is it? Sit down, papa, and look at that!"

She pushed a chair toward him, smiling, and pointed to the terrace, the woods, the sky.

"It's all very well, my dear," said Lord Findon, seating himself, "but this place tries me a good deal."

"Because the ladies in the restaurant

are so stout?" said Eugénie. "Dear papa—somebody must keep these cooks in practice!"

"Never did I see such spectacles!" said Lord Findon, fuming. "And when one knows that the very smallest attention to their diet, and they might be sylphs again, as young as their grandchildren!—it's really disheartening."

"It is," said Eugénie. "Shall we announce a little *conférence* in the salon? I'm sure the ladies would flock."

"The amount the French eat is appalling!" exclaimed Lord Findon, without noticing. "And they have such ridiculous ideas about us! I said something about their gluttony to M. de Villeton this morning, and he fired up!—declared he had spent this summer in English country-houses, and we had seven meals a day, all told; and there was n't a Frenchman in the world had more than three, counting his coffee in the morning."

"He had us there," said Eugénie.

"Not at all! It does n't matter *when* you eat—it's what and how much you eat. We *can't* produce such women as one sees here. I tell you, Eugénie, we *can't*. It takes all the poetry out of the sex."

Eugénie smiled.

"Have n't you been walking with Lady Marney, papa?"

Lord Findon looked a little annoyed.

"She's an exception, my dear—a hideous exception."

"I would n't mind her size," said Eugénie, softly, "if only the complexion were better done."

Lord Findon laughed.

"Paint is on the increase," he declared; "and gambling too. Villeton tells me there was baccarat in the Marneys' apartment last night, and Lady Marney lost enormously. Age seems to have no effect on these people. She must be nearly seventy-five."

"You may be sure she'll play till the last trump," said Eugénie. "Papa,"—her tone changed,—"is that Elsie's chair?"

The group to which she pointed was still distant, but Lord Findon, even at seventy, had the eyes of an eagle, and could read an *affiche* a mile off.

"It is." Lord Findon looked a little disturbed, and, turning, he scanned the terrace up and down before he bent toward Eugénie.

"You know, darling, it's an awkward business about these two men. I don't believe Arthur's patience will hold out."

"Oh, yes, it will, papa. For our sakes, Arthur would keep the peace."

"If the other will let him! I used to think, Eugénie, you had tamed the bear; but upon my soul!"—Lord Findon threw up his hands in protest.

"He's in low spirits, papa. It will be better soon," said Eugénie, softly, and as she spoke she rose and went down the steps to meet the Welbys.

Lord Findon followed her, tormented by a queer, unwelcome thought. Was it possible that Eugénie was now, with her widowhood, beginning to take a more than friendly interest in that strange fellow, Fenwick? If so, he would be tolerably punished for his meddling of long ago! To have snatched her from Arthur, in order to hand her to John Fenwick! Lord Findon crimsoned hotly at the notion, all his pride of race and caste up in arms.

Of course she ought now to marry. He wished to see her, before he died, the wife of some good fellow, and the mistress of a great house. Why not? Eugénie's distinctions of person and family—leaving her fortune, which was considerable, out of count—were equal to any fate. "It's all very well to despise such things, but we have to keep up the traditions," he said to himself, testily.

And in spite of her thirty-seven years, a suitable bridegroom would not be at all hard to find. Lord Findon had perceived that in Egypt, where they had spent the winter and early spring. Several of the most distinguished men then in Cairo had been her devoted slaves, ill as she was and at half-power. Alderney, almost certain to be the next Viceroy of India, one of the most charming of widowers, with an only daughter,—it had been plain both to Lord Findon and his stupid wife that Eugénie had made a deep impression upon a man no less romantic than fastidious. Eugénie had but to lift her hand, and he would have followed them to Syria. On the contrary, she had taken special pains to prevent it. And General F——, and that clever fellow X——, who was now reorganizing Egyptian finance, and several more,—they were all under the spell.

But Eugénie had this quixotic liking for the "intellectuals" of a particular sort,

for artists and poets, and people in difficulties generally. Well, he had it himself, he reflected, frowning, as he strolled after her; but there were limits. Marriage was a thing apart; in that quarter, at any rate, it was no good supposing you could escape from the rules of the game.

Not that the rules always led you right—witness De Pastourelles and his villainies. But matrimonial anarchy was not to be justified, any more than social anarchy, by the failures and drawbacks of arrangements which were, on the whole, for people's good. *Passe encore!*—if Fenwick had only fulfilled the promise of his youth!—were at least a successful artist, instead of promising to become a quarrelsome failure!

Now if Arthur himself were free! Supposing this poor girl were to succumb?—what then?

At this point Lord Findon checked himself roughly, and a minute afterward was shaking Welby by the hand and stooping with an old man's courtesy over the invalid carriage in which Mrs. Welby lay reclined.

Euphrosyne, indeed, had shed her laughter! A face with sunken eyes and drawn lips, and with that perpetual suspicious furrow in the brow, which meant a terror lest any movement or jar should let loose the enemy, pain; an emaciated body, from which all the soft moldings of youth had departed; a frail hand, lying in mute appeal on the shawl with which she was covered,—this was now Elsie Welby, whose beauty in the first years of her marriage had been one of the adornments of London.

Eugénie was bending over her, and Mrs. Welby was pettishly answering.

"It's so stiff and formal. I don't admire this kind of thing. And there is n't a bit of shade on this terrace. I think it's ugly!"

Welby laid a hand on hers, smiling.

"But to-day, Bébé, you like the sun?—in October?"

Mrs. Welby was very decidedly of opinion that even in October there was a glare, and in August—she shuddered to think of it! It was so tiresome, too, to have missed the Grandes Eaux. So like French red tape, to insist on stopping them on a particular date. Why should they be stopped? As to expense, that was non-

sense. How could water cost anything! It was because the French were so *doctrinaire*, so tyrannical, so fond of managing for managing's sake.

So the pettish voice rambled on, the others tenderly and sadly listening, till presently Lord Findon shook his gaunt shoulders.

"Upon my word, it begins to get cold. With your leave, Elsie, I could do with a little more sun. Arthur, shall we take a brisk walk round the canal before tea?"

Welby looked anxiously at his wife. She had closed her eyes, and her pale lips, tightly shut, made no movement.

"I think I promised Elsie to stay with her," he said uncertainly.

"Let me stay with Elsie, please," said Eugénie.

The blue eyes unclosed.

"Don't be more than an hour, Arthur," said the young wife, ungraciously. "You know I asked Mrs. Westmacott to tea."

The gentlemen walked off, and a sharp sensation impressed upon Madame de Pастourelles that Arthur was allowed to go with Lord Findon only because *she* was not of the party.

A sudden color rose into her cheeks. For the hour that followed she devoted herself to her cousin. But Mrs. Welby was difficult and querulous. Among other complaints she expressed herself bitterly as to the appearance of Mr. Fenwick at Versailles. Arthur had been so taken aback—Mr. Fenwick was always so atrociously rude to him! Arthur would never have come to Versailles had he known; but of course, as Uncle Findon and Eugénie liked Mr. Fenwick,—as he was their friend,—Arthur could n't now avoid meeting him. It was extremely disagreeable.

"I think they need n't meet very much," said Eugénie, soothingly; "and papa and I will do our best to keep Mr. Fenwick in order."

"I wonder why he came," said Elsie, fretfully.

"He has some work to do for the production of this play on Marie Antoinette. And I suppose he wanted to meet us. You see, we did n't know about Arthur."

"I can't think why you like him so much."

"He is an old friend, my dear, and just now very unhappy and out of spirits."

"All his own fault, Arthur says. He had the ball at his feet."

"I know," said Eugénie, smiling sadly. "That's the tragedy of it!"

There was silence. Mrs. Welby still observed her companion. A variety of expressions, all irritable or hostile, passed through the large, languid eyes.

The afternoon faded; on the blue surface of the distant "canal," the great poplars that stand sentinel at the western edge of the park, one to right, and one to left, last *gardes-du-corps* of the House of France, threw long shadows on the water; and across the opening which they marked, drifted the smoke of burning weeds, the only but sufficient symbol, amid the splendid scene, of that peasant France which destroyed Versailles. It was four o'clock, and to their left, as they sat sheltered on the southern side of the château, the visitors of the day were pouring out into the gardens. The shutters of the lower rooms, in the apartments of the dauphin and of mesdames, were being closed, one by one, by the *gardiens* within. Eugénie peered through the window beside her. She saw before her a long vista of darkened and solitary rooms, dim portraits of the marshals of France—for the alterations of M. de Nolhac were not yet made—just visible on their walls. Suddenly, under a gleam of light from a shutter not yet fastened, there shone out amid the shadows a bust of Louis Seize!. The Bourbon face, with its receding brow, its heavy, good-natured lips, its smiling incapacity, held—dominated—the palace.

Eugénie watched, holding her breath. Slowly the light died, the marble withdrew into the dark, and Louis Seize was once more with the ghosts.

Eugénie's fancy pursued him. She thought of the night of the 20th of January, 1793, when Madame Royale, in the darkness of the Temple, heard her mother turning miserably on her bed, sleepless with grief and cold, waiting for that last rendezvous of seven o'clock which the King had promised her,—waiting—waiting—till the great bell of Notre Dame told her that Louis had passed to another meeting, more urgent, more peremptory still.

"Oh, poor soul!—poor soul!" she said aloud, pressing her hands on her eyes.

"What on earth do you mean!" said

Mrs. Welby's voice beside her, startled, stiff, a little suspicious.

Eugénie looked up and blushed.

"I beg your pardon! I was thinking of Marie Antoinette."

"I'm so tired of Marie Antoinette!" said the invalid, raising a petulant hand and letting it fall again, inert. "All the silly memorials of her they sell here—and the sentimental talk about her! Arthur, of course, now—with his picture—thinks of nothing else."

"Naturally!"

"I don't know. People are bored with Marie Antoinette. I wish he'd taken another subject. And as to her beauty—how could she have been beautiful with those staring eyes and that lower lip! I say so to Arthur, and he raves, and quotes Horace Walpole and all sorts of people. But one can see for one's self. People are much prettier now than they ever were then! We should think nothing of their beauties."

And the delicate lips of this once lovely child, this flower withered before its time, made a cold gesture of contempt.

In Eugénie's eyes, as they rested upon her companion, there was a flash—was it of horror?

Was she jealous even of the dead women whom Arthur painted, no less than of his living friends?

Eugénie came close to her, took the irresponsible hand in hers, tucked the shawls closer round the wasted limbs, bent over her, chatting and caressing. Then, as the sun began to drop quickly, Madame de Pastourelles rose and went to the corner of the château to see if the gentlemen were in sight. But in less than a minute Mrs. Welby called her back.

"I must go in now," she said fretfully. "This place is really *too* cold!"

"She won't let me go to meet them," thought Eugénie, involuntarily,—sharply reproaching herself, a moment afterward, for the mere thought.

But when Elsie had been safely escorted home, Eugénie slipped back through the darkening streets, taking good care that her path should not lead her across her father and Arthur Welby.

She fled toward the western flight of the Hundred Steps, and ran down the vast staircase toward the Orangerie and the still shining lake beyond, girdled with va-

porous woods. A majesty of space and light inwrapped her, penetrated, as everywhere at Versailles, with memory, with the bitterness and the glory of human things. In the distance the voices of the children still playing beside their nurses on the upper terrace died away. Close by, a white Artemis on her pedestal bent forward, eager, her gleaming bow in air, watching, as it were, the arrow she had just sped toward the windows of Madame de Pompadour; and beside her, a nymph, daughter of gods, turned to the palace with a free, startled movement, shading her eyes that she might gaze the more intently on that tattered tricolor which floats above the palace of "Le Roi Soleil."

"Oh, poor Arthur—poor Arthur! And I did it!—I did it!"

It was the cry of Eugénie's inmost life.

And before she knew, she found herself enveloped in memories that rolled in upon her like waves of storm. How long it had been before she would allow herself to see anything amiss with this marriage she had herself made! And indeed it was only since Elsie's illness that things dimly visible before had sprung into that sharp and piteous relief in which they stood to-day. Before it, indications, waywardnesses, the faults of a young and petted wife. But since the physical collapse, the inner motives and passions had stood up bare and black, like the ribs of a wrecked ship from the sand. And as Eugénie had been gradually forced to understand them, they had worked upon her own mind as a silent, yet ever-growing accusation, against which she defended herself in vain.

Surely, surely she had done no wrong! To have allowed Arthur to go on binding his life ever more and more closely to hers would have been a crime. What could she give him that such a nature most deeply needed? Home, wifely love, and children,—it was to these dear, inwrapping powers she had committed him in what she had done. She had feared for herself, indeed. But is it a sin to fear sin—the declension of one's own best will, the staining of one's purest feeling?

On her part, she could proudly answer for herself. Never, since Welby's marriage, either in thought or act, had she given Arthur's wife the smallest just cause of offense. Eugénie's was often an anxious and a troubled conscience; but not

here, not in this respect. She knew herself true.

But from Elsie's point of view? Had she, in truth, sacrificed an ignorant child to her impetuous wish for Arthur's happiness, a too scrupulous care for her own peace? How "sacrifice"? She had given the child her heart's desire. Arthur was not in love; but Elsie Bligh would have accepted him as a husband on any terms. Tenderly, in good faith, trusting to the girl's beauty and Arthur's rich and loving nature, Eugénie had joined their hands.

Was that in reality her offense? In spite of all the delicacy with which it had been done, had the girl's passion guessed the truth? And having guessed it, had she then failed—and failed consciously—to make the gift her own?

Eugénie had watched, often with a sinking spirit, the development of a nature masked by youth and happiness, but essentially narrow and poor, full of mean ambitions and small antipathies. Arthur had played his part bravely, with all the chivalry and the conscience that might have been expected of him. And there had been moments, intervals, of apparent happiness, when Eugénie's own conscience had been laid to sleep.

Was there anything she might have done for those two people that she had not done? And Elsie had seemed—she sadly remembered—to love her, to trust her, till this tragic breakdown. Indeed, so long as she could dress, dance, dine, and chatter as much as she pleased, with her husband in constant attendance, Mrs. Welby had shown no open discontent with her lot; and if her caresses often hurt Eugénie more than they pleased, there had been no outward dearth of them.

Alack! Eugénie's heart was wrung with pity for the young maimed creature; but the peevish image of the wife was swept away by the more truly tragic image of the husband. Eugénie might try to persuade herself of the possibility of Elsie's recovery; her real instinct denied it. Yet life was not necessarily threatened, it seemed, though certain fatal accidents might end it in a week. The omens pointed to a long and fluctuating case, to years of hopeless nursing for Arthur, and complaining misery for his wife.

Years! Eugénie sat down in a corner of the Orangerie garden, locking her

hands together in a miserable pity for Arthur. She knew well what a shining pinnacle of success and fame Welby occupied in the eyes of the world; she knew how envious were the lesser men—such a man as John Fenwick, for instance—of a reputation and a success they thought overdone and undeserved. But Arthur himself! She seemed to be looking into his face, graven on the dusk, the face of a man tragically silent, patient, eternally disappointed; of an artist conscious of ideals and discontents, loftier, more poignant far than his fellows will ever know; of a poet, alone at heart, forbidden to "speak out," blighted, and in pain.

"*Arthur—Arthur!*" She leant her head against the pedestal of a marble vase, wrestling with herself.

Then, quick as fire, there flew through her veins the alternate possibility—Elsie's death, freedom for herself and Arthur, the power to retrace her own quixotic, fatal step. . . .

Madame de Pastourelles rose to her feet, rigid and straight in her black dress, wrestling as though with an attacking Apollyon. She seemed to herself a murdereress in thought, the lowest and vilest of human beings. In an anguish she looked through the darkness, in a wild appeal to Heaven to save her from herself—this new self, unknown to her!—to shut down and trample on this mutiny of a sinful and selfish heart—to make it impossible—*impossible!*—that ever again, even without her will, against her will, a thought so hideous, so incredible, should enter and defile her mind. It was the intolerable recoil of a lofty and beautiful soul.

She walked on blindly toward the water and the woods. Her eyes were full of tears, which she could not stop. Unconsciously, to hide them, she threw round her head a black-lace scarf she had brought out with her against the evening chill, and drew it close round her face.

"How late you are!" said a joyous voice beside her.

She looked up. Fenwick, emerging from the wood toward the shelter of which she was hurrying, stood before her, bare-headed, as he often walked, his eyes unable to hide the pleasure with which he beheld her.

She gave a little gasp.

"You startled me!"

In the dim light he could only see her slight, fluttering smile, and it seemed to him that she was or had been in agitation. But at least it was nothing hostile to himself; nay, it was borne in upon him, as he turned his steps, and she walked beside him with a quick yet gradually subsiding breath, that his appearance had been a relief to her, that she was glad of his companionship.

And he—miserable fellow!—to him it was peace after struggle, balm after torment. For his thoughts, as he wandered through the Satory woods alone, had been the thoughts of a hypochondriac. He hastened to leave them, now that she was near.

They wandered along the eastern edge of the "Swiss Water," toward the woods amid which the railway runs. Through the gold and purple air the thin autumn trees rose lightly into the evening sky, marching in ordered ranks beside the water. Young men were fishing in the lake, boys and children were playing near it, and sweethearts walking in the dark grass. The evening peace, with its note of decay and death, seemed to stir feeling rather than soothe it. It set the nerves trembling.

He began to talk of some pictures he had been studying in the palace that day,—Nattiers, Rigauds, Drouais,—examples of that happy, sensuous, confident art produced by a society that knew no doubts of itself, which not to have enjoyed—so the survivors of it thought—was to be forever ignorant of what the charm of life might be.

Fenwick spoke of it with envy and astonishment. The pleasure of it had penetrated him, its gay, perpetual *festa*, as compared with the strain of thought and conscience under which the modern lives.

"It gives me a perfect hunger for fine clothes, and jewels, and masquerades, and '*fêtes de nuit*,' and every sort of theatricality and expense! Nature has sent us starvelings on the scene a hundred years late. We are like children in the rain, flattening our noses against a ballroom window."

"There were plenty of them then," said Eugénie. "But they broke in and sacked the ballroom."

"Yes. What folly!" he said, bitterly. "We are all still groping among the ruins."

"No, no! Build a new Palace of Beauty, and bring everybody in—out of the rain."

"Ridiculous!" he declared, with sparkling eyes. Art and pleasure were only for the few. Try and spread them, make current coin of them, and they vanished like fairy gold.

"So only the artist may be happy?"

"The artist is never happy!" he said roughly. "But the few people who appreciate him and rob him enjoy themselves. By the way, I took one of your ideas this morning, and made a sketch of it. I have n't noted a composition of any sort for weeks—except for this beastly play. It came to me while we talked."

"Ah!" Her face, turned to him, received the news with a shrinking pleasure.

He developed his idea before her, drawing it on the air with his stick, or on the sand of the alleys where the arching trees overhead seemed still to hold a golden twilight captive. The picture was to represent that fine metal-worker of the *ancien régime* who, when the Revolution came, took his ragged children with him and went to the palace which contained his work,—work for which he had never been paid,—and hammered it to pieces.

Fenwick talked himself at last into something like enthusiasm; and Eugénie listened to him with a pitiful eagerness, only anxious to lead him on, to put this friendship, and the pure sympathy and compassion of her feeling for him, between her and the ugly memory which hovered round her like a demon thing. These dreams of the intellect and of art, as they gradually rose and took shape between them, were so infinitely welcome! Clean, blameless, strengthening, they put the ghosts to flight, they gave her back herself.

"Oh, you must paint it!" she said,— "you must."

He stopped, and walked on abruptly. Then she pressed him to promise her a time and date. It must be ready for a new gallery and a distinguished exhibition just about to open.

He shook his head.

"I probably sha'n't care about it tomorrow."

She protested.

"Just now you were so keen!"

He hesitated, then blurted out: "Be-

cause I was talking to you! When you're not there—I know very well—I shall fall back to where I was before."

She tried to laugh at him for a too dependent friend, who must always be fed on sugar-plums of praise; but the silence with which he met her checked her. It was too full of emotion, and she ran away from it.

She ran, however, in vain. They reached the end of the lake, and went to look at the moldering statue of Louis Quatorze at its further end,—fantastic work of the great Bernini,—Louis on a vast, curly-maned beast, with flames bursting round him,—flung out into the wilderness and the woods, because Louis, after adding the flames to Bernini's composition, finally pronounced the statue unworthy of himself and of the sacred inclosure of the park. So here, on the outer edge of Versailles, the crumbling failure rises, in exile to this day, without so much as a railing to protect it from the scribbling tourist who writes his name all over it. In the realm of art, it seemed, the King's writ still ran and the King's doom stood.

Fenwick's rhetorical sense was touched by the statue and its history. He examined it, talking fast and well, Eugénie meanwhile winning from him all he had to give, by the simplest words and looks,—he the reed, and she the player. His mind, his fancy, worked easily once more, under the stimulus of her presence. His despondency began to give way. He believed in himself—felt himself an artist—again. The relief, physical and mental, was too tempting. He flung himself upon it with reckless desire, incapable of denying himself or of counting the cost. And, meanwhile, the effect of her black scarf, loosened and eddying round her head and face in the soft night wind, defining their small oval and the beauty of the brow, enchanted his painter's eye. There was a moment, just as they reentered the park, when, as she stood looking at a moon-touched vista before them, the floating scarf suddenly recalled to him the outline of that lovely hood in which Romney framed the radiant head of Lady Hamilton as "The Sempstress."

The recollection startled him. Romney! Involuntarily there flashed across him Phœbe's use of the Romney story—her fierce comments on the deserted wife, the

lovely mistress. Perhaps, while she stood looking at the portrait in his studio, she was thinking of Lady Hamilton, and all sorts of other ludicrous and shameful things!

And *this*, all the while, was the reality—this pure, ethereal being, in whose presence he was already a better and a more hopeful man, who seemed to bring a fellow comfort, and moral renewal, in the mere touch of her kind hand.

The shock of inner debate still further weakened his self-control. He slipped, hardly knowing how or why, into a far more intimate confession of himself than he had yet made to her. In the morning he had given her the *outer* history of his life during the year of her absence. But this was the inner history of a man's weakness and failure—of his quarrels and hatreds, his baffled ambitions and ideals. She put it together as best she could from his hurried, excited talk,—from stories half told, fierce charges against "charlatans" and "intriguers," mingled with half-serious, half-comic returns upon himself, attacks on all the world, alternating with a ruthless self-analysis,—the talk of a man who challenges society one moment with an angry "*J'accuse!*"—and sees himself the next—sardonically—as the chief obstacle in his own way.

Then suddenly a note of intense loneliness—anguish—inexplicable despair. Eugénie could not stop it, could not withdraw herself. There was a strange feeling that it brought her the answer to her prayer.

They hurried on through the lower walks of the park, plunging now through tunneled depths of shade, and now emerging into spaces where sunset and moonrise rained a mingled influence on glimmering water, on the dim, upturned faces of Ceres or Flora, or the limbs of flower-crowned nymphs and mermaids. It seemed impossible to turn homeward, to break off their conversation. When they reached the Bassin de Neptune they left the park, turning down the Trianon Avenue in the growing dark, till they saw to their right, behind its iron gates, the gleaming façade of the Petit Trianon; woods all about them, and to their left, again, the shimmer of wide water. Meanwhile the dying leaves, driven by the evening wind, descended on them in a soft and ceaseless

shower; the woods, so significant and human in their planned and formal beauty, brought their "visionary majesties" of moonlight and of gloom to bear on nerve and sense, turned all that was said and all that was felt, beneath their spell, to poetry.

Suddenly, at the Trianon gate, Eugénie stopped.

"I'm very tired," she said faintly. "I am afraid we must go back."

Fenwick denounced himself for a selfish brute, and they turned homeward. But it was not physical fatigue she felt. It was rather the burden of a soul thrown headlong upon hers, the sudden appeal of a task which seemed to be given her by God, for the bridling of her own heart and the comforting and restoring of John Fenwick. From all the conflicting emotion of an evening which changed her life, what remained—or seemed to remain—was a missionary call of duty and affection. "Save him!—and master thyself!"

So, yet again, poor Eugénie slipped into the snare which Fate had set for one who was only too much a woman.

The Rue des Réservoirs was very empty as Fenwick and Madame de Pastourelles mounted the paved slope leading toward the hotel. The street lamps were neither many nor bright, but from the glazed gallery of the restaurant a broad cheerful illumination streamed upon the passers-by. They stepped within its bounds. And at the moment a woman who had just crossed to the opposite side of the street stopped abruptly to look at them. They paused a few minutes in the entrance, still chatting; the woman opposite made a movement as though to recross the street, then shook her head, laughed, and walked away. Fenwick went into the restaurant, and Eugénie hurried through the courtyard to the door of the Findons' apartment.

But in her reflections of the night, Eugénie came to the conclusion that the situation, as it then stood at Versailles, was not one to be prolonged.

Next day she proposed to her father and sister a change of plan. On the whole, she said, she was anxious to get back to London; the holiday was overspreading its due limits, and she urged pressing on and home. Lord Findon was puzzled, but submissive; the bookish sister, Theresa,

now a woman of thirty, welcomed anything that would bring her back to the London Library and the British Museum. But suddenly, just as the maids had been warned, and Lord Findon's man had been set to look out trains, his master caught a chill, going obstinately, and in a mocking spirit, to see what "Faust" might be like as given at the municipal theater of Versailles. There was fever, and a touch of bronchitis; nothing serious; but the doctor who had been summoned from Paris would not hear of traveling. Lord Findon hoarsely preached "chewing" to him through the greater part of his visits; he revenged himself by keeping a tight hold on his patient in all that was not his tongue. Eugénie yielded with what appeared to Theresa a strange amount of reluctance, and they settled down for a week or two.

In the middle of the convalescence, the elder son Marmaduke came over to see his father. He was a talkative Evangelical, like his mother; a partner in the brewery owned by his mother's kindred; and recently married to a Lady Louisa.

After spending three days at the hotel, he suddenly said to Lord Findon, as he was mounting guard one night, while Eugénie wrote some letters:

"I say, pater, do you want Eugénie to marry that fellow Fenwick?"

Lord Findon turned uneasily in his bed.

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, he's dreadfully gone on her—never happy except when she's there; and she—well, she encourages him a good bit, father."

"You don't understand, Marmie. You see, you don't care for books and pictures; Eugénie does."

"I suppose she does," said Marmaduke, doubtfully; "but she would n't care so much if Fenwick was n't there to talk about them."

"His talk is admirable!" said Lord Findon.

"I dare say it is, but he is n't my sister's equal," replied the son, with stolidity.

"A good artist is anybody's equal!" cried Lord Findon, much heated.

"You don't really think it, papa," said Marmaduke, firmly. "Shall I give Eugénie a talking to—as you're not in a condition?"

Lord Findon laughed, though not gaily. "You'd better try! Or rather, I don't advise you to try!"

Marmaduke, however, did try,—with the only result that Eugénie soon grew a little vexed and tremulous, and begged him to go home. He might be a master of brewing finance, and a dear, kind, well-meaning brother, but he really did not understand his sister's affairs.

Marmaduke went home, much puzzled, urgently commanding Theresa to write to him, and announcing to Arthur Welby, who listened silently as he talked, that if Fenwick did propose he should think it a damned impertinence.

Lord Findon meanwhile held his peace. Every day Eugénie came in from her walk with Fenwick to sit with or read to her father. She always spoke of what she had been doing, quite naturally and simply, describing their walk and their conversation, giving the news of Fenwick's work, bringing his sketches to show. Lord Findon would lie and listen, a little suspicious and ill at ease, sometimes a little sulky. But he let his illness and his voicelessness excuse him from grappling with her. She must, of course, please herself. If she chose, as she seemed about to choose,—why, they must all make the best of it! Marmaduke might talk as he liked. Naturally, Arthur kept away from them. Poor Arthur! But what a darling she looked in her black, with this fresh touch of color in her pale cheeks!

The Welbys certainly had but little to do with the party at the Réservoirs. Welby seemed to be absorbed in his new picture, and Mrs. Welby let it be plainly understood that at home Arthur was too busy, and she too ill, to receive visitors; while out of doors they neither of them wished to be thrown across Mr. Fenwick.

Every evening, after taking his wife home, Welby went out by himself for a solitary walk. He avoided the park and the woods; chose rather the St. Cyr road or the Avenue de Paris. He walked, wrapped—a little too picturesquely, perhaps—in an old Campagna cloak, relic of his years in Rome, with a fine collie for his companion. Once or twice in the distance he caught sight of Eugénie and Fenwick, only to turn down a side street—out of their way.

His thoughts meanwhile, day by day,

—his silent, stronging thoughts,—dealt with his own life—and theirs. Would she venture it? He discussed it calmly with himself. It presented itself to him as an act altogether unworthy of her. What hurt him most, however, at these times was the occasional sudden memory of Eugénie's face trembling with pain under some slight or unkindness shown her by his wife.

ONE day Welby was sitting beside his wife on the sheltered side of the Terrace, when Eugénie and Fenwick came in sight, emerging from the Hundred Steps. Suddenly Welby bent over his wife.

"Elsie!—have *you* noticed anything?"

"Noticed what?"

He motioned toward the distant figures. His gesture was a little dry and hostile.

Elsie in amazement raised herself painfully on her elbow to look.

"Eugénie!" she said breathlessly—"Eugénie—and Mr. Fenwick!"

Arthur Welby watched the transformation in her face. It was the first time he had seen her look happy for months.

"What an excellent thing!" she cried, all flushed and vehement. "Arthur! you know you said how lonely she must be!"

"Is he worthy of her?" he said slowly, finding his words with difficulty.

"Well, of course *we* don't like him!—but then Uncle Findon does. And if he did n't, it's Eugénie that matters, is n't it?—only Eugénie! At her age, you can't be choosing her husband for her! Well, I never, never thought—Eugénie's so close!—she'd make up her mind to marry anybody!"

And she rattled on, in so much excitement that Welby hastily and urgently impressed discretion upon her.

But when she and Eugénie next met, Eugénie was astonished by her gaiety and good temper, her air of smiling mystery. Madame de Pastourelles hoped it meant real physical improvement, and would have liked to talk of it to Arthur. But all talk between them grew rarer and more difficult. Thus Eugénie's walks with Fenwick through the enchanted lands that surround Versailles became daily more significant, more watched. Lord Findon groaned in his sick-room, but still restrained himself.

It was a day—or rather a night—of late October, a wet and windy night, when the autumn leaves were coming down in swirling hosts on the lawns and paths of Trianon.

Fenwick was hard at work in the small apartment which he occupied on the third floor of the Hôtel des Réservoirs. It consisted of a sitting-room and two bedrooms looking on an inner *cour*. One of the bedrooms he had turned into a sort of studio. It was now full of drawings and designs for the sumptuous London "production" on which he was engaged—rooms at Versailles and Trianon, views in the Trianon gardens, fragments of decoration, designs for stage grouping, for the reproduction of one of the famous *fêtes de nuit* in the gardens of the "Hameau"—studies of costume, even.

His proud ambition hated the work; he thought it unworthy of him; only his poverty had consented. But he kept it out of sight of his companions as much as he could, and worked as much as possible at night.

And here and there, among the rest, were the sketches and fragments—often the grandiose fragments—which represented his "buried life," the life which only Eugénie de Pastourelles seemed now to have the power to evoke. When some hours of other work had weakened the impulse received from her, he would look at these things sadly and put them aside.

To-night, as he drew, he was thinking incessantly of Eugénie—pierced often by intolerable remorse. But whose fault was it? Will you ask a man perishing of need to put its satisfaction from him? The tests of life are too hard. The plain, selfish man must always fail under them. Why act and speak as though he were responsible for what Nature and the flesh impose?

But how was it all to end?—that was what tormented him. His conscience shrank from the half-perceived villainies before him; but his will failed him. What was the use of talking? He was the slave of an impulse, which was not passion, which had none of the excuse of passion, but represented rather the blind search of a man who, like a child in the dark, recoils in reckless terror from loneliness and the phantoms of his own mind.

Eleven o'clock struck. He was busying

himself with a cardboard model, on which he had been trying the effect of certain arrangements, when he heard a knock at his door.

"*Entrez!*" he said in astonishment. At this season of the year the hotel kept early hours, and there was not a light to be seen in the *cour*.

The door opened. On the threshold stood Arthur Welby. Fenwick gazed at him open-mouthed.

"You?—you came to see me?"

He advanced—head foremost—hand outstretched.

"I have something important to say to you." Welby took no notice of the hand. "Shall we be undisturbed?"

"I imagine so!" said Fenwick, fiercely retreating; "but, as you see, I am extremely busy!" He pointed to the room and its contents.

"I am sorry to interrupt you,"—Welby's voice was carefully controlled,—"but I think you will admit that I had good reason to come and find you." He looked round to see that the door was shut, then advanced a step nearer. "You are, I think, acquainted with that lady?"

He handed Fenwick a card. Fenwick took it to the light. On it was lithographed, "Miss Isabel Morrison"; and a written address, "Corso de Madrid, Buenos Ayres," had been lightly scratched out in one corner.

Fenwick put down the card.

"Well," he said sharply—"and if I am—what then?"

Welby began to speak, paused, and cleared his throat. He was standing with one hand lightly resting on the table, his eyes fixed on Fenwick. There was a moment of shock, of mutual defiance.

"This lady seems to have observed the movements of our party here," said Welby, commanding himself. "She followed my wife and me to-day, after we met you in the park. She spoke to us. She gave us the astonishing news that you were a married man—that your wife—"

Fenwick rushed forward and gripped the speaker's arm.

"My God! Tell me!—is she alive?"

His eyes starting out of his head—his crimson face—his anguish, seemed to affect the other with indescribable repulsion. Welby wrenched himself free.

"That was what Miss Morrison wished

to ask *you*. She says that when you and she last met you were not on very good terms; she shrank, therefore, from addressing you. But she had a respect for your wife; she wished to know what had become of her, and her curiosity impelled her to speak to us. She seems to have been in Buenos Ayres for many years. This year she returned—as governess—with the family of a French engineer who have taken an apartment in Versailles. She first saw you in the street nearly a month ago."

Fenwick had dropped into a chair, his face in his hands. As Welby ceased speaking, he looked up.

"And she said nothing about my wife's whereabouts?"

"Nothing. She knows nothing."

"Nor of why she left me?"

Welby hesitated.

"Miss Morrison seems to have her own ideas as to that."

"Where is she?" Fenwick rose hurriedly.

"Rue des Ecuries, 27. Naturally, you can't see her to-night."

"No," said Fenwick, sitting down again, like a man in a dream—"no. Did she say anything else?"

"She mentioned something about a debt you owed her," said Welby, coldly—"some matter that she had only just discovered. I had no concern with that."

Fenwick's face, which had become deathly pale, was suddenly overspread with a rush of crimson. More almost than by the revelation of his long deception as to his wife was he humiliated and tortured by these words relating to his debt to Morrison on Welby's lips. This successful rival, this fine gentleman!—admitted to his sordid affairs.

He rose uncertainly, pulling himself passionately together.

"Now that she has reappeared, I shall pay my debt to Miss Morrison—if it exists," he said haughtily; "she need be in no fear as to that. Well, now then,"—he leant heavily on the mantelpiece, his face still twitching,—"you know, Mr. Welby, by this accident, the secret of my life. My wife left me,—for the maddest, emptiest reasons,—and she took our child with her. I did everything I could to discover them. It was all in vain; and if Miss Morrison cannot enlighten me, I

am as much in the dark to-night as I was yesterday whether my wife is alive—or dead. Is there anything more to be said?"

"By God, yes!" cried Welby, with a sudden gesture of passion, approaching Fenwick. "There is everything to be said!"

Fenwick was silent. Their eyes met.

"When you first made acquaintance with Lord Findon," said Welby, controlling himself, "you made him—you made all of us—believe that you were an unmarried man?"

"I did. It was the mistake, the awkwardness, of a moment. I had n't your easy manners! I was a raw country fellow, and I had n't the courage, the mere self-possession, to repair it."

"You let Madame de Pastourelles sit to you," said Welby, steadily, "week after week, month after month; you accepted her kindness—you became her friend. Later on, you allowed her to advise you—write to you—talk to you about marrying when your means should be sufficient—without ever allowing her to guess for a moment that you had already a wife and child!"

"That is true," said Fenwick, nodding. "The second false step was the consequence of the first."

"The consequence! You had but to say a word—one honest word! Then, when your conduct, I suppose,—I don't dare to judge you,—had driven your wife away—for twelve years,"—he dragged the words between his teeth,—"you masquerade to Madame de Pastourelles; and when her long martyrdom as a wife is at last over, when in the tenderness and compassion of her heart she begins to show you a friendship which—which those who know her"—he labored for breath and words—"can only—presently—interpret in one way—you, who owe her everything—everything!—you *dare* to play with her innocent, her stainless life—you *dare* to let her approach—to let those about her approach—the thought of her marrying you—while all the time you knew,—what you know! If there ever was a piece of black cruelty in this world, it is you—you that have been guilty of it!"

The form of Arthur Welby, drawn to its utmost height, towered above the man he accused. Fenwick sat, struck dumb. Welby's increasing stoop, which of late had marred his natural dignity of gait;

the slight touches of affectation, of the *petit-maitre*, which were now often perceptible; the occasional note of littleness, or malice, such as his youth had never known,—all these defects, physical and moral, had been burnt out of the man, as he spoke these words, by the flame of his only, his inextinguishable passion. For his dear mistress—in the purest, loftiest sense of that word—he stood champion, denouncing with all his soul the liar who had deceived and endangered her; a stern, unconscious majesty expressed itself in his bearing, his voice; and the man before him, artist and poet like himself, was sensible of it in the highest, the most torturing degree.

Fenwick turned away. He stooped mechanically to the fire, put it together, lifted a log lying in front of it, laid it carefully on the others. Then he looked at Welby, who on his side had walked to the window and opened it, as though the room suffocated him.

"Everything that you say is just," said Fenwick, slowly. "I have no answer to make—except that—No!—I have no answer to make."

He paced once or twice up and down the length of the room, slowly, thoughtfully; then he resumed:

"I shall write to Madame de Pastourelles to-night, and by the first train tomorrow, as soon as these things"—he looked round him—"can be gathered together, I shall be gone!"

Welby moved sharply, showing a face still drawn and furrowed with emotion. "No! she will want to see you."

Fenwick's composure broke down. "I had better not see her," he said—"I had better not see her!"

"You will bear that for her," said Welby, quietly. "The more completely you can enlighten her, the better for us all."

Fenwick's lips moved, but without speaking. Welby's ignorance of the whole truth oppressed him; yet he could make no effort to remove it.

Welby came back toward him.

"There is no reason, I think, why we should carry this conversation further. I will let Miss Morrison know that I have communicated with you."

"No need," said Fenwick, interrupting him. "I shall see her first thing in the morning—"

"And," resumed Welby, lifting a book and letting it fall uncertainly, "if there is anything I can do—with Lord Findon—for instance—"

Fenwick had a movement of impatience. He felt his endurance giving way.

"There is nothing to do!—except to tell the truth—and to as few people as possible!"

Welby winced. Was the reference to his wife?

"I agree with you—of course."

He paused a moment, irresolute, wondering whether he had said all he had to say. Then, involuntarily, his eyes rested questioningly, piercingly on the man beside him. They seemed to express the marvel of his whole being that such an offense could ever be,—they tried to penetrate a character, a psychology, which in truth baffled them altogether.

He moved to the door, and Fenwick opened it.

As his visitor walked away, Fenwick stood motionless, listening to the retreating step, which echoed in the silence of the vast, empty hotel, once the house of Madame de Pompadour.

He looked at his watch. Past midnight. By about three o'clock, in the midst of a wild autumnal storm, he had finished his letter to Madame de Pastourelles, and he fell asleep at his table, worn out, his head on his arms.

BEFORE ten on the following morning Fenwick had seen Bella Morrison. A woman appeared—the caricature of something he had once known, the high cheekbones of his early picture touched with rouge, little curls of black hair plastered on her temples, with a mincing gait, and a manner now giggling and now rude. She was extremely sorry if she had put him out,—really, particularly sorry! She would n't have done so for the world; but her curiosity got the better of her. Also, she confessed, she had wished to see whether Mr. Fenwick would acknowledge his debt to her. It was only lately that she had come across a statement of it among her father's papers. It was funny he should have forgotten it so long; but there—she was n't going to be nasty. As to poor Mrs. Fenwick—no, of course she knew nothing. She had inquired of some friends in the North, and they also knew

nothing. They had only heard that husband and wife could n't hit it off, and that Mrs. Fenwick had gone abroad. It was a pity, but a body might have expected it, might n't they?

The crude conceit and violence of her girlhood had given place, under the pressure of a hard life, to something venomous and servile. She never mentioned her visit to Phœbe; but her eyes seemed to mock her visitor all the time. Fenwick cut the interview short as soon as he could, hastily paid her a hundred pounds, though it left him overdrawn and almost penniless, and then rushed back to his hotel to see what might be waiting for him.

An envelop was lying on his table. It cost him a great effort to open it.

I have received your letter. There is nothing to say, except that I must see you. I wish to keep what you have told me from my father—for the present, at any rate. There would be no possibility for our talking here. We have only one sitting-room, and my sister is there all the time. I will be at the Bosquet d'Apollon by 11.30.

Only that! He stared at the delicate, almost invisible writing. The moment he had dreaded for twelve years had arrived; and the world still went on, and quiet notes like that could still be written!

Long before the hour fixed he was in the Bosquet d'Apollon, walking up and down in front of the famous grotto, on whose threshold the white Apollo, just released from the chariot of the Sun, receives the ministrations of the Muses, while his divine horses are being fed and stalled in the hollows of the rock to either side. No stranger fancy than this ever engaged the architects and squandered the finances of the Builder-King. Reared in solid masonry on bare, sandy ground now entirely disguised, the artificial rock that holds the grotto towers to a great height, crowned by ancient trees, weathered by wind and rain, overgrown by leaf and grass, and laved at its base by clear water. All round, the trees stand close, the lawns spread their quiet slopes. On this sparkling autumn morning, a glory of russet, amber, and red begirt the white figures and the gleaming grotto. The immortals, the champing horses, locked behind their grilles lest the tourists should insult them,—all the queer, crumbling romance of the statuary, all the natural beauty of leaf

and water, of the white clouds overhead and their reflections below,—combined to make Fenwick's guilty bewilderment more complete, to turn all life to dream, and all its figures into the puppets of a shadow-play.

A light step on the grass. A shock passed through him. He made a movement, then checked it.

Eugénie paused at some distance from him. In this autumnal moment of the year, and on week-days, scarcely any passing visitor disturbs the quiet of the Bosquet d'Apollon. In its deep dell of trees and grass they were absolutely alone; the sunlight which dappled the white bodies of the Muses, and shone on the up-stretched arm of Apollo, seemed the only thing of life beside themselves.

She threw back her veil as she came near him,—her long widow's veil, which to-day she had resumed. Beneath it, framed in it, the face appeared of an ivory rigidity and pallor. The eyes only were wild and living, as she came up to him, clasping her hands, evidently shrinking from him, yet composed.

"There is one thing more I want to know. If I have ever been your friend! —if you have ever felt any kindness for me, tell me—tell me frankly—why did your wife leave you?"

Fenwick's face fell. Had she come so soon to this point—by the sureness of her own instinct?

"There were many troubles between us," he said hoarsely, walking on beside her, his eyes on the grass.

"Was she — was she jealous" — she breathed with difficulty—"of any of your models,—I know that sometimes happens, —or of your sitters—of *me*, for instance?" The last words were scarcely audible; but her gaze enforced them.

"She was jealous of my whole life—away from her. And I was utterly blind and selfish—I ought to have known what was going on—and I had no idea."

"And what happened? I know so little." Her voice, so peremptorily strange, so remote, compelled him. With difficulty he gave an outline of Phœbe's tragic visit to his studio. His letter of the night before had scarcely touched on the details of the actual crisis, had dwelt rather on the months of carelessness and neglect on his own part, which had prepared it.

She interrupted.

"That was she—the mother in the 'Genius Loci'?"

He assented mutely.

She closed her eyes a moment, seeing, in her suffering, the face of the young mother and her child.

"But go on! And you were away? Please, please go on! When was it? It must have been that spring when—"

She put her hand to her head, trying to remember dates.

"It was just before the Academy," he said reluctantly.

"You were out?"

"I had gone to tell Watson and Cunningham the good news." His voice dropped.

Her hands caught each other again.

"It was that day—that very day we came to you?"

He nodded.

"But why—what was it made her do such a thing?—go—forever—without seeing you—without a word? She must have had some desperate reason."

"She had none!" he said with energy.

"But she must have thought she had. Can't—can't you explain it to me any more?"

He was almost at the end of his resistance.

"I told you—how she had resented—my concealment?"

"Yes—yes! But there must have been something more—something sudden—that maddened her?"

He was silent. She grew whiter than before.

"Mr. Fenwick—I—I have much to forgive. There is only one course of action—that can ever—make amends—and that is—an entire—an absolute frankness!"

Her terrible suspicion, her imperious will, had conquered. Anything was better than to deny her, torture her, deceive her afresh.

He looked at her in a horrible indecision. Then, slowly, he put his hand within the breast of his coat. "This is the letter she wrote me. I found it in my room."

And he drew out the crumpled letter from his pocket-book, which he had worn thus almost from the day of Phœbe's disappearance.

Eugénie fell upon it, devoured it. Not

a demur, not a doubt, as to this!—in one so strictly, so tenderly scrupulous. Even at that moment it struck him pitifully. It seemed to give the measure of her pain.

"The picture?" she said; looking up. "I don't understand—you had sent it in."

"Do you remember—asking me about the sketch—and I told you—it had been accidentally spoilt?"

She understood. Her lips trembled. Returning the letter, she sank upon a seat. He saw that her forces were almost failing her. And he dared not say a word or make a movement of sympathy.

For some little time she was silent. Her eyes ranged the green circuit of the hollow,—the water, the reeds, the rock, and that idle god among his handmaidens. Her attitude, her look, expressed a moral agony, how strangely out of place amid this setting! Through her, innocent, unconscious though she were, the young helpless wife had come to grief, a soul had been risked—perhaps lost. Only a nature trained as Eugénie's had been, by suffering and prayer and lofty living, could have felt what she felt and as she felt it.

Fumbling, Fenwick put back the letter in his pocket-book, thrust it again into his coat. Never once did the thought cross Eugénie's mind that he had probably worn it there through these last days, while their relation had grown so intimate, so dear. All recollection of herself had left her. She was possessed with Phœbe. Nothing else found entrance.

At last, after much more questioning, much more difficult or impetuous examination, she rose feebly.

"I think I understand. Now—we have to find her!"

She stood, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes gazing into the sunny vacancy of sky above the rock.

Fenwick advanced a step. He felt that he must speak, must grovel to her, repeat some of the things he had said in his letter. But here, in her presence, all words seemed too crude, too monstrous. His voice died away.

So there was no repetition of the excuses, the cry for pardon, he had spent the night on, and she made no reference to them.

They walked back to the hotel, talking

coldly, precisely, almost as strangers, of what should be done. Fenwick, whose work indeed was finished, would return to England that night. After his departure Madame de Pastourelles would inform her father of what had happened; a famous solicitor, Lord Findon's old friend, was to be consulted; all possible measures

were to be taken once more for Phœbe's discovery.

At the door of the hotel Fenwick raised his hat. Eugénie did not offer her hand; but her sweet face suddenly trembled afresh, before her will could master it. To hide it she turned abruptly away, and the door closed upon her.

(To be continued)



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### ATTENTION

THE fact that the mind of man is easily distracted from any subject in contemplation accounts for the slowness of the development of most minds, and for the extreme slowness of the development of the human mind collectively. There are historical periods when general enlightenment seems to have advanced by leaps and bounds; but when one takes cognizance of the tens of thousands of years that man has been at play in the Kindergarten of Creation, one is aware of the very gradual and deliberate character of human progress as a whole; and this deliberateness of growth, and the remains of ignorance and superstition even in minds regarded as educated, come largely from the inability of men to keep their thoughts employed steadfastly on the various objects and problems of matter, mind, and life. The faculty of attention is strikingly lacking in the savage man; it increases as civilization increases, and is a large factor in the advance of civilization and of culture.

When the power of attention is exceptional in the individual, he is set apart from his fellows: he is a genius in the business world, or perhaps a poet, artist, inventor, discoverer, philosopher, reformer, statesman, or conqueror. When the power of attention in a community has been stimulated by one attentive mind, or by a group of attentive minds, the world passes through periods of great mental activity; great reforms take place; there is great

material or intellectual advance; or there are revivals in letters and in the plastic arts.

The supreme object of the teacher is to cultivate attention in his or her charges. When a child has learned how to pay attention, he has learned how to study and to learn. "Object-lessons" are favorite devices for fixing attention. According to the orthodox theologies, religion has been taught to mankind largely through object-lessons, in the form sometimes of "progressive revelations"; and the systems of symbols in all religions may be called simply devices for fixing the wandering attention of souls, for their sustenance and lasting benefit.

We see, year in and year out, the coming and going of beliefs, customs; popular heroes or mere popular pets; best sellers among books; sports, movements, and fads of all kinds, which figure prominently only as long as they are able to claim the attention of large groups or of the entire community. The whole system of business advertising, and the infinite number of publicity departments,—publicity as to all sorts of wares and all manner of causes,—are nothing but means of securing attention; of spreading information, and inducing action through suggestion. As a phenomenon in connection with public awakenings through revelations that bring reforms, we referred lately to the degree of heat, so to speak, required for an explosion of the gases which permeate the ground beneath the social structure. This is only a way of

indicating that public attention must be attracted before public action takes place.

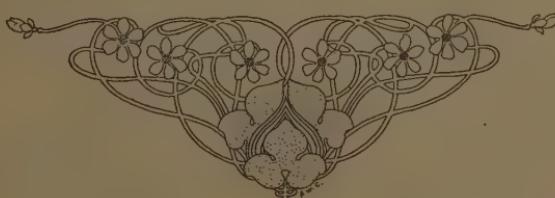
In military drill the first order is "Attention!" After that come the definite orders leading to the actions required. One great unnamed force adhering to the Presidential office is its power of commanding attention to every public utterance of an incumbent of that office. In Mr. Cleveland's famous tariff message he intentionally concentrated this attention upon a single theme, with enormous effect. Lincoln used this force notably in the direction of public opinion throughout his Presidency. No President has understood it better, nor used it more constantly, than President Roosevelt. Not only the statesman and the wise reformer understand the uses of attention, but also the headlong fanatic and the unscrupulous agitator. Assassinations are frequently excused by their perpetrators as means of attracting wide attention to grievances.

Which brings us to the remark that a large part of the world's activity, good and bad alike, resolves itself into attempts to gain the attention needed for the further prosecution of a given work. Some attract attention for themselves or their causes by the simple device of wearing the hair in an unusual manner—a favorite form of originality being brought about through the avoidance of the shears. Others, whose energies are directed toward social success, find that architecture draws attention and attracts guests; they build themselves into society. Others say things. They say them in a way to attract attention; that is, they deliberately shock the public mind into attention. Such self-advertisers are happiest when misunderstood; for then attention is admirably intensified.

Attention works wonderful results in

every department of life and thought. If a preacher of religion can win attention, he is pretty sure to obtain converts. A "sinner" goes through life in a reckless sort of way; when suddenly, by seeming accident, his attention is caught by some utterance of the "word of God," and the man turns a short corner in his life, putting into pious enterprises the energies hitherto expended in acts of pure selfishness. To some the most interesting and suggestive of all of Tissot's drawings, in illustration of the New Testament, is that one in which groups of Orientals are sitting about, with, at first glance, little in progress. A member of one of the groups is speaking to his neighbor, and a man sitting near, but who is not addressed, turns leisurely to listen. The Biblical injunction is fulfilled: he has given ear. The listener hears, gives attention—attention for the first time—to the words of him who spake as never man spake. One seems, in looking at this picture, to be witnessing the foundation of the Christian church.

"Knowledge," it is said, "begins in wonder." But wonder is the result of attention, and by attention the world is moved, beneficially, or madly as in the blind and bloody turmoils of the Russian people, attentive at last to their wrongs and the possibilities of liberty. Without the attention of individual and collective minds, nothing goes forward on an earth so full of objects and ideas that selection must be forced from the outside, or deliberately exercised from the inside, before anything good or bad can be done. It is the business of the good man to study means of attracting attention to good causes, to necessary betterments, and to all that is fair and lovely and wholesome in this distracting, distracted, and multitudinous universe.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### King Solomon was a Black Man

PROFESSOR GADSDEN PROVES THE CASE AGAINST HIM

I MET the professor on Broad street a few days after my interview with him on the subject of the trolley. The old man was sunning himself in the window-sill of the office that he has cleaned out every morning and locked up every evening "sence freedom come een" for the sum of one dollar per week, payable in as many instalments as collectable. He was clad in his "Gin'ral Shumman" overcoat, and he wore upon his ebony features an air of dignified reserve and imperturbable serenity.

"Hello, professor!" I said. "How do you find yourself this morning? Glad to see you looking so spry. What's the news? Have you received that little appointment from President Roosevelt yet?"

"I ain't tarrogated de gent'mun dat totes his letters furrum dis mawmin'," he replied, "but I wouldn't knock me off dis winder-sill ef de 'Publikin' ministration wuz to notification me tuh-day. Dey said in dat letter dey wrote me after de 'lection dat dey had me on a file, an' jest as soon as de udder fellers stopped pushin' dem so hard, dey wuz gwine to he'p dein frien's een de Sout'. I tell *yuh*," he said, shaking his head at me, "yuh Dimocrats is gwine to have to boa'd wid yuh frien's mighty soon. I don't call no names, but some o' dese sassy people better biggin' to git deir stummicks een trainin', fuh hom'ny is gwine to be mighty sca'ce wid some buckras. Yuh can't fool ol' man Roosevelt, I tell yuh. He's de wisest man de Lawd put eento dis wurl sence old man Solomuns lef' it. Onderstan' me good; I don't class um een de same class wid Solomuns, 'cause Solomuns wuz a culled gentlum'en, an' I don't t'ink Mr. Roosevelt is culled—leastways, he face stan' wite een he pictuh. But ef he face been black, Solomuns hisse'f 'blige to gi'e way turnum."

"Excuse me, professor," I said, "but did I understand you to say that Solomon was colored?"

"Cullud? Of co'se he wuz culled. I like to know who say he w'ite. De Bible don't say so. De Bible say he wuz black. Ain't yuh never read yuh Bible? Yuh better go home an' set down an' study um right now, 'fo' ol' man Nick come roun' wid his baskit an' stow yuh 'way in it. Yuh won't git any mo' chances w'en de toastin' biggins—I tell yuh dat, my frien'!"

"I am sorry I overlooked that part of the Scriptures at Sunday-school," I said, "but if you have got a copy handy, I wish you would show it me where it says King Solomon was black."

The professor looked very sorry for me. Then he slid down off the window-sill, and, without a word, made for the office door and left me to follow him. He led me to a little room at the rear where he kept a piece of a broom stored, and an old shoe-box full of odds and ends, from among which he dug out a very greasy and very dirty and very much tattered copy of the Holy Scriptur-

tures. Then he fished out from the same receptacle a pair of cracked spectacles with rusty frames and cotton strings, which he tied behind his ears, and then began to turn the pages of the Bible, mumbling to himself. Finally he struck it:

"Fust chapter Songs o' Solomuns, de fif' verse: 'I am black, dough comely.' The professor regarded me with a triumphant air. "I like to see yuh wash *dat* away! Dat mean he is black, don't it? Dat's too strong for yuh. Yuh can't git 'way from dat!"

"Yuh 's anudder verse," he continued: "Look not upon me, dough I am black. Wat? Yuh don't b'lieve dat? Well, wat yuh t'ink o' dis, een de sixty-eight chapter o' de 'irty-fus verse? 'Princes shill come out o' Egyp', an' Ethiopia shill stretch out his hands todes God'!"

"Now I like to know w'at yuh call dat? Yuh can't wipe dat out. Dat's got de onder-holt on yuh. 'Umph! yuh chillun t'ink yuh know summuch sence de Nunion come een, an' yuh don't know *nuttin'*. Yuh better go back to yuh grumma an' ax him 'bout ol' man Solomuns."

"W'at, yuh satifzy Solomuns wuz a w'ite man? Well, I satifzy he black, jes de same way you satifzy he w'ite. Ef he been w'ite, den I w'ite. Ef I black, he got de bery same complexion. All two o' us paint wid one bresh."

Saying which, the professor crammed his Bible vigorously back into the shoe-box, untied his glasses and put them into his hat, slammed it on his head, and stumped off out of the office, sniffing the air contemptuously, and pounding the floor triumphantly with his stick.

St. Julien Grimké.

**"Step Lively, Please!"**

As up and down this world I fare,  
And try to get to anywhere,  
This startling cry assaults the air:  
"Step lively, please!"

If on the trolley-car I seek  
My way to find by question meek,  
With strident voice conductors shriek:  
"Step lively, please!"

If from the ferry-boat I go  
To pick my way through mud or snow,  
Loud the policeman shouts his "Ho!"  
Step lively, please!"

Then into upper air I fly,  
To take the "L" and with it try  
To flee from that pursuing cry:  
"Step lively, please!"

At last I turn my weary feet  
Down subway stairs beneath the street—  
To hear, alas! the guard repeat:  
"Step lively, please!"

I wonder will it be my fate  
To hear St. Peter at the gate  
Say: "Come, you are a little late.  
Step lively, please!"

*Edith H. Allen.*

**A Primer of Success in Letters**

## LESSON I

Breathlessness at Any Cost: A Study in Climax

THE sun shot up from the lake. The lake flushed red, turned pale. The wind blew, died down, blew again. The windmill creaked, stopped, creaked again, shuddered, stopped with an ominous jar. I listened to the stillness till I could no longer stand the strain. It was the calm that ushers in a storm. I stirred uneasily, rose from my tumbled couch, fell back in helpless foreboding. That which I had dreaded was upon me. An unearthly clamor smote my quivering ear. The neighboring hills resounded. The hideous din echoed down the fateful valley. My shattered nerves could bear no more. Sultry as it was, I seized a blanket and feverishly wrapped it round my head. The speckled hen had laid an egg.

*Margaret Cooper McGiffert.*

**The Yarn of Captain Bill**

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

With pictures by Frederic R. Gruber

"Now, blast my buttons!" swore the mate,  
"and likewise blast my eyes!  
There's one thing I don't never do, and  
that is tell no lies:

I never don't prevaricate, and when this  
yarn you've heard,  
If it ain't all exactly true, why—you can  
doubt my word."



"'NOW, BLAST MY BUTTONS!' SWORE THE MATE"



"THE FORTUNE-TELLER MAN"

"I do not doubt your word the least, so kindly go ahead  
And spin the truthful, moral yarn of Captain Bill," I said.

"Well," said the mate, "this Captain Bill he had a sailor's mind,  
And unto signs and oracles he mightily inclined;  
So every time he made a port, fust thing ashore he rolled  
And hunted a' astrologist to git his fortune told.

"And whatsoever," said the mate, "the stars and moon and sun  
Predicted unto Captain Bill, that same the captain done.  
He done whatever was advised, and done it straight and true,  
And when the signs was some unclear, he done the best he knew.

"Well, once when Bill he had his ship tied up at Singapore,  
A-takin' pepperon to it as he had did before,  
He went on land to find some one, as was his general way,  
To post him on to what the stars an' Zodiac might say.

"When Bill come back he shore was glum.  
The fortune-teller man

Had told Bill how his end was nigh. 'T was thus the fortune ran—

That this next cruise to Liverpool the good ship *Susan Peck* Would smash into another ship and be a rotten wreck;

"And how pore Bill would shore be killed while he was homeward bound

In this here same collisioning by being wrecked and drowned, Unless he took another ship—  
The mate here caught my eye—

"This yarn," he said, "is gospel-true. I never learned to lie."

"Go on," I cried impatiently; "I do not doubt your word;  
It sounds as true as any yarn that I have ever heard."

"Well, Captain Bill he was n't one to quit his ship that way,  
• He knowed his duty and he done his duty day by day,

But then he thought that 'strologist was right about it, too;  
Says Bill, 'What shall a man that wants to do his duty do?'

"Well, Bill he thought about that thing, and by and by he said:  
'By ginger, I will sail this ship and not be drownded dead!  
I 'll sail this ship to Liverpool, and I have got a plan  
To sail her so she 'll not be wrecked and will not lose a man!'

"Then Captain Bill he called all hands on deck to hear the news  
Of how he figured out to make a harmless homeward cruise,  
And all agreed—"but here the mate looked sternly in my eye  
And said, "Shipmate, you 'd ought to know a man like me can't lie."

"I know you would not tell a lie, and if I smile, I pray  
You will excuse it, for," I said, "my face is built that way."

"Some people's is," the mate agreed. "Well, Bill he went ashore An' hunted high an' hunted low all over Singapore, An' purchased up about a gross of these here rubber wheels

Like them that you see frequent-like on big red aut'mobiles.

"He had the ship pulled up on land, and all along her keel  
He rigged them wheels that he had got on axles made o' steel:  
Our carpenter he done it all,—he was a handy hand,—  
And there the good old *Susan Peck* was fixed to sail on land!

"By ginger," swore old Cap'n Bill, "I guess them stars I 'll fool;  
I 'll sail this boat from Singapore spang' into Liverpool.  
I 'll sail her home my bloomin' self, as I have did before;  
I won't bunt into many ships a-sailin' her ashore."

"So Bill he figured out the course he reckoned he would run—  
First north, then east by north, then east, a-follerin' the sun;  
He charted it particular, which led us all to hope  
We 'd have a quiet, peaceful cruise through Asia and Eu-rope.

"Well, on the fourteenth day of June, the wind was blowin' gales,  
So we up anchor, an' we up an' set the old boat's sails,  
An' scudded out o' Singapore, an', shipmate, blast my eyes!  
If—" Here the mate asked anxiously, "You don't think this is lies?"

"Go on and spin the yarn," I said; "by your frank truthful eye,  
I plainly see you are a man who could not tell a lie."

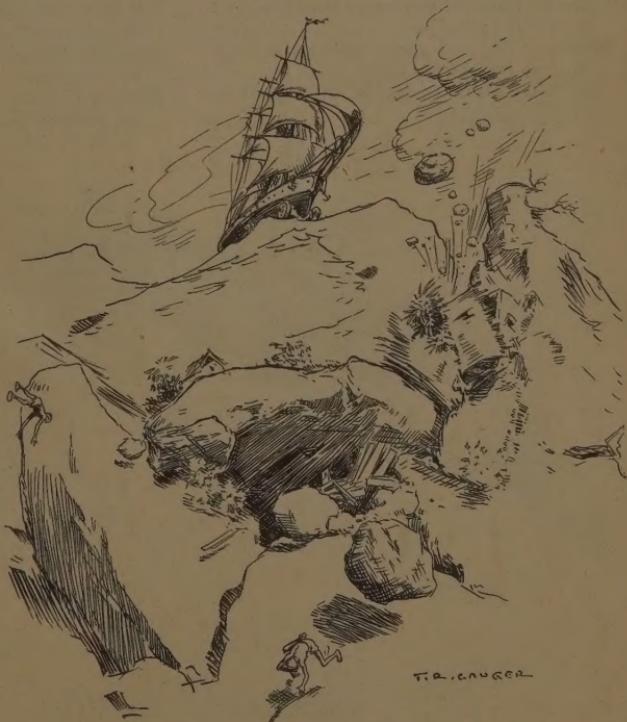
"Just so," he said.  
"Well, Cap'n Bill, when he was out three days  
An' sailin' calm across the land in our old square-rigged chaise,  
He called all hand to lower sail, an' unto me he said

(Me bein' mate), 'Make things all fast;  
there 's rough times on ahead.'

"Rough times?' says I. 'Big waves,' says he; 'I feel it in the air  
There 'll be a big tumultuousness, an' we will git our share.'  
'Aye! aye!' I said, but winked my eye, a-thinkin' Captain Bill  
Was crazy, for the land was flat an' did not have one hill.

"Well, shipmate, it was not an hour before an earthquake came  
A-heavin' an' a-tossin', and the land itriz the same  
As waves does in a gale at sea, but worse, for, blast my eye!  
Them land waves was continuous an' each one mountain-high!

"For purty nigh two days and nights they rolled the ship about,  
An' spattered so much land aboard we had to bail it out,  
An' at the worst a mighty wave of land it fell acrost  
The deck and washed the bo'sun off, an' he, pore soul, was lost.



"WASHED THE BO'SUN OFF"

"Well, after that we had a calm, for weeks  
a-sailin' fair,  
A-makin' our ten knots an hour through  
Asia's balmy air,  
When cap'n took a reckonin' to find where  
we were at,  
An' says he, 'Boys, that hill ahead is old  
Mount Ararat!'

"Says he, 'I guess this is the first boat Ara-  
rat has met  
Since Noah on the ragin' flood went sailin'  
o'er the wet.'  
Says he, 'If Noah hit that peak, the waters  
was quite deep;  
And,' says he, 'steer around the base—the  
upsplat is too steep.'

"With that Bill went off down below, for  
havin' laid our path  
Around the base, he felt secure, and went  
to take a bath.  
He was a cleanly man, was Bill, an' did n't  
like to lose  
His daily bath—this bein' a especial dusty  
cruise.

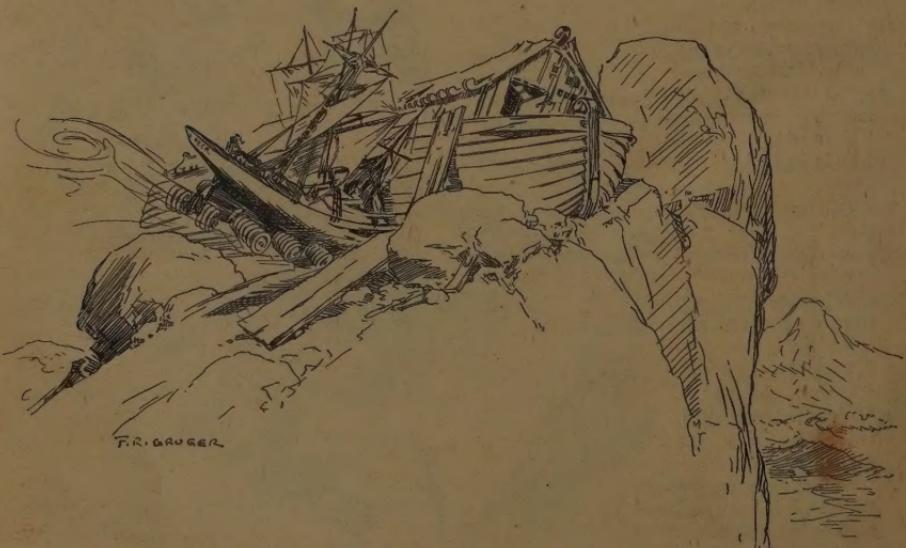
"No more had Bill gone down below then  
up there came a squall.  
It blowed full ninety miles an hour or did n't  
blow at all;  
It swung the old ship clean around, an'  
'fore you could say 'Scat,'  
The *Susan Peck* was dashin' on straight up  
Mount Ararat!

"Port! Port!" I yelled. It was too late!  
No one cared what I said;  
The lookout up aloft sung out, 'Ahoy! A  
ship ahead!'  
There was a crack! A ripping roar! A  
sound of timber smashed!  
And *spang, bang* into Noah's ark the *Susan  
Peck* she crashed!

"Some jumped into the ragin' land, and some,  
like me, held fast.  
The shock had broke the ship in two and  
cracked off every mast—  
A lot of smashed-up wood and iron that  
once was *Susan Peck*  
Was all it left! I never see so thorough  
bad a wreck!

"As soon as things had settled down an' got  
a little still,  
I went below to tell the news to pore old  
Captain Bill.  
Alas! Alas! That pore old man! dead,  
dead, alas! I found!  
Crushed down into his tin bath-tub, he lay  
quite peaceful, drowned!"

The mate here wiped his honest eyes.  
"Two lessons that learned me:  
To keep away from bath-tubs when I 'm  
sailin' land or sea;  
And, secondly, to be prepared 'most any  
time to die—  
And that 's one reason, shipmate, that I  
never tell a lie."



"SPANG, BANG INTO NOAH'S ARK"